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# $5,000 Annual Award

*Pictorial Review Announces an Annual Award of $5,000 to the American Woman Who Makes the Greatest Contribution to American Civilization Each Year. Who Will Win the Prize for 1923? Help Us Find Her*

BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

IN OFFERING an annual award of $5,000 to the American woman who contributes most toward the advancement of American civilization in the various fields of endeavor, Pictorial Review gives to this country the honor of being the *first* in the world to thus recognize *greatness in woman.*

Since the third century B. C. men have had organizations for the purpose of finding and doing honor to great men. But isn't it astonishing that never before have we thought of giving a national award of this kind to women? And yet history is filled with the records of the great deeds of great women. Organizations and individuals have given prizes, scholarships, medals, etc., for distinguished achievement in specialized fields; but now, for the very first time, we are to make an annual nation-wide search for the woman whose achievement, in whatever field it may be, contributes most to our American life.

We are going to place a bit of laurel on her brow, but we are going to do something more than that. We are going to put into her hands, before Christmas time each year, a substantial check, in order that she may go on with her work with perhaps a little less anxiety and certainly with the affectionate assurance that we believe in her and appreciate her.

Word came over the cables recently that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, had been elected to membership in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of the Institute of France. In detail we were informed, via the front pages of the newspapers, that Dr. Butler is henceforth entitled to wear "the uniform designed by the First Napoleon, consisting of a dark-green claw-hammer coat covered with embroidered palm-leaves, trousers of the same hue, a cocked hat with green feathers, and a court sword." What a picture! And how they would laugh at us women if we "honored" ourselves like that!

## *A Substantial Scrap of Paper*

BUT, for all our supposed "clothes complex," we women are more practical than that. The honor we are going to bestow is to be symbolized, not by elaborate exterior decoration, but by a mere scrap of paper. But that scrap of paper will make it possible for the recipient to have an opportunity, which so many women lack, for going on, unhampered, to even greater accomplishments.

### Pictorial Review Annual Achievement Award

PICTORIAL REVIEW announces an annual award of $5,000 to the American woman who makes the most distinctive achievement, through individual effort, in the field of art, industry, literature, music, the drama, education, science, or sociology.

Recommendations for this award may be made by organizations or by individuals, and must be sent to the Pictorial Review Achievement Award Committee by September first of each year. The personnel of this committee will be announced in Pictorial Review next month.

The work for which the award is made must have been achieved within the year previous to that in which it is given. For example, the award for the year 1923 will be made by the end of the year 1924, and will be announced in Pictorial Review for January, 1925. Check will be mailed to reach the recipient before Christmas each year.

The objects of this award are three:

First, to bring to the attention of America and of the rest of the world the creative work of our active women of to-day.

Second, to make it possible for at least one of these women to enjoy a period of relaxation or a period of concentrated effort, unhampered by the necessity of earning money.

Third, to find and present to the public intimate human stories of the life and work of the great women of our day.

It is hoped that the award will be bestowed, not as a tardy recognition for achievements long past, however richly such recognition may be deserved, or how deplorable the lack of such recognition may be, but rather as a honorarium for some woman whose most brilliant achievement may lie just ahead, if the opportunity for rest or for concentrated effort were possible to her.

All communications concerning this award should be addressed

**Pictorial Review Achievement Award Committee**
**Pictorial Review Building**
**New York City**

To-day we have in this country the National Academy of Design, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and the Hall of Fame. In none of these has the greatness of women been recognized to the extent that men have been given recognition. Of the one hundred members of the National Academy of Design there are only three women. The American Academy of Arts and Letters did elect Julia Ward Howe an honorary—not an active—member almost at the end of her remarkable career. We are gratified to say that women are at last receiving some recognition in the Hall of Fame. Since this institution was made possible by the gift of a woman, Mrs. Finley Shepard (née Helen Gould), it does seem that this door should be wide open to them.

## *To Stimulate Woman Achievement*

PICTORIAL REVIEW not only wishes to make this award of $5,000 annually to some woman who has rendered distinguished service in her own particular field, but we earnestly hope that the establishment of the award will be the means of our giving to the world stories of our great women, many of whom have worked unhonored and unsung, each in her own way. We need the stimulation, the inspiration that such stories are sure to bring. We need to know these women so that we can appreciate them, and by our appreciation encourage them to still greater achievement.

Great women will not always be found in great places. We must look for them in the byways as well as in the highways of life. There are women whose genius is flowering from roots that are cramped in a job that is all too small, or undernourished in an environment that is none too congenial. These are the women whose stories will be worth telling. These are the women we want to hear about. From this time on Pictorial Review will publish "personalities" of our women of note, in order that our readers may come to know and value them.

It is our hope that individuals and organizations of every kind will make recommendations in order that the judges may have fullest information before them in making the decision.

Printed information, blanks, etc., will be furnished on request. All communications concerning the award should be addressed, Pictorial Review Achievement Award Committee, Pictorial Review Building, New York City.

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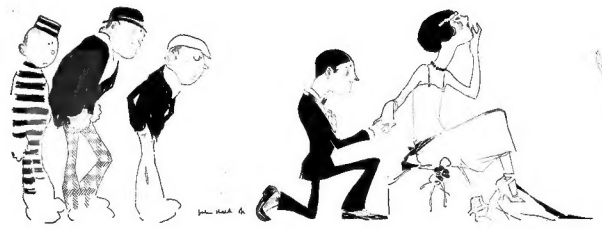


*Cartoons by John Held, Jr.*

# *When a Woman Is Asked to Marry*

## *Does the Scientific Study of Heredity Offer a New Solution to the Problem of Human Regeneration?*

BY ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

WHEN a woman is asked to marry she holds the destiny of the world in her hands. Nations are made and unmade at the marriage-altar. From this one living fountain flow all the streams of national health, intelligence, and character. It is, therefore, the one immortal hour which nature has given to woman when she can directly help to make her children and the coming generations either vigorous, intelligent and sane, moral, religious, and socially worthy in their natural, inborn traits and tendencies, or else weak, stupid, neurotic, and incapable of sound national life.

If at this juncture she be given the choice of marrying either Smith or Brown, her decision is bound to affect not only her own happiness and that of her future children, but it may also profoundly influence the future life, character, and destiny of her country.

Since this is the most romantic moment of life let us throw the problem upon a great historic background and paint it in the romantic colors of courts and queenly robes, where princip alities are given as love-tokens and where wedding-gifts are empires. Let us study one of the most remarkable marriages of all history, that of Sophia of Brunswick, the results of which upon the course of world events are depicted in the chart entitled "Where the World War Began." The mere fact that the names of the characters in this famous marriage drama happened to be Orange, Montmorency, Brunswick, and Hohenzollern does not change the laws of heredity. The character and heredity of the children would have been the same had their names been Jones, MacIlheny, or Johnson. Heredity works the same whether a woman's name be Sophia Montmorency of Brunswick or Sophy Jones of Kokomo, Indiana.

I have chosen this particular marriage for three reasons: First, because it illustrates so clearly the laws of heredity—how mental and moral traits are handed in the blood from parents to children; second, because the price of wheat, corn, cotton, and potatoes all over the world and the starving condition of Europe are to-day profoundly influenced by this marriage; and third, because we know all the facts of heredity on both sides of these family lines. This latter knowledge is due to the genius of Frederick Adams Woods, the American biologist who has given the world the greatest single study of human heredity in existence in his famous book entitled "Mental and Moral Heredity in Royalty." I commend this great research to educators, philanthropists, and all those who wish to understand the power of heredity in guiding human affairs.

### *Born to Be a Genius*

THIS woman, Sophia of Brunswick, a German Princess of the seventeenth century, shown at the right center of the chart, was born to be a genius. She was the great-granddaughter of William the Silent, founder of the Dutch Republic and one of the greatest men that ever lived. She was the granddaughter of Anne, Duchess of Longueville, one of the greatest women of all history. One of her uncles was Louis the Bold of France, a celebrated General, and another was Maurice, son of William the Silent, known by historians as "the greatest Captain of the age."

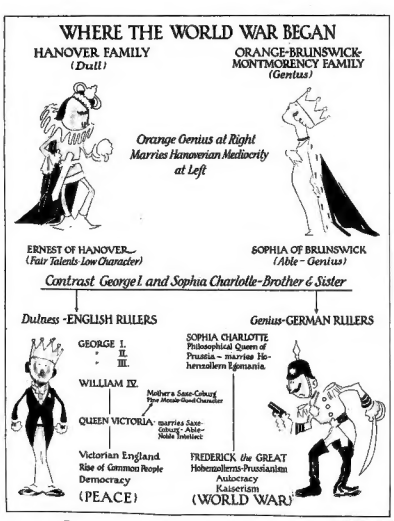
But, notwithstanding her wonderful heredity, Sophia made a most unfortunate marriage to Ernest of Hanover, ruler of a little state in north Germany. Ernest had fair talents, but was a low character. Nearly all the Hanover family had only moderate ability, and some were positively stupid.

Now, from such a marriage with mixed ancestry—some good and some bad—the student of heredity would expect some of the children to have high character and ability and some to be mediocre and even dull, as well as immoral. Events fulfilled these expectations.

There were several children, but the two we are concerned with were Sophia Charlotte and her brother George. Charlotte inherited in well-nigh full force the genius and lofty character of the Orange-Brunswick-Montmorency line, which had run like a stream of sunlight through European history for nearly two hundred years. She was known as "The Philosophical Queen." But her brother George, who later became King George I. of England, inherited the stupidity of the Hanover breed, which has not produced a single genius in centuries.

### *Orange Brains on German Throne*

SOPHIA CHARLOTTE became Queen of Prussia and carried all the Orange genius to the German throne, while George carried the Hanoverian stupidity to the throne of England. But a strange thing happened at this point which diluted the noble character of the Orange house. Sophia Charlotte married her distant cousin, Frederick I., a childish, ostentatious fool, some of whose ancestors were of the egomaniacal, brutal, ambitious Hohenzollern family, which up to this time had been only obscure German Princes. On one side of his heredity, however, Frederick was an Orange. Thus, while he was himself foolish and weak he carried some of the great Orange blood.




The children of this marriage, therefore, inherited the great military and governing capacities of the Orange-Montmorency strain mixed with the autocracy and domineering spirit of the Hohenzollerns. One child was Frederick William I., an able military commander, but shrewd, egotistical, and tyrannical. It was he who had the famous Potsdam Guard, made up of the tallest men from all Europe. This Frederick William I. also married his first cousin, Dorothea, which once more brought in the great Montmorency-Orange blood. Had it not been for the autocratic mixture, mostly from the Hohenzollerns, what a blessing the remarkable children of this marriage might have been to the world! They form the most brilliant galaxy of genius in all European history.

One son was Frederick the Great, autocratic, eccentric, but one of the greatest military commanders of modern times. Another son was Henry, whom many historians rank above his brother Frederick the Great in both military capacity and character. One daughter was Amelia, who ranked high for both intellect and moral character, like the Orange forebears. She was the patroness of the poets Wieland, Herder, and Goethe. But her sister, Sophia Ulrica, who married a Swedish Prince, inherited both the genius and autocracy of the Orange-Hohenzollern mixture and ruled the Swedish nation with a rod of iron. Her son, however, showed the noble traits of her Swedish husband, and was Gustavus III., who became one of Sweden's numerous hero Kings.

Owing to its world-wide interest, we might run on for a moment one hundred and fifty years later and consider the deposed ex-Kaiser. Dr. Woods thinks he is largely the result of new combinations that have been made since the time of Frederick the Great, from marriages into other strains.

The egomania of the Hohenzollerns, however, has shown in him in full force, with little of the great military capacity of his distant forebears. His first marriage, from the standpoint of the heredity of his children, was fairly good. They have little capacity, and with a decent education might have made fairly good mechanics or department-store clerks or other good and useful citizens.

### *A Deplorable Marriage*

BUT his second marriage is deplorable, since the Princess Hermine, his new wife, was but thirty-eight, and there was possibility of children. According to Dr. Arthur Estabrook, of the Carnegie Institution, the Princess has a brother Henry, who is deaf, dumb, blind, and an imbecile—a fair assortment of defects. Her father "was a crank to the point of lunacy." He insisted on administering corporal punishment himself to all school-children needing it within his principality and refused to allow a tree to be cut down or a house built without his personal consent. Princess Hermine has at least one cousin who is insane. On the Kaiser's side, one of his grandmothers died insane, and within the past few generations since the noble Orange virility and genius mostly died out—or rather was married out—there have been several cases of insanity among the Hohenzollerns.

Such a marriage certainly presents a sorry outlook for the children should there be any. Yet in every community in America similar marriages or worse are being constantly made with all the blessings of the church and congratulations of parents and friends. They are not really marriages, but crimes against humanity and the state.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

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# *Next morning* both *had Wheatena!*

*The tempting aroma of delicious whole wheat has started more grown-ups eating Wheatena than even the advice of thousands of doctors and dietitians.*

TRY WHEATENA MUFFINS

½ cup of cooked Wheatena, 1 cup of sour milk. Stir well together and let stand half hour; ½ teaspoon baking soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water, add to Wheatena and milk, 1 egg well beaten, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ saltspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¾ cup sifted flour. Bake in muffin pans twenty minutes

Sample **package free,** and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

Children don't know why Wheatena makes them look and feel so healthy and strong. They only know it tastes so good that they want more—and more—and more.

Grown folks immediately appreciate the important reasons. The *real* heart of the wheat—the most nourishing and appetizing part of Nature's perfect food for ages, gives Wheatena that delicious nutty flavor and attractive nut-brown color.

Wheatena is whole wheat at its best. Carefully selected winter wheat roasted and toasted by the exclusive Wheatena method. All the flavor and nourishment is retained—the *real* heart of the wheat, the vitamines, the carbo-hydrates, the starches *and the bran.* All for the definite purpose of making a perfectly balanced food.

That's why Wheatena has become "the great American breakfast dish"—for grown-ups and children alike. That's why Wheatena is so enthusiastically endorsed by doctors, dietitians and nurses, and is served regularly in the leading hotels, restaurants and dining cars.

Everybody likes Wheatena, and should eat it regularly. All good grocers have it or will gladly get it for you.

Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for breakfast tomorrow.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

**WHEATENA—FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SINCE 1879**

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*The beach at Miami at the height of the season*

*Airplane view of the city of Miami, Fla.*

FROM Indian village to fashion's paradise in 30 years—that is the amazing history of Miami, Florida. During the winter the stately palms and striped awnings of Miami's fashionable beach shelter vacationists from every section of the country. During the summer Miami settles back to the busy commercial and industrial life of a thriving city of 100,000.

# Florida—Missouri—all America—have built this soap's supremacy

MONEY will buy nice clothes, handsome table-linens, crisp white sheets. But only care and intelligence can keep them *looking* nice. And nothing is so vital to their preservation as proper laundering.

The women of fashionable Miami and busy Hannibal know what "proper laundering" means: those who use P and G The White Naphtha Soap far outnumber the users of any other laundry soap.

And no wonder!

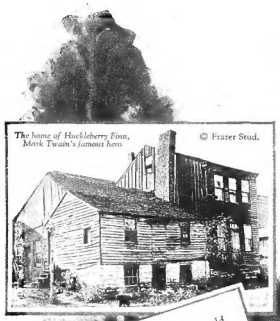
Because P and G has such amazing ability to keep nice things looking nice, it has become the largest selling laundry soap in Miami, in Hannibal, in all of America.

What a waste, what a humiliation to the clothes themselves, to subject them to soaps that leave them dingy, and faded, when P and G—so safe, so easy on colors and fabrics, so economical of time and energy—can be had at any grocery store!

When you try P and G, see how quickly and richly its beautiful white suds develops in water of any temperature; how swiftly and thoroughly it dissolves the dirt; how completely it rinses out, leaving no soapy odors; and finally, how gleaming white and fresh-looking your clothes come out.

If you employ a laundress, similar results will show from her lessened efforts—she will be a *better laundress*, if you will take the little added trouble to specify P and G.

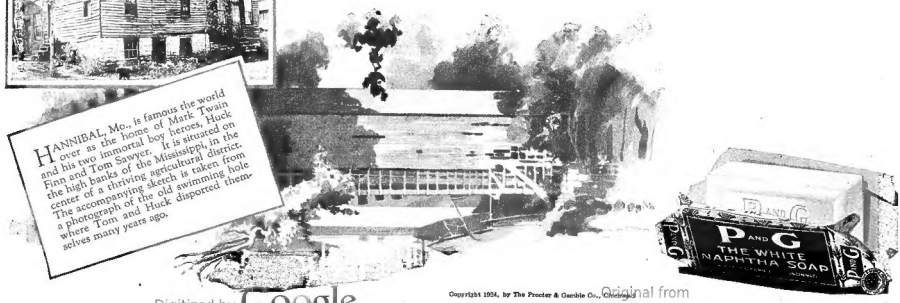
PROCTER & GAMBLE



*The home of Huckleberry Finn, Mark Twain's famous hero*

© Fraser Stud.

HANNIBAL, Mo., is famous the world over as the home of Mark Twain and his two immortal boy heroes, Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. It is situated on the high banks of the Mississippi, in the center of a thriving agricultural district. The accompanying sketch is taken from a photograph of the old swimming hole where Tom and Huck disported themselves many years ago.

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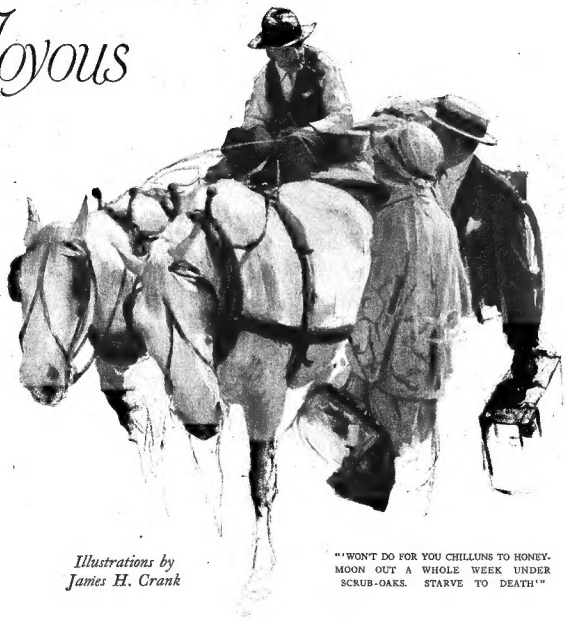
# *Jenny the Joyous*

*Beginning the Romance of a Girl Whose Supernal Gift for Happiness Brings Her Face to Face with Adventure Even at Life's Grayest Corners*

BY
CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

Complete in Four Instalments—Part One



"'WON'T DO FOR YOU CHILLUNS TO HONEY-MOON OUT A WHOLE WEEK UNDER SCRUB-OAKS. STARVE TO DEATH'"

*Illustrations by James H. Crank*

THERE are many wise grown folks who are sure they can look back upon their early years and remember just how they felt about the sun, moon, and stars, God, angels, and the devil, their parents and their friends, at the age of four. Perhaps they can.

Some other folks are never given to looking back over their extreme youth at all, except vaguely to recall a party where somebody spilled the ice-cream, or how their mother cried when their little sister died, or when Uncle Alec came back from China and brought a canary-bird, or the time they had the mumps and it snowed so hard.

Jenny was not one to do much looking backward. Not that she deliberately said she would not because she lacked sympathy with the idea. It was simply a matter of time. When she was awake she was always too busy thinking about or doing something else. Anyhow her memory was poor. Average, but poor.

She would not then have been in the least sure of what she felt about anything or anybody in those early years. She was very sure of the present—that the world was made to her own special order. She was comparatively sure of the future—that it would continue more or less as the present. That she, Jenny Joslin, would next year and year after next find herself fairly swamped with the good things of life, forced for the very pain of so much happiness to ease her grateful heart as best she could. Which was after the manner of her own invention. When her happiness became really extreme, when her spirits became exuberant past the point of maidenly control, Jenny being short on maidenly control at best, she laughed to herself, raised her eyes, blew a kiss to heaven, and called up, "Thank You, God!" No sense to it, in one way. Not for a moment did she think there was any God sitting up on high waiting to be thanked. She would not have blown a real orthodox Michelangelo God a kiss. Yet she felt uncomfortable until she expressed gratitude to somebody. It eased her heart, done so.

A world made to order from the very start—that is, her very start, except in the mere detail of a father. Her mother was exactly after Jenny's own pattern for mothers. It was difficult to see where she could have been improved upon. But her father—whoever patterned him, Jenny was wont to think in her young years, could have done no boasting about the job. Nor did there seem any excuse for him anyway, as far as she could see. Everything seemed to go more smoothly when he was not on hand.

A great deal of uselessness there seemed to be about men, any way round. Especially to men as fathers and husbands. Especially queer things, husbands. Yet everybody seemed to have them. All up and down the block they came in pairs. If any house on the entire street should start to burn down, out would run a husband and wife—that is, if it were night-time and the man home where the general public seemed to think he belonged. Nineteen cases out of twenty they would be followed by one or more children. But why that inevitable man?

So much for Jenny and the adult male sex at the age of eight.

And yet at the age of eight Jenny realized there had to be street-car conductors and grocery-wagon drivers and doctors and piano-tuners. And once she saw a man go up in a balloon and drop in a parachute. He made a distinct contribution to the world. He was useful. In addition there was Uncle Alec.

But if the conductor and the grocer and the doctor and the piano-tuner and the balloon-man and even Uncle Alec lived right in the house day after day with one and one's mother—were there behind a paper at breakfast; were back at irregular times for lunch, and expected the food to be hot; appeared every evening for dinner and took up all the conversation—if there were any conversation at all—with one's mother so that one was scolded at if one tried so much as to ask a very important question; and then after dinner read a book, or made one's mother read out loud; or, worst of all, took one's mother out of the house bodily, often after one's mother had whispered in the afternoon that she hoped father wouldn't want to go out that evening, she was so *very* tired— No, men should learn to keep their places, which were plenty numerous enough for them, without ever mixing up in people's home life.

If around the age of eight Jenny saw no use at all for men, either in theory or practise, she saw a great deal of use for boys. For boys, and grasshoppers.

Was there anything which could inspire more gratitude for just being alive than a warm June day, a bamboo pole with a string tied to it and a hook at the end, and an empty baking-powder can with holes punched through the top?

"Jenny, where are you going?"

"To catch grasshoppers."

SHE knew just the sun-baked field of dry grass where the grasshoppers hopped in all directions at each slow bare-legged step she made. The amazing delight of creeping up on a victim, pouncing down on him with a brown hand, lifting up each finger separately, then slowly her palm, and finding she had trapped two luscious morsels! Down in the baking-powder can they went, to hop energetically and noisily against its tin sides. What a feel of prosperity—two grasshoppers! And then another and another and another.

Who noticed the heat, the prickles? A step, a stealthy creep ahead, a pounce, a peering under a sunburned hand, a gleeful and uproarious chuckle, a triumphant conversation with the captive until he was safe in the baking-powder can. Who could improve upon the world?

"What ya doin'?"

"Me? I'm catching grasshoppers."

"What for?"

"What *for?* Well, now I never. What *for?* Why—to catch fish with, of course."

"Why don't you use worms?"

"'Cause they're nothing like so much fun to catch. You have to look in the damp, shady places to find worms, and then they can't get away from you fast enough to make it any fun. I like the sun and grasshoppers ever so much better."

"That your pole?"

"Don't call it a *pole*. My uncle Alec says any one who knows calls what you fish with a *rod*. Of course mine *is* only a pole, but when I'm ten my uncle Alec is going to give me a rod, a real one, the kind you can take apart. So I'm starting to call this a rod so I won't make any mistakes when I do get a real one. It's better to call a pole a rod than ever to call a rod a pole. That would be *awful*."

The ragged small boy merely sniffed voluminously. Philosophy was out of his line.

"When ya goin' fishin'?"

"Now."

"Fish won't bite when it's so hot."

"BUT sometimes they do, for me. Uncle Alec can't catch them then. He's in too much of a hurry. He misses half the fun. He just uses a fly. There's no fun to a fly. Then he throws it 'way off from him, where he can't see hardly anything."

"What do you do?"

"I snoop around till I see a hole I like where the water's quiet enough so you can watch things. Then I crawl up to it on my stomach. Then I drop the hook right down under my nose where I can see everything that's going on, 'cause my face is right above the water. At first I scare everything away. After a long time everything in that hole forgets about me. All kinds of things get to wiggling and crawling and swimming about. At last even the trout who owns that pool comes around and smells my grasshopper.

"I think it's lots more fun to watch a trout just smell a grasshopper than it is to catch a fish 'way off from you where you can't see anything but a *pull*. My heart beats something awful. Sometimes I catch him anyhow, 'cause he just gets nervous and bothered seeing that grasshopper under his nose forever. He snaps at it to get it out of his way. Then I pull him up, and, oh, my goodness, I sing and dance and, my goodness, I can't wait to get home and show Uncle Alec. He doesn't see *how* I catch anything. That's because he won't wait around long enough. And all the time the azaleas along the bank smell so good, and the skaters skate all over the water, and the birds hop right near me. I don't mind it if an ant crawls up my leg. I kick him off, and the fish doesn't see. But I sure do just *hate* it when a fly gets on my nose. If you just wiggle your nose, sometimes the fish sees."

"What's in that paper bag?"

"My lunch."

"Hungh— I might come along with you and hold the grasshoppers."

"Well, I tell you, I just don't go fishing with anybody. Other folks are always in too much of a hurry, and they

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fuss, and scare everything. I like just looking at things, and smelling all the good smells, and talking and singing to myself. But you can have my apple if you want it."

"Sure. Thanks."

"And I tell you what we can do to-morrow. You be here by my grasshopper field and we'll dig a cave together over on that hillside and I'll bring a shovel and lunch and everything."

"Sure. What'll ya bring to eat?"

"There," said Jenny, strolling through the woods to the creek, "I *do* love Summer!"

AND then, at the end of Summer, came Fall, and school again, and the gang at home.

Those carefree, comfortable years up to twelve, say. Those easy, untroubled years, when all boys look more or less alike and the world rolls merrily on, so long as there is a good wind for kites in March, a level spot for marbles in April, a smooth pavement for tops in May, not to mention football in the Fall and baseball in the Spring, and stamps to paste in an album when it rains—and all of it to do with the gang, and the gang all boys!

Ah, ladies, enjoy yourself in peace up to twelve, for from twelve on your troubles begin. The entire force of creation concentrates upon the female to influence her morning, noon, and night, to give up kites—"You're too old for that sort of thing"; to give up tops—"Jenny, you, a twelve-year-old girl, playing tops!" to give up marbles—"Really, don't you think Jenny is much too old to be seen on the street playing marbles with boys?" At Christmas time a girl is given books bought from the shelf marked "For Girls." And the refrain echoes from north, south, east, and west—"You're too old now for that sort of thing—only boys do that at your age." Jenny gets a sewing-basket for Christmas, as well as books "For Girls." She gets a little cook-book. The high-minded call it all "Education for Motherhood."

At least so it was when Jenny was young.

The high-minded need have little fear. They could better keep their hands off, for forces stronger than they are at work. The immeasurable pressure of all the high-minded who trod the wicked earth these last ten thousand years and more weighs itself upon our Jenny, and not only upon her, but still more to be mourned, upon her gang. Jenny—ha, what is the pressure of ten thousand years to Jenny? (So would argue Jenny at twelve.) But the gang—What is one to do about it if the gang, the beloved gang itself, suddenly conceives a great plan—and leaves Jenny out? And when Jenny, half in tears and half in rage, demands an explanation, she hears those words which up to yesterday haunted half the world through life: "Well, you see, it's this way—you're a *girl*." No need to hurry the sewing-basket and the cook-book and the other books "For Girls." The gang, catching untutored the spirit of ten thousand years, cries out, first apologetically, then defiantly, "You're a *Girl!*" The cry of the gang as the gang, yes. Until as the years come and go, one by one the members of the gang beg singly and unashamed for our Jenny, or some other Jenny, because—she's a girl.

So the anxiety of the high-minded serves only to hasten slightly the inevitable.

And the most incvitable of all is Jenny herself. If only the high-minded would concern themselves with their own high-mindedness and leave Jenny entirely alone. The forces of one hundred thousand years are at work in Jenny, and sooner or later, throbbing against every corner of her being, cry the soul and body for her forevermore, "I am a girl!" Cry it often despairingly, often bitterly, often apologetically, yet again and again valiantly, joyously, triumphantly, "I am a—woman!"

And so it was that by thirteen Jenny was learning to sew, Jenny was learning to cook, Jenny was given, tho she never read them, special Christmas books "For Girls," and Jenny was in love.

That is, in love for thirteen. Which, in comparison, is often as much in love as a good many people ever fall. Usually, at thirteen, it is unrequited love, which is fortunate all around. Every one of us has enough bothersome episodes in her life to look back upon without adding to them any memory of how we would have deported ourselves at thirteen if the youth of fourteen we loved madly had loved us madly in return. Instead, backward glances toward those robust years reveal a picture of complete self decorum. The adored never so much as looked our way.

By fourteen Jenny was in love again. Silent loves, those early ones, confided only to the girl next door and the cook and, of course, her mother. Jenny's mother was almost always sick those years, alas! Nights she dressed in an old-rose soft silk gown and ate dinner down-stairs, if she were well enough. Daytimes she stayed in her room, and the nicest doctor in the world came to see how she was. As Jenny lay in bed nights planning out her life, she saw herself always as a certain tall, slim lady on the order of an Elizabeth Johnson, president of the senior girls at school, and she saw the hero of her heart on his knees before her in a dimly lighted room, roses on a table near by, the scent of roses in the air, a box of chocolates on the sofa next her, and the hero always looked almost exactly like a cross between her uncle Alec and the doctor.

Since it was all so definite in her own mind, she saw no harm in incorporating her desires into the bedtime prayer. At least one could be perfectly honest and open with the God to Whom one prayed. So it was "Our Father Who art in heaven," followed by a statement of her own peculiar demands—or rather requests: "Please, dear Father, help me to look like Elizabeth Johnson when I'm grown up and please help him (she began it with a capital "h" in her mind, but once she tried writing it that way and it appeared too much as if she were referring to God) to look like Uncle Alec and the doctor." And she added, "May our hearts and souls work together, his and mine, in perfect peace and unity and service to Thee on high."

IT WAS about then that Jenny had joined the church. Her mother was present for that. So was the doctor, to Jenny's exceeding joy. He did not sit with her mother.

"Why?" Jenny asked her mother.

"Because he wishes to sit with his wife," Jenny's mother told her. But every time Jenny sought the eyes of her mother they were looking over toward Dr. Cairns, and every time Jenny sought the eyes of Dr. Cairns they were looking toward her mother. Mrs. Cairns was always looking absorbingly toward the minister. Except once, when she smiled a most exceeding smile at Jenny's mother—an extremely healthy smile, the kind a person smiles who intends to stay on earth a long, long while, and in the meantime will take good care that her husband tends strictly to business.

Jenny's father had died two years before. It meant a black dress for the funeral and a good deal of excitement one way or another, which was most pleasurable. The whole block centered its activities for several days about Jenny and her mother. For a short time after that Jenny's mother was in much better health. Mrs. Cairns used to run in often and visit, coming at the most unexpected times. Now and then the doctor would be paying one of his professional calls. From up-stairs Jenny could hear Mrs. Cairns's greeting as she entered the front parlor.

"Why, Mrs. Joslin, how *very* well you're looking!"

Dr. Cairns used to have to leave for other professional visits almost at once.

Then Jenny's mother got worse again, and virtually every time, Jenny or the cook would have to tell Mrs. Cairns that she couldn't see any one—no, not even Mrs. Cairns. About the only person she could see at all was the doctor.

How Jenny loved that doctor! After all there was an excuse for men in the world. It made it all so happy—Jenny, her mother, and the doctor.

"Don't you just love him?" Jenny asked her mother.

And once her mother, lying in her rose-silk gown, took Jenny's face between her hands and said, "Yes, I just love him."

Jenny laughed happily. "So do I!"

Therefore while it worried Jenny's heart through the school-hours to think her mother seemed to be getting worse, it was a good, glad thought to know that Dr. Cairns had to call just that much more frequently. Often he was there when Jenny got back from school.

One day, after whirling home on her bicycle as fast as she could, she heard voices in the front parlor and dashed in, only to find Dr. and Mrs. Cairns there, and Mrs. Cairns was crying. Dr. Cairns was walking up and down the floor. Up-stairs sat Jenny's mother in the sunny alcove of her room, very pale, and she too was crying. Not like Mrs. Cairns, but quietly. For a while after that Dr. Cairns did not come at all. Jenny's mother looked so pale and so shaky, and stared off into no place with such a queer expression on her face, that at last Jenny got worried and phoned Dr. Cairns herself.

"Is this Dr. Cairns?"

"Dr. Cairns speaking."

"This is Jenny—Jenny Joslin."

"What is it? What is it?"

Goodness, it was not really as bad as that. Jenny began to wish she had not phoned. But having phoned——

"Mother——"

"Yes, yes—I'll be right there!"

When she went up-stairs again she found her mother still crying—she thought she would go to bed.

"Stay up until the doctor comes!"

"The—who? What did you say?"

"Dr. Cairns is coming."

"How do you know he is coming? Who said he was coming?"

"He said he was."

"When? Where?"

"Over the phone—just now."

"Did he phone here himself?"

"No, I phoned him."

"What did you say, child? You didn't tell him *I* wanted to see him, did you? Jenny, Jenny, just what *did* you say?"

"Why, I told him—I don't remember the exact words, but I was worried and thought I ought to send him word to come."

"But you didn't say *I* wanted him?"

"No, I said—I'm sure I said—anyhow, I meant to say—that *I* wanted him."

"He's surely, surely coming?"

"He said he'd come right away."

"Jenny, Jenny. I don't understand. He promised he'd not come again unless I sent for him specially, and I—I said—Oh, Jenny"—she sat there so drooping—"I said to myself—indeed I promised it to myself—that never, never would I call him—except, perhaps, just at the very end, to see him once. He promised—I don't understand. You're sure—you're *sure* he's coming? I—I wonder if I could have kept my end of it. I was getting so weak—not just my body, you know— My soul. I wonder if I could have waited till the—change."

And just then the door opened and there stood Dr. Cairns. He looked to Jenny as if every patient he had must be dying. She glanced at her mother. For some strange reason the expression on her mother's face made Jenny suddenly burst into tears, so that there was nothing for her to do but leave the room at once.

It was all very strange indeed, very unexplainable.

Just about a month after that Jenny Joslin's mother died. It was odd that Dr. Cairns was not at the funeral. Mrs. Cairns was there.

AFTER that it was only when Jenny was sick that she ever saw Dr. Cairns. Her aunt Emie always had Dr Rawlins. The first time Aunt Emie was forced by Jenny's insistence to call Dr. Cairns, he suggested Dr. Rawlins for Jenny—said it would be almost impossible for him to come himself. But Jenny refused Dr. Rawlins pointblank and finally phoned herself, at the risk of more chills, to Dr. Cairns. She reminded him, "You came so fast that time I called you for mother. What would she think if she knew you wouldn't come at all for me?"

So he came, much to Aunt Emie's most evident disapproval. "He's no kind of a doctor," Aunt Emie sniffed. "He's no kind of a man, either." Which one remark meant that a fog of dislike, intense dislike, completely hid Aunt Emie from Jenny's view from that moment on. She was no longer Aunt Emie. She was in the main an individual who did not like her mother's and her Dr. Cairns. Therefore everything about her was suspicious.

When Dr. Cairns finally arrived Aunt Emie showed him up to Jenny's room, the one which used to be her mother's, and whisked herself off righteously. Dr. Cairns sat down in a little stiff chair next to the bed and never said a word—never asked where her aches and pains were never felt her pulse, never looked at her tongue. He just sat.

"I'm sick!" Jenny said finally.

Still he just sat.

"I think it's the grip." Jenny said uneasily.

Jenny lay there in her mother's bed and did not know just what to say or do next.

After what seemed a most peculiarly long time, Dr. Cairns dropped his head in his hands, and there he sat, for minutes and minutes and minutes. Jenny began to feel sorry for herself and very uncomfortable.

"I miss mother awfully!" Tears began to run down her feverish cheeks.

Just at that moment Aunt Emie whisked in again.

"Is Dr. Cairns finished?" she asked—the room.

"He's not yet begun," announced Jenny.

"Not yet begun?" Aunt Emie knit her brows

"No. We were talking about mother."

Aunt Emie tried to get out of the room so fast she opened the dressing-room door by mistake.

"She makes me sicker!" Jenny muttered after her.

When it was time to go Dr. Cairns said "Don't you think that while you're sick and need a doctor you ought to be moved into another room—say your own old room?"

"But why?"

"It's quieter back there."

"But I love being in mother's room!"

"Well, don't you really think you had better have Dr. Rawlins?"

## THE LITTLE THINGS

*By Lucile N. Tate*

IT IS the little things that count so much—
The half-forgotten fragment of a song,
The memory of twilight hours, the touch
Of friendly fingers—warm and kind and strong.
A verse we read and dreamed with for a while,
The funny, futile games of childhood years,
All pass in swift review; and tho we smile,
The smile is touched with just a glint of tears.
These are the precious things of memory,
The pictures in the scrap-book of the heart—
The book whose pages we so love to see,
Faint images that tear the soul apart!
Some eyes perhaps would smile to know that such
As these few little things could count so much.

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"Why should I have Dr. Rawlins? What in the world would mother think if I had Dr. Rawlins? She never had him inside the house!"

"You move into your own room and I'll come."

"But what difference does it make to you what room I'm in? Oh—oh, is it that it makes you think of mother, being in her room? But don't you like to have something remind you of mother? And that reminds me," said Jenny—Dr. Cairns just stood at the foot of the old mahogany bed and never spoke all this time—"that reminds me that I found a picture of mother I thought you might like. It's in the drawer of her sewing-table over in the alcove!"

What Dr. Cairns did was just to walk out of the room and never take the picture or say good-by or "Thank you for thinking of me" or "I'll call again to-morrow" or anything. Could it be that he ever acted like that with her mother? How many queer things there were to get accustomed to in the world!

One could somehow manage to get along without one's mother if everything went just right. Nothing ever went just right with Aunt Emie. But Jenny had expected always to be able to count on Dr. Cairns. And now see——

So she cried and got worse and refused to let Aunt Emie in the room at all, and finally there was nothing to do but send for Uncle Alec.

Indeed, indeed there was an excuse for men being in the world. Uncle Alec breezed in one sunny morning with a large box of candy and some foolish magazines—"the sort of things to cheer a young lady."

"Oh, oh, Mr. Anderson!" Aunt Emie scowled.

"Don't 'Mr. Anderson' me, Em."

Aunt Emie went on scowling. "With Jenny sick in bed like this—*candy!*"

"Do her good, Em; do her good!"

"Mr. Anderson, really——"

"The magazines are for you too, Em—eh, boy?"

"*Mis*-ter Anderson! Such trash!"

And when she took herself off, her line of repartee being exhausted, Uncle Alec winked at Jenny. "Guess we've got the old girl on the run!"

So Uncle Alec exactly understood everything, and Jenny laughed all morning long, but ate no chocolates because Aunt Emie had already presented the box to the cook.

At last Jenny could talk with some one about her mother! She had fully expected Dr. Cairns would meet her more than half-way. Far from it. But Uncle Alec—she and Uncle Alec talked hours and hours, and Jenny told him how wonderful and helpful Dr. Cairns had been. But he acted very peculiarly now, did Dr. Cairns. Uncle Alec smoked his pipe and said nothing.

Just so had he sat one night in this very room a year before while Jenny's mother lay in bed and talked hours and hours about how wonderful and helpful Dr. Cairns was. All the women Uncle Alec knew were always telling him how wonderful and helpful some man was, and Uncle Alec understood everything there was to understand in the whole world, and just smoked his pipe and said nothing.

Once Uncle Alec had been wonderful and helpful himself to a woman, and she had been wonderful and helpful to him, so of course Uncle Alec understood everything. But that was rather long ago now—long as one counts days and nights and nights and days and days and nights again. But it is only the individuals concerned who measure by days and nights and nights and days again. Fortunately the rest of the world merely asks, "How many years ago was it that Cynthia Norris married Dr. Rawlins?"

But Cynthia Norris having married Dr. Rawlins, Uncle Alec was a rare visitor to Jenny's town, and when he came he mostly sat round the Joslin home and smoked his pipe, which was always as every one in the Joslin household would have it. That is, until this last visit, when Aunt Emie for two well-defined reasons objected. One was, she strongly disliked a pipe; the other, she strongly disliked Alec Anderson.

"When is your uncle Alec leaving?" she inquired of Jenny the third morning.

"When we get through talking about Dr. Cairns and about mother," announced Jenny.

Aunt Emie was in a continual state of whisk. She could never get comfortably settled any place, but

"HE LOOKED TO JENNY AS IF EVERY PATIENT HE HAD MUST BE DYING. SHE GLANCED AT HER MOTHER. FOR SOME STRANGE REASON THE EXPRESSION ON HER MOTHER'S FACE MADE JENNY SUDDENLY BURST INTO TEARS"

a turn in the conversation forced her to seek moral shelter in some other quarter of the house. Uncle Alec bumped into her removing herself down-stairs.

"Hey, Em, come on up and sit in Jenny's room for a spell!"

"I've just left Jenny's room." And Aunt Emie went down and froze in the front parlor. It is especially comforting to certain moral natures to be forced to freeze or get overheated due to the spiritual shortcomings of others. It brings home to them how inexcusable the spiritual shortcomings of others are.

"I SAY, Jen," Uncle Alec leaned against the mantelpiece in the room which had been Jenny's mother's, "I say, what kind of a man are you going to marry when you grow up?"

"A cross between you and Dr. Cairns," Jenny informed him, "with all of father left out."

"So—? And if a cross between Dr. Cairns and your loving uncle Alec fails to find in you exactly what that mixture's soul is searching for in the line of a lifemate, what then?"

"Nothing like that ever happens to me," announced Jenny.

"Or suppose he married you and the mixture doesn't turn out to be all you desire?"

"Nothing like that ever happens to me," announced Jenny again.

"Or—suppose—suppose"—Uncle Alec puffed away on his pipe—"suppose the mixture might already be married to somebody else?"

"*That?*" cried Jenny. "Oh, *that* would never, *never* happen to me!"

"So—?" mused Uncle Alec. "What a fortunate person you are going to be! Extremely fortunate, I should say. Quite, indeed, the most fortunate person in all the world!"

"I always am," said Jenny.

"I think," announced Aunt Emie one evening after a rather silent supper, "that it had better be Vassar or Bryn Mawr."

"What had?" asked Jenny.

"The college you go to."

"*I?* The college *I* go to? Vassar? Bryn Mawr? Good gracious, Aunt Emie, are you crazy?"

"Jenny!"

"*I* in a girls' college?"

"It was your father's wish."

"My father's wish! Well, all the more reason——"

"Jenny, for several years I've noticed a tendency on your part to speak lightly of your father's memory. It is exceedingly painful to me. Your father was one of the finest men that ever lived, honest, upright, God-fearing. He never indulged in any vices whatsoever."

"What makes you talk about him like that just because he's dead?"

"What do you mean?"

"He wasn't any of those things, that is, comfortably. I don't like words like 'honest,' 'upright,' 'God-fearing.' What's the use of words like that? A person can be all of those things and yet you can be glad when they die."

"Jenny!"

"It's true. You think you're honest. You are—just the way father used to be. Yet you call 'Jenny!' at me that way and that's not honest. Why can't you say sometimes that you're glad a certain person dies?"

"Jenny!"

"There you go again. I don't care—it's not my business. Anyhow, I was glad when father died, and I'm as sure as if she told me that mother was."

"Jenny Joslin, how dare you!"

"There you go again. She was. You'd never call Uncle Alec honest, upright, God-fearing, but it just wouldn't be the same world if Uncle Alec died."

"Uncle Alec!" The scorn of Aunt Emie.

"Yes, Uncle Alec! He'd just hate being called 'upright'—you try it some time!"

"You needn't worry, I never shall!"

"And Dr. Cairns—I never heard you call him 'God-fearing,' yet next to mother's death I felt the worst of all my life when Dr. Cairns died."

"There were some," remarked Aunt Emie tensely, "who felt the town had not suffered such a great moral loss when Dr. Cairns died."

"Aunt Emie!" cried Jenny.

"Indeed, most certainly one could never refer to Dr. Cairns as 'upright' or 'God-fearing'!"

"And what," demanded Jenny, "did Dr. Cairns ever do in this world that was not perfect?"

"I'd rather not discuss it with you at your age."

Jenny just stared at her. "I don't believe it!" she said at length.

"You don't even know what it is," Aunt Emie reminded her.

"I don't care—I don't want to know—I don't believe it!"

"But it's true. And when you get a little older, and understand more about the world, I shall tell you all about it."

"I don't want to know! I don't, won't, sha'n't believe it. Dr. Cairns was perfect!"

"Indeed he was very far from perfect. He was, to put it mildly, immoral."

"Dr. Cairns—*immoral?* He was no such thing!"

"But you see, my dear, I happen to know that he was!"

"He was not."

"Indeed, my dear Jenny, he was!"

"He was not!"

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"Since you are so sure, I shall tell you then. Dr. Cairns, my dear, was—in love with your mother!"

Jenny looked at Aunt Emie, and looked and looked. "So—that was immoral, was it?"

"I was afraid you were too young to understand."

"I certainly am too young to understand." And it was Jenny's turn to whisk out of the room, leaving Aunt Emie to take that comforting refuge of all relatives in the assurance that whoever the child in question is, he or she strongly resembles the other side of the family. However, it would be Vassar or Bryn Mawr.

UP-STAIRS in her mother's room, Jenny dropped into the big easy chair in the alcove. She sat there in the dark and gazed down the street at the lights—lights in the homes of neighbors. Upright, God-fearing people, she supposed Aunt Emie would call them. Or were they? Suddenly the world took on a peculiar twist. The world that Jenny loved, her own pet world that laughed and played and sang for her each day. She loved it so! And the people—she loved the people, except just one or two—Aunt Emie and—and—Aunt Emie. People were—why, they were wonderful! The most wonderful of all had been her mother. Next came Dr. Cairns and Uncle Alec. And Dr. Cairns was "immoral"! Immoral, because he loved her mother! Who could have helped loving her mother? And were there then some folks in the world who could love and be moral, and some who could not love without being immoral? No, no, no!

Jenny thought back over everything she could remember of Dr. Cairns and her mother. The look which always came over her mother's face when Jenny dashed up-stairs and called "The doctor!" Sometimes she used to come into her mother's room and there her mother and Dr. Cairns would be sitting—just sitting. Jenny thought the doctor had gone, because she heard no talking at all. So she often walked in without knocking, only to find Dr. Cairns and her mother—just sitting. Both of them always appeared very contented—it always struck Jenny as peculiar that anybody could seem so pleased just doing nothing at all, not even talking. Other times she would knock, hearing their voices. Often no one called "Come in," so she just went in anyhow, and stayed a bit, and went out again, and evidently neither of them knew she had been there, so earnest was their conversation. It was enough to hurt a body's feelings. Two last things she remembered. The time her mother took Jenny's face in her hands and said, "Yes, I just love him." And the way her mother's face looked that time when she had not seen Dr. Cairns for several weeks and the way his face looked.

"She would not have looked at him the way she did if she had thought he was immoral," decided Jenny.

And so the whole matter was settled. But she would sound Aunt Emie on one other point. She found her way to the door and went down-stairs again.

"I say, Aunt Emie, mother loved Dr. Cairns, didn't she?"

"My dear Jenny, the less said about the whole affair the better. I regret that the matter ever came up at all."

"Well, but didn't she?"

"Your mother never took me into her confidence."

"Did Dr. Cairns?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then how did you know so positively he loved mother?"

"Well, of course, it was common—that is, everybody suspected it. His practise fell off decidedly. It was very hard indeed on poor Mrs. Cairns, that was."

Again Jenny looked and looked at her aunt Emie.

"But if—or granted—that mother *did* love Dr. Cairns was she too then—'immoral'?"

"My dear Jenny, it is certainly not my place to discuss your mother's character."

"But was she?"

"My dear Jenny, it is not for me to say *what* your mother was."

"But you didn't hesitate to say what Dr. Cairns was, and I loved him and Uncle Alec next best to mother!"

"But Dr. Cairns was no relation whatever to you."

"There you go again! What has that got to do with it? It's much more important not to speak unkindly of folks another person loves than be particular just because they're relatives. You told me my Dr. Cairns was immoral, and I've got to know if you think mother was immoral too."

"Well, at least, she was not *as* immoral as Dr. Cairns."

"But was she immoral at all?"

"Well, my dear Jenny——"

"*Was* she? Yes or no!"

"Jenny!"

"Yes or no!"

"Well, yes."

"So then. That's just what I wanted you to say. Now I know that it doesn't make the least bit of difference what you had to say about Dr. Cairns either. It didn't anyhow."

At the door she turned again.

"AFTER EACH PARTY SHE MARVELED THAT SHE HAD ANY FRIENDS LEFT. BUT WHAT COULD SHE DO!—DANCE HERSELF WITH OTHER GIRLS SITTING BRAVELY AGAINST THE WALL!"

"Why wasn't mother exactly as 'immoral' as Dr. Cairns?"

"Well, then, if you must know, she wasn't quite so——"

"Say it, 'immoral'! Every time you say it I feel better all over."

"She was not quite so immoral as Dr. Cairns because—because your father had already died."

Again Jenny looked and looked.

"So—father's dying made mother somewhat moral——"

"Jenny, my dear Jenny!"

"But you just said it yourself."

"I mean, had your dear father been alive, your mother perhaps—that is, we shall hope—would not have—cared—for Dr. Cairns."

"What would that have had to do with it?"

"Jenny!"

"But, if father's dying made mother—moral, why was she immoral at all?"

"Because Dr. Cairns was a married man."

"Oh-ho, so that's what it's all about! So—it was Mrs. Cairns's not dying, Mrs. Cairns's insisting on staying alive, that made mother 'immoral'! It's too mixed up for me!" Jenny shrugged her shoulders and opened the door.

"That was just it," said Aunt Emie, with magnificent wit; "it was too mixed up for everybody!"

IN THE dark again, up-stairs, Jenny's brain thumped. Whoever could have guessed there were people in the world who talked like Aunt Emie? Moral—immoral: immoral—moral. And mixing *love* up with any of that! As if loving, *loving*, could ever be anything but splendid and good and right!

And then, suddenly, she remembered the time she dashed into the front parlor that afternoon by mistake and found Mrs. Cairns crying, and Dr. Cairns walking the floor. Loving—loving ought only to make everybody happy. It was indeed too bad—oh; very much too bad—if it all—if anything her beautiful mother and her wonderful Dr. Cairns did—felt—made Mrs. Cairns cry. Oh, dear, oh, dear, it certainly was too bad. It was too bad to make anybody cry about anything. Why, why, did love have to make anybody cry? It all got much more complicated, the more Jenny thought about it.

And then, because the world could not look troubled for long at a stretch, Jenny started to undress in the dark, thinking of her beautiful mother and her wonderful Dr. Cairns. "And besides," she comforted herself, "Mrs. Cairns lost no time in marrying the minister."

As she rolled over in the mahogany bed of her mother's she sniffed, "Vassar! Bryn Mawr!"

The main reason it was to be neither Vassar nor Bryn Mawr was, of course, that Jenny was too concerned with a certain William Lamar. William Lamar could attend neither Vassar nor Bryn Mawr. Reason number one. Reason number two was that Aunt Emie wanted her to go to Vassar or Bryn Mawr. Reason number three, Aunt Emie had said her father wanted it. Reason number four, nobody she knew was going to Vassar or Bryn Mawr, and everybody she knew—who was going any place at all—was going to Hastings. So, all in all, it would decidedly be Hastings for her. For William Lamar and her.

She dropped a note on Billy's desk the next day at school. "It's all decided. I'm going to Hastings!"

And after the next hour Billy dropped a note on her desk. "I'm darn glad."

So Romance was on the wing, off toward the hills in the direction of Hastings. And on the chimes tower just back of the Botany Building, Romance preened her many-colored plumage, and waited until William Lamar and Jenny Joslin came to college.

Where can one search to learn the spirit of a university, especially a university open to both men and women? With what scales does one weigh the richness of her gifts, her limitations? No one passes through any college gate a freshman, and out at the end of four years a graduate, without the imprint of over a thousand days resting forever on the soul. "Resting"—alas, too often "resting." That any part of the sum total of a thousand days could ever merely "rest"!

But it is the academic side of university life which ever can or does play a negative part. There is that vast, dynamic side of human relationships, with its very positive influence for good or ill which permeates in and through and around every classroom. Few can come in contact with their fellow beings seven days and not have a new direction given to thought or action, unconscious tho it is wont to be.

Who then could ever measure the total reaction of over a thousand days? Who could ever measure the difference in that reaction when, for those thousand days, men and women are thrown constantly together, or when, for those thousand days, they are entirely, except for matters out of the ordinary, apart? Is it small, is it great? Is it for good or evil?

"It puts too much romance into life, throwing young men and women together at that age!"

"It takes too much romance out of life, throwing men and women together at that age!"

"They don't study enough!"

But then who does, nowadays, in any institution of learning?

THE first year in college is tragedy for some natures, as it is the first year out of college. Usually in college, as in the world at large, those who are most self-sufficing and independent are the ones who draw unto themselves others ready to help at every turn. Souls hungry for the spoken word and the helping hand go by unnoticed in the bustling crowd. The meek would many times exchange the holy promise of the earth for a few friends here and now. Meanwhile Jenny, who possessed both meek ineffectiveness and the assertive system, found herself confused with the numbers who paid her their student homage. Her friends at home in the town she considered her very own she had always been grateful for. "Thank You, God!" she called heavenward many a time as she thought of the boys and girls she could count on through thick and thin. She had been born among them. They were hers. Most of them—all indeed but a small handful—she left at home when she, along with the small handful, went away "to college."

How was she to know that new friends, people whose existence she had been entirely unaware of, were to rush into her life and fill it to the brim? She really started college with the idea of studying—when she was not to be with Billy Lamar or doing something else. Of course she would see the girls from home every so often.

Every so often had been enough for Jenny to see of her own kind, except at the more interesting stages of each "love-affair." Then it was pleasant to have a confidante. They were exceedingly mild things, those love-affairs, as love-affairs go.

Jenny had standards from goodness knows where. Her mother had never preached to her against the iniquities of overintimacy. Her aunt Emie never had, or Jenny surely would have turned around and laid her head upon the shoulder of the next youth who called. In her thirties Jenny wondered once where those early standards ever had evolved from, and as near as she could arrive at their source was to remember a remark of her uncle Alec's: "She's the kind of a woman who makes a fool of herself with a man."

Jenny had asked her uncle Alec what he meant.

"I don't know exactly. She just—she doesn't know how to act."

"How should she act?" Jenny was all for knowing.

"Behave herself!" And that was as definite as Uncle Alec chose to get.

Yet at the age of fourteen, twenty-four, forty, who can say that a woman behaves herself because she behaves herself, or because nothing sufficiently interesting as a reason for doing anything else but behave herself ever has turned up? Jenny was not one to say. She had a spotless record

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of complete decorum toward the male sex during her youth. She fully realized, however, that every boy she had ever been enamored of had an equally spotless record, as far as she was concerned. There were spells when she felt like taking the credit to herself. In other moments she was not so sure but that she might just as well send up another "Thank You, God!" for the kind of male friends He had sent her way. She was decorous. They were decorous. Everybody behaved. At that rate Jenny's record might have stayed spotless to the bitter end. An uninteresting notion. Rather a bore of a world almost every honest soul would consider it to be if no situation ever developed which made it entirely worth one's while—and never a pang afterward—for one at least a little to misbehave.

Since then Jenny, in the course of those youthful "love-affairs," never misbehaved, why the need of a confidante? Goodness knows. But she found no end of things to talk about, did Jenny. There may have been confidantes who felt that Jenny could have bestirred herself and made her intimate confessions somewhat more thrilling. To Jenny's notions they were thrilling enough. She was more interested in tennis and swimming and horseback-riding and sailing and tramping than she was in thrills. As long as there was always one boy at every party more anxious to dance with her than with any other girl, Jenny asked for nothing more. Literally, for nothing more. Two boys in that state made life confusing. One at a time was quite enough.

Billy Lamar was the one-at-a-time when Jenny started college. The first two days of college Jenny and he were together most of the time. They planned to take the same courses, the same professors. Tuesday and Friday afternoons they would play tennis. Saturday afternoons they would go walking.

And then of a sudden Jenny realized three weeks had passed and she had not seen Billy Lamar once. Beginning with the third day she found herself surrounded with new friends, city girls, older girls, sophisticated girls, well-dressed girls. She was invited here and there. Everybody gave her advice about her college work and every one suggested changes, and since it made not the least difference to Jenny what subjects she took, she followed agreeably every suggestion possible. Within three weeks she had changed her "major" from philosophy to history to economics to political science. Each sounded more alluring as its particular claims were put forth by some girl anxious to impress Jenny with her friendliness.

AT THE end of three weeks of lunches and dinners and dances and receptions and picnics and heart-to-heart talks, Jenny told some girl whose name she was not quite sure of that she would join her fraternity. Whereupon some thirty girls appeared from goodness knows where and all hurled themselves upon Jenny and kissed her and told her how glad they were she was to be one of their sacred number. Jenny could remember the names of three of them. A few hours later some other girl put her arm around Jenny and asked if she would join the One and Only, being another fraternity, and Jenny's heart nearly broke not to be able to say yes, the girl looked so fearfully hurt. The next day some other girl also whose name Jenny had no idea of, told Jenny how much she loved her and would she join the Grandest and Best, and again Jenny's heart weighed heavy indeed at seeing the girl's disappointed face. By that time Jenny was not quite sure where she belonged or who were the friends who embraced her publicly and who smote her with their crushed glances. The world was very mixed indeed. One of everything at a time was enough of everything.

Then she remembered Billy Lamar.

But Billy Lamar had been going through lunches and dinners and "glad-handings" of his own. Only he had not forgotten Jenny. He had tried to reach her by telephone fourteen times, and then gave up. At the beginning of the fourth week he got a note in his Monday morning's mail:

> You're a nice kind of a friend! I'll go to Vassar next time.

Full of dismay, he dashed for Jenny's boarding-house, escorted her to the nine o'clock class she had changed three times, and was entirely forgiven.

WHEN people fall in love young enough and gradually enough they grow into each other's lives. It becomes difficult to know, between the two, where one personality ends and the other begins. Much of the happy turmoil and upheaval of older and more sudden love-affairs is absent. Romance takes life easily—easily and comfortably and cheerily. What is lost in the thrills of despair and achievement, the stirring doubts and glad surrenderings in the loves of later years, is gained in tranquillity and that plastic fitting of nature to nature which only the young can accomplish. It is not so much that they fall in love as that they glide into it. Few, if any, are the weighings and misgivings.

College is a healthy place to fall in love, on the whole. There is such a great deal going on all the time, not to mention classes to attend for the conscientious—and Jenny was conscientious, tho bored. There is no time to moon about sighing and growing pale or indignant or overamorous, as do unoccupied folk who are in love at tender years. Just gradually, and more and more, Jenny realized she preferred doing everything she did, provided it were possible, with Billy Lamar—preferred being with Billy Lamar to being alone. Jenny always knew that when she got to that point she would be perilously near being in love. Billy Lamar preferred being in the company of Jenny Joslin to anything else he knew of.

He told her so one night. It was the end of their sophomore year, and Jenny was secretary of the Dramatic Club, and treasurer of the Debating Club, and business manager of the Mandolin Club, a reporter on the *Hastings Daily*, and president of the Sophomore Girls' Tennis Club. In and out of these activities she helped decorate halls for dances and booths for fairs and spent untold effort at every party making herself and everybody else miserable trying to find partners for girls who could not manage it themselves without extraneous pressure. After each party she marveled that she had any friends left. But what could she do?—dance herself with other girls sitting bravely against the wall?

"WHAT'S your name?" she would ask an ill-starred girl who had two dances taken out of a possible twenty and was now sitting out her fourth in succession.

"Anabelle Browne."

"Wait a second—I'll get a partner."

"Oh, don't bother!"

Jenny dragged her own impatient but inured partner around until she discovered a male person trying for a few moments to call his soul his own.

"I beg your pardon, but what's your name?"

"Why, a—Phelps."

"Oh, Mr. Phelps, will you do a great favor for me? I'll do one for you some day! I say, there's a girl sitting there by that palm. I suspect she dances terribly and all that. But *do* let me introduce you and ask her for this dance. I'll bless you forever!"

Poor Mr. Phelps. Poor Jenny's martyred-looking partner, already half the dance gone. Agitated Miss Anabelle Browne, who careered off heavily in the arms of the luckless conscript. She did dance terribly and all that.

But Mr. Phelps like as not asked Jenny for a dance later on, all forgiveness, and put his name down for the eighty-third extra.

And Jenny appointed Anabelle Browne on a committee to address Benefit Day circulars, and Anabelle Browne was again agitated. At last she was taking root! She addressed so many circulars that Jenny asked her to help collect funds for a memorial sun-dial. She collected so much money that Jenny made her assistant treasurer of the Mandolin Club, and by the time she was a senior Anabelle Brown was recording secretary of the Student Body. On such slender threads hang our destinies. But Mr. Phelps never asked her to dance again, nor did any one who ever asked her once. That was something Jenny realized was beyond her powers of adjustment. The Lord had not dealt kindly in all respects with Miss Anabelle Browne.

It was shortly after this same dance, the début of Anabelle Browne, that Billy Lamar told Jenny he liked being with her better than anything else—in the world. When one adds "in the world" that way to a statement it is bound to cause flutterings.

So that was probably the night Jenny started being in love with her William.

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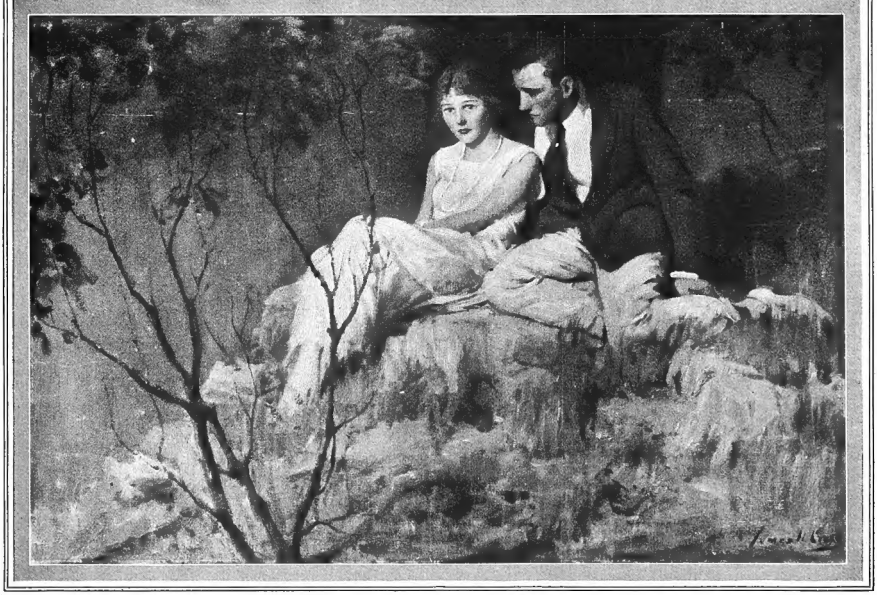

"'NO, TO-MORROW WOULDN'T DO ANYHOW, BILLY. ANYTHING AS—AS WONDERFUL AS GETTING MARRIED, PEOPLE OUGHT TO LOOK FORWARD TO AND PLAN FOR AND DREAM ABOUT. I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF—OF SORT OF JUMPING IN WITH BOTH FEET'"

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"BREATHLESSLY, AT THE END OF THE TRYOUT, MILLIE EDGED OVER FOR THE VERDICT. THE MANAGER SHOOK HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY. 'SHE AIN'T AS GOOD AS YOU, MILLIE'"

# PAINT

*She Was a "Vision in Pale Ivory," the Lovely Little Dancer, and Then Something Very Strange—Something Almost Incredible—Happened*

BY CLEMENT WOOD

*Illustrations by Edward Ryan*

MILLIE RAY sat regarding herself in the stuffy dressing-room of the Flatbush Colosseum. The mirror was as cracked and old as the face before it was flawless and brightly young. There were daubs of dried grease-paint, of a dozen lifeless hues, smeared up and down the chipped white enamel of the mirror-frame. Stuck obtrusively along its sides, and smirking in a row across the top, were professional pictures—a Scotch comedian, a dancing team, an eccentric musical act, a blackface "single" showing exaggerated lips parted over grinning teeth, a Swiss bicycle troupe, even a company of poorly trained seals. Along the walls, where they were not hidden by bulging hangings of varicolored costumes and intimate street clothes, was an endless multiplication of other professional pictures; for these poorly printed cabinets, rich only in the display of the body, were the cheapest advertisements that the men and women who lived by display could obtain.

One girl, a bold-faced and brass-voiced half of a "sidewalk act," leaned negligently against the impeding clothes, observing the seated dancer with friendly eyes.

"How'd it go, kid?"

"Pretty good. I got two curtains."

"That's swell for this dump!"

With admiration too open to be founded on envy she watched the face that smiled back at her. Millie Ray was a full, deep-brown beauty—as natural and gorgeous as a garden rose. As she deftly rubbed off the cold-cream, and the make-up with it, the warm life of her cheeks came out, brighter than the painted illusion just gone. Her hair, free to her waist, was a cascade of brown velvet; her eyes were shining pools of dusky wonder. Curiously she observed the effect of the return to the natural bloom, dusted on a brunette face-powder, and smiled at last in slow satisfaction.

"Gee, kid, you've got the looks!"

"They won't get you far——"

"Any time!"

"——Unless you've got brains, and push, and a willingness to work your head off."

Rosa Melba, in the door, tossed her head. "I've got legs, and a pair of lungs—I never work. We get by." Her pride was unmistakable.

"I never saw anybody work harder than you and Freddie," insisted Millie, giving a finishing touch to her hair, and rising to slip into a street dress. "Hope you hit 'em, this afternoon."

Rosa swayed diffidently after her. "Where you eatin' to-night?"

"Home," said Millie briefly.

"Lucky kid! I don' know what the little word means."

But Millie knew. What if it lay far up the subway? Her act was over midway of the performance; she had until nine for her second appearance. It was better to take the double ride, in order to get the relief of an hour with mother and Mollie. As the stuffy, drowsy miles clicked by, her thoughts were all with the squeezed establishment on Beekman Place, just in view of the East River. Mother had not been so well the last few weeks. It was impossible to contemplate home without her; it was hard to contemplate it with her ill.

At Grand Central she changed to the local, and stepped off at the next station.

A few brisk blocks through the shabby echoes of forgotten gentility, and she turned into the slight Place. At the second house she swung up the front steps, and the three flights to the furnished rooms

"'I'VE GOT A PAIR OF LUNGS—I NEVER WORK. WE GET BY'"

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where her heart lived. The soft sound of a mechanical player came through the door. Quietly she turned the key, and stood outside the living-room, watching through swaying curtains the girl who danced within. As gently, as naturally as a flower sways on its stem at the breeze's push, she bodied forth the swaying tune. At length she sensed the alien presence; her eyes, deep and bluely smoldering, lifted, suddenly widened, to the door.

"Millie! I didn't know——"

The elder sister looked at her with professional keenness. "Put it on again, little darling, and do that last turn. No—the very last. There! Mmm! You know, you do that lots better than I can."

"Ridiculous!"

"Considering my training, it may be; but—it's so."

"You want to make me feel bad——"

"Adorable Mollie, you're too sensitive to exist! Why in the world do you object to being told you do a thing well? How's mother?" with a sudden flirt of the subject.

The young eyes sparkled happily. "Much better. Getting supper now."

"That's wonderful! I was so worried!"

As she sat across from the younger sister at the table, Millie marveled again at the perfection of the child's beauty. It was a beauty bright and withering; radiantly pale—her face a floating white lily, a dream against the rosy dawn. The pure, waxy complexion showed just a hint of softest pink appearing and disappearing below the ivory pallor; the hair was a shimmer of quiet gold; the contour as flawless as a cameo.

No wonder men said it hurt them to look at her!

The older girl shook her head sadly; it was almost a pity that Mollie was so—not exactly sensitive, but so —aware of her own loneliness that it pained her to have others look at her. She had reached such a clear and racking perception of her own perfect face, and the ugliness, the incompletion, surrounding her, that her happiness was clouded by the knowledge of the beauty that other men and women had somehow missed. Millie thought of her as she had seen her the week before—on the hushed loneliness of a great rock in the Palisades, her blue eyes far out into a far blue sky, broken with curled snowy clouds, on her face ecstasy, quiet ecstasy.

AMONG people it was all different. She could not hide from herself the acidulous envy other girls must feel toward her, the bitter longing her face woke in the dullest man. It was this that caused her hurt under the scrutiny of alien eyes.

"I'm glad you're so much better, Mother." Millie wrenched her glance away from the girl, to smile affectionately at the object of her solicitude.

"Yes, dear." Margaret Ray's eyes were perplexed. "I've worried about Mollie. I made the doctor look at her to-day; he said—he said——"

"Yes, Mother?"

"Go on," the younger said quietly. "I know what he said."

"Her heart, he said, was not strong. There mustn't be any unusual strain."

"What did he say was the matter with you, Mother? Not——"

"The influenza? He could not be sure. Probably old-fashioned grippe, he thought; I've only a hint of temperature. I'm being careful," she smiled.

But carefulness was not enough that dreadful year. Two days later he had to call again; his face was grave as he ordered Margaret Ray to her bed. The next day she was no better; Millie, at his direction, engaged a nurse—he was able to locate one, in spite of the scarcity caused by this backflow of the epidemic. A day later she was worse; as night came on, the doctor took the older girl aside and told her that there still was a chance, but that it was too slim to count on.

As Millie, dry-eyed, went in beside the stirless body, the eyes opened, clouded with suffering, and beckoned her over.

"Dear girl," the lips breathed, oh, so gently, "big girl—take care of Mollie for me!"

"I will—oh, Mother, I will!"

"Let her have—all that you have—a chance—to make good——"

"I will—I will——"

Incomprehension creased the dulled face.

Closer she leaned, louder she spoke. "Mother, don't you hear? I will—I will."

Margaret's face cleared to a frail happiness. Startlingly the eyes closed; one sudden twitch and the still face dreamed away into final serenity. Millie stood stiffly unspeaking in the gloom; she seemed to lengthen in desolate stature above the bed of death. The younger daughter collapsed to her knees, grinding her head into the covers, still warm. At last Millie led her away. The doctor stayed on for her.

As soon as Mollie had recovered from the brief breakdown, the sister managed a talk with her. "Little darling, you heard what mother said—what I promised——"

"Yes."

"You'd have gotten your chance, even if I hadn't made the promise. Of course. What do you want to do?"

"Oh, Millie, I——"

"Say it, dear!"

"I—I don't know how. I don't want to do anything—be anything. If I could just stay at home——"

"Not for a lifetime. Want to go into business?"

"Meeting strange people!"

"You must do something. Stage?"

"You mean—dancing?"

"Or anything. Whatever you want."

"But I don't want anything!" She stared away, blue eyes suddenly misted.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," practical Millie decided. "You can take lessons, anyhow—dancing comes as natural to you as your good looks."

"Millie!"

"It's true. I'm going to put you, for a few weeks, with the best teachers in the city."

"You mean—Madame Therese? Barodsky?"

"They have the name; but I mean the live ones—Gardine, Helene Lavoie—the ones who know how. Why, last month one of Gardine's pupils danced straight from the practise studio into a lead. That's what we'll do!"

"Can—can you afford it? You wanted that new silver costume. I know it hasn't been easy to get along, even with your money to help——"

"We can afford what you need. We'll start this week."

She was able to get off, many of the mornings, to see the younger sister at her work. She had seen Mollie do well, at home, in the most intricate of her own steps; it was a revelation to see how she blossomed out of herself under the tactful direction of the professional. Mollie was born to dance. Most of it came from within. In her own mood her soul danced; her body was merely the swaying word spoken by the inner delight. One little twinge came to Millie as she saw the graceful perfection. Her own place, as a dancing "single," was secure; here was a rival who would go far beyond her. She did not give this a second thought; instead she took herself around to Moe Greene, the manager for Vare & Sigrist, who were handling her own act.

"What can I do for you, dearie?" Love-words were part of the profession to Moe Greene; there was as much emotion in his as in a glacéd bouillon.

A soft smile rewarded him. "Beginning with week after next, a better placing on each bill, at double the salary."

"Is that all? Wouldn't you like a coupla limousines, or a poil lavaliere? Don't be so modest, dearie!"

"I mean it!"

"What's the big notion?"

"Beginning with week after next, you're going to have the chance to bill 'The Ray Sisters'; dancers extraordinary. I'm adding my sister Mollie to the act; she's twice as good-looking as I am, and a better dancer."

"'Bout as good as Izzy Duncan, eh?"

"You'll see! If she's as good as I say, we get the salary?"

"Oh, not at the start——"

MILLIE smiled confidently. "Yes, at the start. Can you have a private tryout next Tuesday?"

"Bring her along. Ten-thirty."

It was easier to convert him to the idea than to win over the girl's final consent. There were wrenching scenes before she could be brought around.

"I—I can't. Oh, Millie, I simply can't!"

"But, little darling—— Why in the world?"

"I—— I don't want to—— I haven't the nerve—I'd die. Facing hundreds of people, like that——"

"Moe Greene—one or two others!"

"Afterward, I mean. Hundreds—thousands of people——"

"They won't eat you."

"I know. I know it's silly. I hate to see people. It—it makes them unhappy," she sighed out her bitter perception.

"You're too—modest. It's a kindness to let them see you. Don't be so—Snikin. You—you just must, little darling! Remember, I promised mother——"

"I know, Mill. That's the one thing that makes me consider it at all. If it wasn't for that, I'd—I'd—I'd run away! That's what I'd do—honest!"

"Leave me?"

"Don't you undestand, Mill? I can't stand it—I know I can't." A deep intensity trembled in her voice. "It's—it's torture, even to think of. Let me off! What it will be——"

"Oh, it won't be so hard—the thing itself. I had dreadful stage-fright just before my first night. Remember?"

"How could you ever go through with it?"

"The real thing isn't nearly as hard."

"It couldn't be." Mollie's voice was quiet, as if from a dark distance. "If it were, I couldn't——" She closed her eyes. "I—my heart would beat until it burst!"

The elder laughed gently. "Precious little danger of that. Everybody has it—stage-fright. And, besides—my promise——"

"I'll try, Mill. But I can't be sure. At the last moment——"

"Well, do your best!"

The tryout in Moe Greene's office came off as scheduled, with a bored assistant accompanying them brilliantly on the piano, and three or four slant-eyed connoisseurs taking it in without comment. Breathlessly, at the end, Millie edged over for the verdict. The manager shook his head slightly.

"She ain't as good as you, Millie."

"What nonsense! She's a lot better. Twice as good-looking, to

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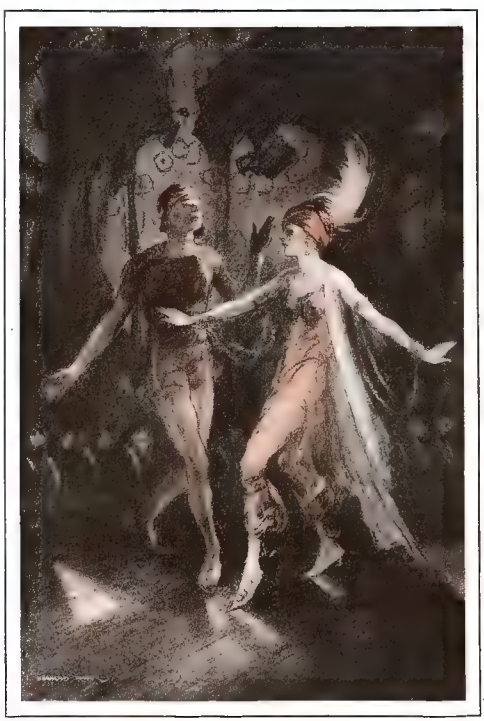

"BRIGHT SHE WAS AS A SUDDEN GLIMPSE OF THE FULL MOON, THE LITTLE DANCER, A VISION IN PALE IVORY. BORED FIRST-NIGHTERS GASPED"

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# *The Far Side of Thunderbolt*

*Thirty Years of Pills and Poultices Did Not Leave This Country Doctor Artless in Treating Maladies of the Soul*

BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER

*Illustrations by James E. Allen*

DR. ENOS RUMLY climbed the three steep steps of his back porch wearily. He had been thirteen hours on his feet, bent over a too low bed, and his thighs ached and quivered, his great gaunt body sagged.

"Looks like Clemmy Weaver's had so many girls she might do better at it," he thought as he unlocked the kitchen door, "but every time she does worse."

Seven times he had warned Dodds Weaver and his wife Clemmy. "Look here now, I'm getting too old for these frolics! One of these days I'm going to quit and live on my fortune."

But each time Clemmy grew panicky and protested. "I ain't going to have any young squirt of a doctor from town, now—and you men-folk can just write that in your book!"

Viewed from any angle, Rumly was undoubtedly the ugliest man living. He had the look of an overtall simian: his arms dangled, and the belt of his short-waisted overcoat rode far up under his arms. His neck was long, tho an incredibly high collar strove to hide it, and his hair had long ago given up the task of hiding so lumpy a skull, and had quietly vanished, leaving only a sandy gray fringe beneath the red welt cut by his stiff old black derby.

People who looked at Rumly first usually smiled in amusement. And then they saw his eyes, hidden under ragged, spiky brows, and were ashamed. There was a patient, fatherly cheerfulness in Rumly's eyes that made you want to do something for somebody else immediately.

When Rumly looked at them, hypochondriacs remembered that they had been much sicker yesterday and that probably it was the dill pickles and sausage, anyway. Married women recalled omitted buttons and the admittedly handsomer women whom their husbands might have married. Nineteen-year-old boys went off and wrote to their mothers, and girls slipped home and quietly burned secreted notes smelling of tobacco.

"Doc Rumly always makes me think somehow of a parson's text printed on the funny paper," was the way Dodds Weaver expressed it.

In the kitchen Ella Joe Martin, Rumly's sister-in-law, had left a candle burning on top of the ice-box. That was code for the assurance that there was warm food in the oven. Rumly set down his black bag (the weight of which had caused his right shoulder to list lower than the left), slid out of his overcoat, opened the oven door, and drew out a slab of meat pie on which the gravy was filming, two sticky yams, an apple dumpling with nutmeg freckling its saccharine countenance, and a hot corn pone wrapped in a tea-towel. Sitting on the kitchen table, he ate rapidly, dropping crums to a weird-eyed, coal-black kitten that leaped off the ironing-board and solicited alms. It was then that he noted the low murmur of voices from the front of the house.

Instantly his loose-jointed frame stiffened. His long ears pointed like a setter's. His head thrust out. Ella Joe had company. And manifestly the company was a patient. No one of Ella Joe's proper callers would linger until eleven-forty by the clock. Whoever sat in the front room by the base-burner was obviously waiting for Rumly himself.

"And I ain't going out again to-night," he vowed to himself as he bolted the last fragment of the dumpling. "Not if it was the old Angel Gabriel himself with an artery busted from blowing his trumpet."

He gathered up his coat and hat and the old black bag. The jumbled instruments in the bag were prone to clink, so he carried it warily and, with amazing lightness for so huge a frame, made for the back stairs, avoiding the board that squawked. He had almost gained the door of the upper hall when a portly ghost in a blue-flannel wrapper came tiptoeing ponderously up the front way and confronted him.

"You got home?" greeted Ella Joe Martin cheerfully and with disconcerting lung-power. "Fred Susong's down there wanting to see you."

Rumly opened the door of his room and elbowed her in.

"I ain't wanting to see him," he grumbled. "What do you want to holler so everybody on this block can hear you for?"

"I ain't hollering. He's been waiting since eight o'clock. He says the baby's choking worse every minute."

Ella Joe had kept house for Rumly for many years. She had held an ether-cone while he cut off shattered legs on her kitchen table; she dusted patiently the gruesome row of pickled appendixes and bone-tumors in his office; she boiled forceps and rolled bandages and declared that she had burned up three stoves keeping meals hot—and she managed Rumly as philosophically as she managed seventy per cent. of the village—Primitive Baptists and Orthodox Hebrews excluded.

Rumly sat down on the bed. He sat down heavily, for he was very tired. "Fred Susong allows he knows about everything," he declared. "Looks like he'd know how to stop his baby choking."

Ella Joe frowned. "This ain't no time to hold grudges, Enos Rumly, when a child's maybe dying."

"I ain't holding grudges. I'm going to bed. They got doctors over to Parrotsville—good doctors. I've heard

"LUELLA HAD CONFIDED ALL HER SECRETS TO RUMLY EXCEPT THE ONE THAT SHE WAS GOING TO MARRY FRED SUSONG. AND IN HIS WISDOM OLD ENOS RUMLY KNEW WHY SHE HAD NOT TOLD HIM THAT"

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"'OLD DOXIE'LL GO WHERE I TELL HER, AND THEY AIN'T NO DANGER OF HER GETTING WATER IN HER CARBURETER.' RUMLY KNEW THAT THUNDERBOLT WOULD BE A ROILING FLOOD, WASHING FAR OUT OF THE BANKS"

Fred Susong say how smart them doctors was. I'm wore out. I've been standing over Clemmy Weaver for thirteen hours and I need sleep. I'm going to get it, too."

"Well, I'll just go down and tell Fred you're sick and can't come."

"Why didn't he go to Parrotsville in the first place?"

"You know well as I do why he didn't, Enos Rumly. The river's up over there and the ferry ain't running."

"Well, it'll be up out here to Thunderbolt directly if he don't start along pretty quick. Dodds Weaver said it was rising three feet every hour when he come in on the freight, and the creeks all out of the banks."

"I reckon it's a good thing you ain't going," assented Ella Joe with surprising meekness, "but it'll be sort of hard on Luella if anything should happen to that baby. Looks like that's about all she's got to live for!"

"Fred drive his own horse?" demanded Rumly.

"He came in his car. I laid your flannel nightshirt out 'cross the foot of your bed. It's going to turn cold toward morning."

"You can't get anywheres in a car, roads like these. What that young one needs is antitoxin, likely, and there ain't a shot to be had nearer than Parrotsville. I used the last I had on that young one of Owenses that was so bad."

Ella Joe turned to leave. "I don't reckon you locked the back door? You always forgit it. You better leave that bag out here so I can clean the things up first thing in the morning."

"Looks like I ain't never going to get a chance to leave it anywhere! Next time I buy a bag I'm going to have it fastened onto my arm with shackles so I can't never get far away from it. I don't know what in confoundation Fred come over here in a car for. Bad enough to have to go poling off to the far side of Thunderbolt in the dark and the rain without killing your own horse to do it!"

"Well, he said it wasn't raining hard when he started. What did Clemmy have—another girl?"

"Good thing she has girls. They's enough pesky men infesting this earth now! Voting against bridge bonds and raising sand about taxes for roads. Maybe when all Clemmy's girls can vote we'll get some decent roads in this county. Is that old hypodermic of mine boiled out?"

"It's in the bag, wrapped up in gauze. I never laid a finger on it after it come out of the water."

"Fred won't pay me for seven years. And then he'll want me to take it out in moldy corn or something. You can run the shoes right off your horse waiting on them Susongs, and there ain't no use to sue 'em, for they've got everything tied up in their wives' names and got their wives so browbeat they dassent put two spoonfuls of lard in the biscuit."

"Well, I didn't tell him for sure you'd go. I said you'd been out all day over to Weavers'. He said he'd wait anyway—he acts mighty worried—not peart and biggity like he usually is."

"Most any difference in Fred Susong is bound to be an improvement. I got to get on a thicker shirt and some dry socks. Reckon you can get the harness on Doxie and back her in the shafts?"

"I thought you was going to bed?"

"Well, confoundation, a man can't let a young one die, can he? Jest because all the Susongs are whittled off narrow and sharp to start with ain't no reason to kill 'em off young!"

"Why don't you go in Fred's car, then?"

"Uh-huh! And get mired up in the first ford and have to wade out. Old Doxie'll go where I tell her, and they ain't no danger of her getting water in her carbureter. You better put a mess of oats in a bag and put it under the buggy-seat. I may have to stay all night if the river's bad, and I don't want to depend on no Susongs to feed my horse."

"Well, land knows the Susongs have got ten times as much as we've got, Enos Rumly. Looks like it's little enough to do, to feed a horse."

"That's why they've got it—because they ain't wasted any of it feeding other people's horses!" Rumly ripped out his shoe-strings wearily. It was ten miles across Thunderbolt, the wild, tumultuous river, to the Susong farm. All afternoon the friendless March rain had been riding a whooping wind, washing across the face of the hills, effacing every track and path. Rumly knew that Thunderbolt would be a roiling flood, washing far out of the banks. Likely enough old Milo Flowers would grumble at ferrying them over.

But over on the far side, in the big old brick house of the Susongs, which had been one of the first built in the State and was so ancient that the beams were put together with wooden pins, was Luella Susong tending a sick baby. Rumly had brought Luella into the world, and since that hour she had belonged poignantly to him because her mother, frail little Pansy Ives, had been one of the few mothers who slipped away from him in spite of his skill and frantic efforts.

Ella Joe had supervised the rearing of motherless little Luella, offering advice and home-brewed catmint-tea to the two bewildered and ineffectual aunts. And Luella, growing up slim and sweet, with heavy, shaded eyes which were colored, even in girlhood, with that softly tired, maternal patience which denotes the God-made mother, had confided all her secrets to Rumly, pulling down his long freckled ears to whisper into them—all her secrets except the one that she was going to marry Fred Susong. And in his wisdom old Enos Rumly knew why she had not told him that.

The Susongs were not a popular family in the county.

They were the richest family, and the richest family is often the least popular, particularly when its wealth is not the result of progressive achievement, but of tight-fisted hoarding and sharp-eyed turning of bargains. The Susongs were stock-buyers and traders; the Susong barns were well roofed because dampness ruins hay, which costs money; the Susong horses were always insolently sleek; the Susong men were well-fed and full-blooded, riding to town on horseback every day—to save wear and tear on steel tires.

The Susong women seldom came to town. Their clothing was purchased for them by their husbands, usually;

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"SLOWLY, LABORIOUSLY, ENOS RUMLY CREPT ACROSS THE ICE-COATED RAILROAD-BRIDGE"

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# *Seven Times Seven*

## *In Which I Take My All and Go to Paris to Have a French Stamp Put on My Knowledge*

By Maria Thompson Daviess

*Complete in Five Parts —Part Three* *Illustrations by George Wright*

"ONE MORNING WHEN SHE PAID ME A VISIT I STUDENT AND MADE A SMALL BAS-RELIEF OF

**A Most Remarkable Autobiography**

THIS is the story of the career of the brilliant novelist Maria Thompson Daviess. In the first two instalments she tells vividly of her childhood in Kentucky, the tragic death of her father, and her efforts to readjust her world and that of her mother. The story so far carries her through her early love-affairs and her mad career at boarding-school and college

THE first three years of my Roundelay of Seven Times Four were spent in going back and forth and up and down the lands of Tennessee and Kentucky, industriously doing nothing, but always with a gnawing uneasiness about my mother, who for a few weeks would seem her buoyant self and then for a month be feeble and quiet Summers in the mountains and Winters in Florida we spent until the Winter of 1893-94, when she refused to go to Florida, and settled down in Harrodsburg with Grandmother Daviess and Sis Annie for the Winter.

Before I went into Winter quarters I stopped on the way from the mountains for a visit to the Nashville home folks, the Mother went on to attend to some business that pressed in Harrodsburg.

While I was in Nashville with Uncle Joe he went into the subject of finances with me. My father had left an estate of about forty-five thousand dollars, a large sum for a young lawyer of less than forty to have made in those carpetbag days in the South, but he had left as his executor, without bond, a cousin who had used the money as he chose, giving my mother whatever she asked for, without any attempt to budget her in relation to principal or income. He could never be and has not to this day been held to an accounting. I am only glad that my mother had what she wanted, and I hold no grudge against him

Being a strict business man, this state of affairs troubled Uncle Joe, and he advised me to look into the matter when I got to Kentucky and could pounce upon the elusive relative.

So in a couple of days I was off to Harrodsburg, feeling very efficient with a bundle of papers in my smart telescope, which was the forerunner of the suitcase of the present day—also the vanity-bag. Did I pounce upon the executor-relative and frighten him into an immediate settlement of the then fifteen-year-old estate? I did not. He gave me five hundred dollars on account, took my acknowledgment, patted me on the back, told me that I was "beautiful," as all the women of our family were, and went on his way rejoicing, leaving me to do likewise

And at that date no short way could be traversed and no small amount of rejoicing could be had for five hundred dollars, when fifteen dollars a month was a munificent sum to pay anybody for the most munificent board, such as turkey in unlimited quantity at seventy-five cents the turk on the hoof, eggs at ten cents for the dozen, a pair of frying-chickens for a quarter, and country sausage, three pounds for twenty-five cents. I take these prices from an old account-book of my grandmother Daviess and not from memory. A good riding-horse could be had for as many hours as you could ride him for a half-dollar, and dancing-slippers were exquisite for two and a half dollars a pair. I don't wonder that I flipped the five hundred in the face of the wolf and went in for a good Winter.

And I had it—only my mother did not improve in health. She was cheerful and never seemed to be bored as she sat beside Grandmother Daviess in front of a glowing fire and read papers and magazines and novels. Grandmother had had a slight stroke of paralysis the Summer before, and she, too, was feeble and liked to have my mother near her. I see them sitting there together, Ruth and Naomi, devoted, congenial, full of the wisdom of the years they had lived together, and always alert for news of my adventures and escapades which I brought in to find them always awaiting, even far into the night.

That was perhaps the most brilliant Winter old Harrodsburg had experienced since the Civil War, and there is much to relate. The débutante set had many lovely and most sophisticated luncheons and card-parties and dinners and teas. We had luncheons of from seven to nine courses and dinners of from nine to twelve, and we all lived through it.

On New-year's eve we all sat decorously through union watch-night services at one of the churches. Then a few chosen spirits adjourned to the town hall, where we were to have the New-year ball the next night, and spent the hours until the snowy dawn dancing the candle-shavings into the floor so that we would be able to dance the better at the ball. At eleven o'clock that morning one of the girls gave a hunt-breakfast, after which we all rode after the hounds until three, came home, and put on elaborate, huge-sleeved silk frocks, and received the same men we had been with practically since midnight, who came to offer congratulations in frock-coats and tall silk hats We had all assembled at Evelyn's, as we usually did, Evelyn being the leader of us all, and we hung about the huge bowl of egg-nog until it was time to go and dress for the ball, which in turn lasted until daylight of "the cold, gray dawn of the morning after." And after all that my feet felt as if they were properly related to me and not total strangers.

During the Winter most of the girls had guests from other towns, and for each one we gave parties all over again. In the Spring several of the girls married with gorgeous trousseaus and great church weddings, which in many ways surpassed anything I have ever seen in Nashville, Louisville, or Chicago. The meager village life the Middle-Western writers are recording at this date does not exist south of the Mason and Dixon line. Slice any Southern town, no matter how small, and you will find a fruity filling of sophisticated, delightful, deeply cultured, widely traveled, original, and responsive citizens, who discuss G. B. S., go to New York and see his plays and also those of Flo Ziegfeld, have shipments of avocados direct from Florida—but I am running up on my dates. Flo Ziegfeld was in knee-trousers and avocados were aborigines in 1894. We all had seen "The Mikado," were singing "The Jewel of Asia," and were just beginning to like the outlandish flavor of olive-oil whipped into egg and poured over chopped fruit. Yes, that was a rich and frothy Winter.

Springtime came and with it no uplift for my mother I persuaded her to go to Nashville to see a specialist, while I waited for a few weeks in Harrodsburg sternly to force the settlement upon the elusive cousin, as I had promised Uncle Joe to do.

She had hardly been gone a week before Grandmother Daviess again had a slight stroke and we were all in the deepest anxiety. From a round of gaieties I was suddenly plunged into a circle of tragedies

An early spell of hot weather completely prostrated my mother, and she began to suffer with slight attacks of asthma, tho it was long before asthma time. I hurried home. The doctor urged me to take her to the mountains, and by the first of June we were off to White Cliff, where we spent the hay-fever months of the year before. White Cliff is a rambling old hotel swung like a bird's nest in a pocket high up on a Tennessee mountain, and a wide valley spreads below it. My mother loved it and she made the trip with great patience, but reached there in deep exhaustion.

A good physician lived at the hotel on account of his own chronic asthma, and he began immediately to try to build my mother up—it was useless. Day after day she grew weaker and more quiet until when two weeks were past we both could not help seeing how serious the matter was. On the eighteenth of June I slipped into the hall with my lamp to write my fears to Uncle Joe and ask what to do. My mother called me back to her bedside, made me sit down by her, and in a very few words told me that she wanted to start home the

"FOR MANY YEARS ANY AMERICAN GIRL OR MAN WHO FOUND HERSELF OR HIMSELF HUNGRY FOR TEA AND COMPANIONSHIP COULD COME AND BE THE GUEST OF MRS. WHITELAW REID"

Go gle

BORROWED A LUMP OF WET CLAY FROM A FELLOW HER WHICH GOT ME THE THEODORE COOLEY PRIZE"

next day. She spoke to me in the simple, direct way she had always used in giving me the few commands she had ever issued, and it never occurred to me not to obey her. With my heart in my shoes, I went down to the hotel office and made arrangements for the journey.

I knew that if we were to drive the ten miles down the mountains and catch the train that passed the little town in the valley at five o'clock with a through sleeper to Nashville I would not have a minute to lose. I ran right down to the office to talk to the doctor, and the readiness with which he consented for me to take my mother home sent my heart racing in my breast. He undertook to telephone down to the village station to have them telegraph for sleeping-car accommodations for us and to make the arrangements to put a bed with springs in the mountain-wagon to take us down.

On wings of fear I flew back to Mother, and to my astonishment I found her sitting up in bed going over some papers and letters, seemingly much stronger. There was color in her cheeks, a sparkle in her eyes, and a smile on her lips. I became strong with relief, and I fell upon the packing with a good-will and finished it before midnight. For a half-hour after the light was out, from my cot I chatted with Mother in a way I had not done for six weeks, and we both slept soundly.

It was with the greatest ease that we helped my mother down to her bed in the mountain-wagon, she walking almost unaided most of the way. It was a wonderful day and the mountains were ablaze with laurel and rhododendron. Mother lay propped on her pillows and breathed in the beauty hungrily. She remarked that the leaves would be red and gold instead of pink and green when she had to come back in the Fall for the hay-fever. We planned about the new doctor we would have when we got to Nashville and how soon he would have her on her feet.

Finally we came to a sharp turn in the road where it ran along a precipice from which we could look down hundreds of feet and far out along the valley. That was the fourth time we had been over the road, and we had always been on the lookout for that particular gorgeous view.

Down the horses scrambled, holding back, with their huge feet firmly planted a step at a time, with their broad backs braced. All is going well, and I lift my mother on my arm so that she can see the whole length of the beloved valley, when suddenly there is a lurch, the snap of a trace, the wagon turns on its side, and we are literally swung out over the valley. I clutch the side of the wagon and hold my mother's body in with my own until we are swung back and out upon the road, I hitting the rocky ground first and my mother and the mattress on top of me. We are dragged a few feet, and then the frightened horses are stopped. I see myself roll over gently and ease Mother back onto the mattress! Then, and not until then, do I allow myself a shudder—and then only one.

I see my mother lying on the mattress in the middle of the narrow road and she is as calm and smiling as I had ever seen her in my life.

"We almost got our fill of that view," I giggled nervously.

"Or the view almost got full of us," she answered with a laugh.

The driver and the doctor dragged the mattress to the side of the road, and the doctor begged us to go back up to the hotel, but Mother was smilingly firm with him and me, and had the trace repaired, herself lifted back into the wagon, and started again on the way to the train. She was calm and quiet, but the doctor kept his hand on her pulse and seemed troubled. After he had put her in her berth on the train he gave her a hypodermic and cautioned me to sit on the side of the berth most of the time so that if she showed signs of collapse I could give her a restorative, which I did through the longest night of my life—a night of rebellion and then acceptance.

"Go to bed, dear; I'm all right, and I want you to look fresh when we get home in the morning. I don't want them to see how hard I have worked you," she had said as she settled down on her pillows and sank into an easy sleep, from which she roused only twice—once to greet her own mother with a smile as they laid her on the broad bed that has upborne our births and deaths for so many generations, and later, just before her death, to stretch out her hand to Aunt Susie, who had been hurriedly summoned from the country, and speak just above a whisper, "The children?" She had always so loved Aunt Susie's babies, and wanted her love and care for us.

Then she turned her beautiful silver head over on my arm, confidently nestled to me a second as she had been doing since my father's death, and slipped out of her tired body like perfume and color fade from a rose; but she did not go away from me—in the twenty-seven years since that day she has never gone.

It was with perfect calmness and even with a sense of her joy of freedom that I went with Aunt Susie and Uncle Joe and Leonora to Harrodsburg and laid my mortal mother beside my father and Little Sister and the clump of lilies. All of her little home town did her honor, and I kept feeling how much happiness their demonstrations of love gave her.

I wanted to stay in Harrodsburg, but Uncle Joe refused to let me. He and Mother had been peculiarly devoted to each other, and I saw that he needed me, so I went home with him. Also I had wanted him to teach me how to fill up an emptiness. And what I expected of him he gave me—a feeling that death is a part of life, not something apart that tears at the warp and woof and mars the pattern.

My mother died on the day I would have been graduated from college.

"I SEE THEM SITTING THERE TOGETHER, RUTH AND NAOMI, DEVOTED, CONGENIAL, FULL OF THE WISDOM OF THE YEARS THEY HAD LIVED TOGETHER"

I FELT that I must rest a bit and get out into the open. The days are like a mild wine, and I have hobbled out onto the porch and, heavily blanketed, have sat in the sun several times for several hours. It was a long trip across a room and a hall, but I made it. I must get up and about my business—but I am so weak. Again they are talking the serum to me. I hear of a woman up the road who was as helpless as I getting perfectly well after taking it. I want to write on just a little further and then——

THE Summer of 1896 was long and hot, and it was hard to adjust myself and stop waking in the night at a fancied call from my mother, to lie long hours waiting for nothing. It was my first and only experience with insomnia and it went hard. Only work could help me. At last toward Autumn my sense of humor came to my rescue, and I literally laughed myself to sleep one night and never again awoke, listening. It happened in this wise:

One of our distant cousins, a woman a little older than I, had been widowed about a year before the death of my mother and left with two tiny boys and a nice young fortune. She had alarmed the whole family connection with her grief—but she was very beautiful and charming, and her lawyer was a bachelor with a cool head and many fascinations. She came down to visit us from her mountain Summer home and insisted on sleeping in my room with me. The first night of her arrival she spent in flooding me with tears about the lost husband, and I lavished myself in comforting her.

The next day she spent in the city with the fascinating attorney, and that night in tragic words unfolded to me the tale of his coldness and unresponsiveness to the overtures she had made him in spite of herself on account of his wicked charm. I listened entranced at her account of his spell in the weaving, and then all of a sudden began to laugh at myself for spending two nights hand-running in comforting one woman for the influence of two different men. At about 2 A. M. I fell into the first profound sleep I had had since I had come to Nashville and found my mother so ill. I slept the clock around, and arose ready to go into any kind of action that offered itself.

And I found my work cut out for me, so I rolled up my sleeves and went at it. First I convinced Aunt Susie and Leonora that the latter's début must be put off until the next Winter on account of my mother's death. I knew that my mother would be distressed if anything connected with her should blight even the smallest joy for her beloved namesake, and I simply forced them into making plans for a formal tea to introduce Leonora to her social world.

And I enjoyed it to the utmost. With Aunt Susie's experienced Old Polly cook I concocted refreshments that were the talk of the town and decorated the house with a Fall motif of rose cannas in a way that amazed the natives.

Of course I went to none of the parties myself, but from the background I had a gorgeous opportunity to observe the social institution of Nashville function. I was on a screened platform in the jungle, and could watch unobserved the prowling and pursuit and captures with their ofttimes bloody dismemberment.

The two Winters succeeding that of 1895-96 flowed gorgeously along for Nashville and incidentally for me. Then weddings broke out among us. Leonora married. Nina married. Aileen fell in love with an impossible and became busy over it, and I came to myself and realized my condition of vagrancy.

I stayed in bed all one day, a snowy Sunday, with my head covered up almost to suffocation, and when I emerged Monday morning I had chosen a career and started to work—I have never stopped one second since, day or night—twenty-three years.

After breakfast and a talk with Aunt Susie I packed all my party-clothes in an old mahogany chest of drawers, put my tailored suit upon my back, a few shirt-waists and some lingerie into a telescope, went into a whirling snow-storm out to Uncle Joe's, left my things, came back to the city, went over to the Peabody College and registered for the School of Art, bought my board and paper and crayons, set them up before a plaster cast of the head of the Venus of Milo, caught the car Uncle Joe took to get home, found him, told him all about it, ate about a yard square of steak and French fried for supper, went to bed and to sleep. But before I go further in my pursuit of the graphic muse I will have to catch up with myself.

The Summer of 1896 I spent with Grandmother Daviess in Harrodsburg, and the fact that she was failing in strength rapidly forced itself upon us all. And with all the strength that was in me I helped nurse her.

After the whirl I had been in in Nashville it seemed good to sit in the peace and serenity of Grandmother's bedside. We talked together much, and day by day I saw the

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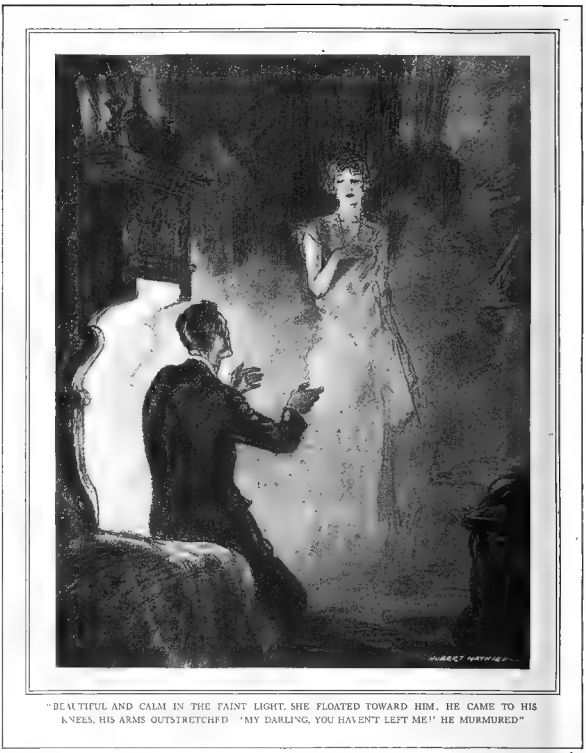
# *To-morrow's Bread*

By
WALLACE IRWIN

*Illustrations by*
*Hubert Mathieu*

Concluding Instalment



"BEAUTIFUL AND CALM IN THE FAINT LIGHT, SHE FLOATED TOWARD HIM. HE CAME TO HIS KNEES, HIS ARMS OUTSTRETCHED 'MY DARLING, YOU HAVEN'T LEFT ME!' HE MURMURED"

ADMAH awoke early from a poor night's sleep. Dully he took his shower and a glass of something to kill the pain in his head; then he dressed and went out for a stroll around the grounds. It was barely seven, and he dared not disturb the routine of eight o'clock breakfast; he himself had set the hour. Out in the garden he found a morning as sweet as May can ever be. A clean sun sparkled through baby green leaves; a robin hopped by, his beak half open from a full crop. An inclement Spring had relented and lilacs had come out almost overnight; their white and purple clusters pleased the eye and filled the air with sweetness. The climbing roses were beginning to open, too.

They're mighty pretty, thought Admah Holtz, leaning clumsily to touch a blossom; then he sprang back, ashamed of his caress. It might have been Flora Lee he had touched so wistfully.

Seated on the edge of a stone bench, he let his eyes wander over the exterior glories of a house which he had purchased on a complicated system of loans. A heap too big for them, he decided, but it would be a nice place for the children. Flora Lee would steady down a lot after the first one was born. It was that way with women. Look at Ma Holtz.

Gazing along the white tall-pillared façade, he wondered what ma would have done in a fine place like that. She'd have fired most of the darkies, he reckoned, and lit into the housework with both hands. But of course ma wouldn't have cared for such a house. It might have been built to order for Flora Lee. High bayed veranda and long French windows with graceful curves in the leaded glass. What was it it reminded him of? He'd seen it before—the Peake house! That was it.

Flora Lee had insisted on this one among all the new rich dwellings along the River Boulevard. It had been offered for reasons that were disquieting. Had it been a lonely wreck in some grove of whispering pines, no negro would have gone near it. Familiarly it was known as "Hoodoo Peake." Chester A. Monaghan, a sand and gravel contractor, built it nine years before; the week it was finished he was indicted for a fraud that sent him to the penitentiary. Then it went to a mysterious couple named Gage; after Gage had been found dead in his bath his wife decided to sell. Admah bought it from Mrs. Wilbur Ketten, widow of the corn-sirup king; Ketten was killed in a motor accident while making haste with another man's wife.

But it suited Flora Lee, and that was enough, Admah concluded, and felt a pride of ownership. It was like the old house in Inness Street, only it had the shallow look which imitations usually wear. The Peake place had been of stone. Some day, thought Admah, Flora Lee should have a solider house, the kind she'd been brought up to. But as things stood now he'd have to look around a little to pay the quarterly interest.

Presently he walked up the knoll, and his favorite view of the river reminded him of his duty. He ought to ask Uncle Lafe and Aunt Browne to have dinner with them; yet he couldn't quite see Flora Lee sitting across the table from the assertive hog-farmer and his original little wife. But why not? Flora Lee had her own folks whenever she took a notion. Garnett Peake had come up from Charleston long enough to patronize his son-in-law and borrow a few thousand dollars. Roland, too, had renewed his intimacy and hinted at a high-salaried position in the P. & T. Admah had done his best to like Roland.

Heigho! He went in to breakfast, his brain clearing a little from recent dissipations. In the big dining-room with its very new Italian antiques and machine paneling he made a breakfast of much coffee and little food. Unpleasant memories of last night at the Sycamore Club came stealing in to spoil his day. And yet he hadn't done anything that he could remember—not anything to throw Flora Lee into such a state of mind. How he wished that he could have a minute with her; but that was out of the question. She hated to be aroused before ten. And in her condition she ought to get plenty of rest.

HER door was closed, but he knew that it wouldn't be locked. She never locked anything. Yielding to temptation, he peered in

The black shades were down, but a half-raised window admitted a beam of sun and bird-songs and the crisp snarl of a lawn-mower. In the subdued light Flora Lee's furniture glowed pallidly; then the sight of her ornate French coverlid stirred his resentment as it always did—the swans, the hounds, the pheasants stalking over the silken thing, and the queer French motto in the center with the coat of arms People had tittered when it was shown at the auction

Then he saw her naked arm projecting from its luxurious shelter, she was holding a pillow over her ear to shut out the day-sounds. Sinking on his knees, he spied upon the little face that he adored. My darling, he said over and over, what can I give you to make you a little happier? What have I done to offend you? What shall I be, what shall I make of myself that you may approve me more? But Flora Lee lay perfectly indifferent, infatuated with her own dream. When she looked so young and helpless he wondered that she had the power to wound him so.

A wind puffed in, a door banged

"Who shot—what?" She sprang to a sitting position, peering with a sort of blind alertness

"I just came in, honey," he grinned. "and the door blew shut."

"What did you come in for?" she asked, sinking back so limply that her bones seemed to cling to the mattress

Abashed, he was shuffling away; his hand was on the door-knob when he heard her voice wooing him again

"Admah!" She lay there, lips languid, smiling, arms stretched out to him

"Won't you kiss me good mawnin'? You didn't kiss me last night, either Do you hate me still, Admah?"

For answer he lifted her in his arms

"There, let me down—great crushing gorilla!" she demanded. "Tell me, Grump, was I perfectly awful?"

"I reckon I was," he evaded. "Flo Lee, I been thinking about it. We ought to quit for a while."

"Quit what?" Her fine eyes were now very active.

"Drinkin' and carryin' on all night."

"King of the Coconuts!" she laughed, taking him by both lapels. "If you want to go on the wagon you'll have to ride alone. Come here, Old Cute, and tell me what really happened to make you so mad at me."

"It wasn't you so much," he replied, fondling her worshipful hand. "But I couldn't stand for that skunk O'Neill naming a race-horse after you—calling her a 'filly,' bragging about her 'action' and——"

She giggled. "You've got to get used to Huntie the way you got used to my long red earrings. He's part of the decorations. If you'll stop being so piggishly prejudiced you'll get to liking him. Everybody else does."

"Anyhow, it's nice to be in with the crowd," he conceded

"The Sycamore Club?" she laughed triumphantly. "They simply crawled to get us back. We're in a position now, Admah, where we can be the whole show—music and everything." He had an uncomfortable feeling that something was going to cost him money before she explained, "They want a new boat-house to go on that old river dock. I had a talk with Harley Wynne last night—he's on the Building Committee—and he sort of thought——"

"I'd pay to have it built?" he supplied moodily.

"They'd love to have you. And Ed Sommerville's sweet motor-boat's for sale, dead cheap. It's practically a yacht—we'll knock their eye out. I'll make you commodore of the boat-club. How's that, Commodore Holtz?"

SHE sat up in bed, saluting so gallantly that Commodore Holtz must needs kiss her again before his departure.

"Flo Lee, I've got some kinsfolk we ought to ask to dinner or something," he said, seeing his advantage. "Uncle Lafe and his wife. You know; I mentioned 'em."

"Oh, yes," she replied drowsily, again cuddling her pillows. "Where did you say they live?"

"At Dell's Landing. He's a stock-breeder. The uncle that gave me a start in the P. & T." In his effort to stress Uncle Lafe's importance he added, "He's one of the Principality directors, connected with the Atterburys."

"I suppose we must have 'em." She had lost interest.

He went thoughtfully out to his car, realizing that he had just committed himself to a large endowment and the

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purchase of a boat that was practically a yacht. Flo Lee had wanted him to do these things, and she had kissed him very sweetly, forgiving his gaucheries.

He cut into town by way of the new apartment-house district and stopped before the clumsy façade of The Texas. It was the thought of Margaret Peake and not caprice or carelessness that had brought him to town by this circuitous route. He pressed the button, waited for a responsive jiggle-jiggle, then went familiarly up to the flat which Flora Lee had once shared with her sister. Margaret, slim and handsome in a severely cut gown, stood smiling in the doorway.

"Hello," she cried; "I sort of thought it was you."

Had he been a man of ready speech he might have expressed his pleasure at being on her mind. Instead he took both her hands in his and blurted, "Gosh, it's good to see you! I was goin' by and I just thought I'd run up."

"Have you time to come in?" she asked, and led him into the drawing-room which he had first seen in the disorder of Flora Lee's bridge game.

"Admire my new curtains!" demanded Margaret, indicating bold figures of brown and orange.

"They look mighty rich," he admitted, and sighed as he glanced around the pleasantly ordered room.

She laughed. "They ought to—thirty cents a yard."

He noted that the woodwork had been enameled corn-color and the walls repapered a soft gray-brown.

"You certainly do know how to make a place look homelike," he said, and the rough compliment brought a blush. At that instant she looked like a girl of sixteen.

"I didn't think you ever noticed anything. I just couldn't stand that awful oak, so I bought a can of enamel."

"Gosh! You didn't paint it yourself?"

"And papered it. I had to cut off great chunks of hair to get the paint out."

The mangling of her hair was not noticeable, now that he took the trouble to observe and mark her appearance as a woman; there was beauty in her face and nobility. She had grown thinner; her eyes looked tired.

"You ought to take it easy," he cautioned.

But this was wasted on her.

"Do sit down, Admah. It's been ages since we've talked. What have you done to make the world safe for plutocracy? How's Flora Lee?"

In her light tone he sensed uneasy undercurrents.

"She's all right," he began, then turned a woful face and said, "It's funny, Margaret. I can't talk to her. I simply can't."

"What do you want to say to her?" she asked, regarding him with her clear eyes.

"Everything. Why can't I tell her things the way I can you? I love her so. But she won't hear me."

"Maybe she can't," said Margaret softly.

"I want to talk to her about the way we're hitting it up—howling all night with the Sycamore crowd. She just says that if I go on the wagon I'll have to ride alone. She can stand it, Margaret. But I can't."

"Why do you, Admah?" she asked.

"I don't know. There's something born in me that makes me want to run wild."

"It's born in us, too." She meant the Peakes, no doubt.

"But with me it's different—I can't tell her that. My father was a town drunkard. He drank out of a stone jug—all by himself until he was stupid. I've tried not to be like pa. But sometimes lately I've known how he must have felt, sitting in a rocker with a jug till he passed out."

He stared morosely, chin couched in palm, unaware of her gaze and her silence until she said at last, "Admah, don't you think you're working too hard?"

"Me?" he laughed miserably. "I live on work. Only I want Flo Lee to have everything in style. You see it was something of a step-down for her to marry me——"

"Admah!" she broke in, "I don't want you to talk that way about yourself. Not ever again."

"All right. Then let's put it in another way. We've got a fine house and everything that goes with it. The job now is to keep at the top o' the heap."

"Yes. And what a heap!" Margaret said this reflectively. Then suddenly, as if the two ideas had some connection, "Is there any sign of business picking up?"

"You know what I said about Canfield last week."

"The Canfields are a meddlesome lot," she commented, reverting to the local habit of condemning whole families at a time. "But certainly Uncle Sim can't do you much harm, with his Noah's ark ideas."

"No. But I did have too much faith in the future. That's just me, I reckon. Anyhow, we've passed our Spring dividend, and the annual election of officers is called for the fifteenth of June."

"You aren't afraid of that, are you, Admah?"

"ME?" He laughed defiantly. "I'm just achin' to get at 'em. Colonel Atterbury won't go back on me. He's too good a business man. He knows what I've done. But I want a show-down. I want to clean the Canfields out of the P. & T. After that's over we can go ahead and——"

"Where's your common stock now?" she interrupted.

"It slipped to twenty-seven yesterday."

"Wouldn't this be a splendid time to buy more?"

"Buy? What have I got to buy with? I've been selling for the last three months."

She took in her breath sharply, then said, "You mustn't!"

"Anyhow—" he had grown a little shamefaced—"we'll be going stronger than ever in the Fall."

"Promise me——" she began.

"Promise you what, Margaret?" He had risen to go.

She shook her head. "I won't ask you that." He knew what she was thinking; how her thoughts accused him of breaking his promise not to ask Flora Lee to marry him. But it had been Flora Lee who had arranged it all—he couldn't tell her that.

"I don't know of anybody else I could talk to like this," he mumbled at the door. "I don't seem to take up with a whole lot of people. Maybe I've been movin' round too fast for friends to stick. You'll let me come once in a while, won't you?"

"If I'm even of a little use," she said.

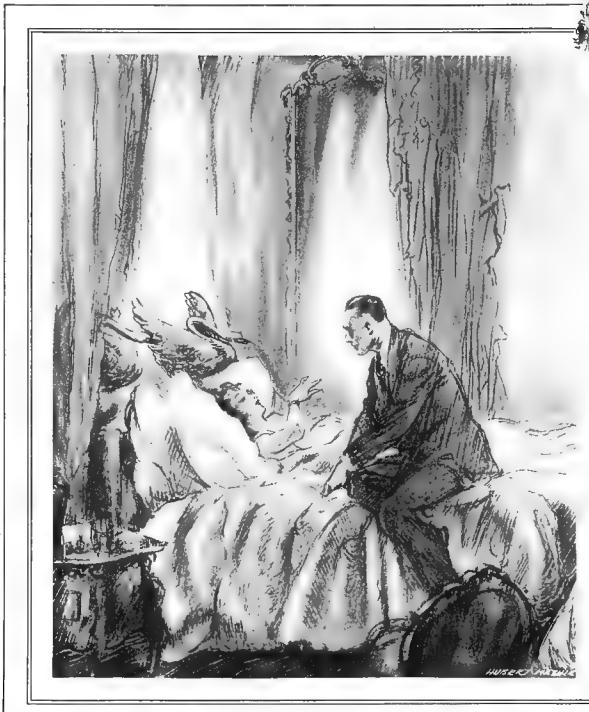
"That wouldn't be much of a job for you," he smiled, admiring the woman who had always stood in his mind for feminine efficiency.

"My time's not worth so much," she replied wearily. "I potter along. Some day the *Evening Democrat* and the *Union-Democrat* will begin buying their fashion pictures from a syndicate, the way they should have done long ago. Then I'll work in the Woman's Exchange and call myself a feminist. As if that made you any happier!"

"Why don't you come and stay with us?" he asked. She merely smiled. He remembered the quarrel that had separated the sisters shortly after his marriage.

"You'll come, won't you, Admah? I'm like you in one way. There aren't an awful lot of people I can talk to."

She gave him her hand and watched him as he hurried down the stairs.



"'YOU'VE GONE AND GOT THAT BRACELET FROM CUMMINS'S!' SHE CRIED. 'ADMAH, IF I ASKED FOR IT I BELIEVE YOU'D JUMP UP AND GET ME THE MOON'"

"Admah," drawled Flora Lee from the depths of her couch, where she had been enjoying an afternoon nap, "I think those people have come. Did we ask 'em to tea?"

"Maybe your clock's on standard time," he said defensively, but changed his mind upon consulting his watch. "Well, they're early eaters, I reckon."

"I hope they'll be early goers," she moaned.

"I told 'em to come early," he took the blame.

"Is *he* making that noise?" From the drawing-room below a large, roaring sound, like the battle-cry of a young bull, rioted through the halls. Uncle Lafe was laughing.

"I'm glad he thinks it's funny," observed Flora Lee, again sinking her soft hair among the pillows. "Go show 'em around, Admah. Take 'em to the pond and let 'em see the ducks."

Admah found the old hog-farmer bagging over the edges of a small gilt chair which complained with his every gesture. Aunt Brownie sat embarrassed with her burden of society manners. The Lafe Holtzes were Sabbatically clad, Aunt Brownie in a sleek black gown with a ruff under her little double chin, Uncle Lafe in a terrifically thick suit of broadcloth; his shaven jowls gleamed soapily, an enormous Masonic watch-charm swung over his paunch.

"It's a pretty parlor you got here," he bellowed and fetched his customary clout. "But them chairs. I guess they're all right for the human dolls——"

"Don't mind him, Ad," implored Aunt Brownie. "He's that contrary. He jest wouldn't set in the big one."

"That?" Uncle Lafe pointed to a handsome Italian

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piece. "No, siree! It's got wooden arms. A chair with wooden arms is a heap too confinin' for a man o' my build. Last time I tried it they had to bring in a carpenter to saw me out." He roared facetiously. Through every corner of the formal house frolicked the big sound. "How's yer wife?" he asked upon recovering.

"Pretty well. She's had to take it a little easy lately. Nothing serious. She'll be down for dinner——"

"He means supper, Lafe," Aunt Brownie prompted.

"Ain't she cute as a fox?" The captain lifted Brownie completely out of her chair. "Ain't been in society half as much as me, yet she gets all the new words——"

"Where's your manners?" scolded Brownie.

"Like to look around a little?" suggested Admah.

"Fine!" belled Uncle Lafe, and "I should be pleased," simpered Aunt Brownie

So for an hour he led them round and round, through his woods, over his lawns, into his flower gardens. Aunt Brownie was impressed, uncomfortable. Uncle Lafe was skeptical, hard to convince. Quite blind on his esthetic side, he viewed the estate in the light of agricultural possibilities, and wanted hard figures. He gazed unmoved at the big house and guessed that a man who'd built on a high spot like that didn't know much about the price o' fuel. In the garden he stalked among the elaborate rockeries, paying slight attention to the plants which Flora Lee had had set out at hothouse prices. He admitted that rocks looked pretty stylish, fixed up like that; Aunt Brownie put her little pink nose down to the little pink flowers.

"'Bout forty acres," the captain computed, taking in the landscape with a sweep of his arm "Raise any truck?"

"We've got two acres in vegetables."

"Not much profit in that."

"We just raise them for our own table."

"Hell's bells!" He fished out a bitten plug, received a warning signal from Brownie, put it back in his pocket, and mused on, "Two acres of cabbages and three of roses. *Whoo!*"

Dinner had been set for half past seven and was served at a quarter of eight when Flora Lee came sweeping down, dressed for the evening. The bare shoulders, the string of pearls, the silver-bodiced gown, the bright wreath around her brow might all have been intended as a compliment to the kinsfolk from Dell's Landing. But they were displayed for quite the opposite effect. Uncle Lafe sat open-mouthed, stricken dumb for once in his life; Aunt Brownie huddled at his side, nudging him furtively. Perhaps she wanted him to get up and be polite—if so her signals were misunderstood.

"This is my aunt and uncle—I—I was telling you about," Admah contributed to the fiasco.

"HOW do you do?" asked Flora Lee, bestowing upon Aunt Brownie one of the smiles she reserved for deserving persons, mostly colored.

"Git up!" whispered Aunt Brownie, addressing the captain. The captain hove to his feet.

"Well, well!" he shouted. "They told me Ad had picked a humdinger, and he certainly did! Cutie!" This last volume of sound was addressed to the awe-stricken Brownie. "Ain't she a winner?"

"I'm glad you approve," drawled Flora Lee, but her tone lacked its usual easy tolerance.

"Yes, sir. You're a sight for sore eyes. I was jumpin' on Ad here for runnin' such a big shebang, on a grand scale like the King of Europe. But the minute I set eyes on you I says, 'A fine di'mond calls for a fine ring——'"

"Admah, can't we have a cocktail?" tinkled Flora Lee, and poor Admah was glad of any excuse to escape. He felt as tho he were walking on very thin, very brittle glass. He could scarcely recognize in Flora Lee the sketchy, slangy hobbledehoy of the Sycamore Club She had congealed. She was 'actin' up," as Ma Holtz would have said. And as to Uncle Lafe, his nephew was stricken with fear that he might bring out his tobacco-plug.

But when he came back with Calvin and the cocktails the whole atmosphere had changed. What had Flora Lee done to her guests? Behold the three of them, seated in a prim triangle, everybody stiff-backed, affected! Flora Lee was doing most of the talking while Captain Lafe, hands on knees, contributed an occasional "Yes, Ma'am" and "No, Ma'am."

"The Summers here are trying, don't you think?" Admah noted a return of her foreign accent.

"Yes, Ma'am," admitted Captain Holtz.

"We were planning to go back to Maine for the season, but the coast resorts—the desirable ones—are so inaccessible from here. One can't choose, can one?"

"No, Ma'am." He looked sad, like a fat old dog that has been caught sleeping on a fine cushion.

"Won't you have a cocktail, Mrs. Holtz?" Aunt Brownie, who had been affected by the first one, groped blindly.

Without a word Captain Holtz took his, held it under his nose, and regarded it with a rather unfriendly eye.

"What's in them things?" he bawled.

"What is, Admah?" asked Flora Lee sweetly.

"Gin and vermuth and pineapple-juice, I reckon," explained the nervous host.

"H'm!" Uncle Lafe gulped, then twirled the glass between his fingers. It might have been a poisonous insect, crushed before it could sting.

Calvin announced dinner, but Uncle Lafe sat immovable after the others had risen. "Git up!" whispered Brownie. "What's that?" he asked, aroused from his reverie. Finally he lumbered up and followed.

Strangely enough, he did not tuck his napkin under his chin, neither did he eat with his knife. Admah suspected that Aunt Brownie had been coaching him, for he watched her very carefully before making a move to unfold his napkin; in the unfolding he knocked a fork to the floor and grunted obesely in an attempt to pick it up. In approaching the soup he looked over the array of silver before selecting the only possible instrument. He worked noisily and ceased abruptly, having caught Aunt Brownie's eye.

Then he seemed to lose appetite. To Admah, who had so often seen him at Dell's Landing, feeding like Pantagruel, the change was uncanny. Now he speared off a dainty sliver of meat, nibbled, ceased. The effect of fastidiousness—if such were his aim—was marred by the vigor with which he pushed away his plate after each sortie.

FLORA LEE, meanwhile, was rippling on, in the kindly, affected manner which she had selected for the evening; she managed to contrast her high position with the lowliness of Dell's Landing. Suavely she made it known that it was not her habit to sit at table with such as Admah's kin. Throughout she held that modest, self-depreciatory air which so often masks the cruelest boast. Admah's heart sank. It wasn't as tho he and Flora Lee as husband and wife were making the best of two poor relations. Far worse. It was one Peake against three Holtzes, patronizing them, putting them in their place.

"Admah tells me you have a stock-farm," she ventured after one of the intervals.

Lafe had been eying the salad, wondering, no doubt, how to attack it.

"No, Ma'am"—in a strangled voice—"I raise hogs."

"How interesting! Do you fancy Berkshires?"

"No, Ma'am. Razorbacks. I make hams and sausages. I guess your pa remembers Dell's Landing Hams."

Admah ate nervously, recalling how he had mentioned his uncle as a "stock-breeder." But her brow remained serene.

"They're delicious." She spoke thus to her family grocer. "Can't we order some?"

"No, Ma'am." Lafe was trying his bread-knife on the salad.

Presently Flora Lee was called to the telephone. Ordinarily she did not permit an interruption of her dinner; but the butler had whispered conspiratorially and she had hastened away. Her absence should have brought relief; in Admah it aroused that jealous curiosity which had plagued him of late. It was as tho she had bade them good night and sought an entertainment more to her taste. From the distance floated her light laughter—something amused her out there.

"Will She git sore if I smoke?" asked Uncle Lafe, pointing a thumb in Flora Lee's general direction.

"Should say not!" Admah had grown hearty. He brought out cigarets only to have them waved aside.

"If She don't mind the smell o' tobacco I'll try a pipe."

"Oh, take a cigaret," implored the host, horrified at the effect a pipe might have on Flora Lee. He was taking no chances.

But Lafe was fishing out his charred brier. "Put that back!" hissed Aunt Brownie, and he obeyed.

"We'll have some cigars pretty soon," Admah went so far as to promise. Calvin had removed the remnants of salad and was placing finger-bowls and dessert-plates.

"What's them bird-baths for?" asked Lafe.

"Just to make it harder, I guess," admitted Admah. "If you lift the bowl off the plate—like this—" he demonstrated—"maybe some ice-cream will be comin' along."

"Lafe!" cautioned Aunt Brownie. He had thrust a hairy thumb in the water and was moving the bowl unsteadily across the cloth. When it came down finally, only a few drops spilled, and she sighed aloud.

Then Flora Lee returned and sat down, sans apology. Her air was more animated, more natural than it had been.

"It was Huntie," she answered, responding to her husband's look. "He's coming over from the Sycamore to have coffee with us. I'm sure he'd like to meet your—er—aunt and uncle."

Her remark had a flavor which recalled O'Neill's mimicking voice, "Your play, Madam," the first night Admah had called on her at The Texas apartments.

THE burden of entertainment fell upon Admah; and why not? They were his kin, not hers. The party had no sooner separated into two groups than restraint fell away on both sides. Flora Lee could be heard laughing and chatting, her old sweet self, in the room beyond. Uncle Lafe expanded again in the presence of Brownie and his favorite nephew. He drank great quantities of Admah's cognac. Once he brought out his plug, gazed, sighed, and restored it to his pocket.

"I was in to see Jim Atterbury," he said after an hour of roaring philosophy. For this statement he had drawn his chair nearer and lowered his voice to a guant wheeze.

"What did he say?" Admah was suddenly solemn.

"Not so much. Let's have another o' them seegars." After having bitten off an end and spat it into the fireplace he said reflectively, "Jim's a funny cuss. Polite and smooth, always playin' poker. Regular banker. He never forgits that you're *his* president, Ad; he marks his figgerheads."

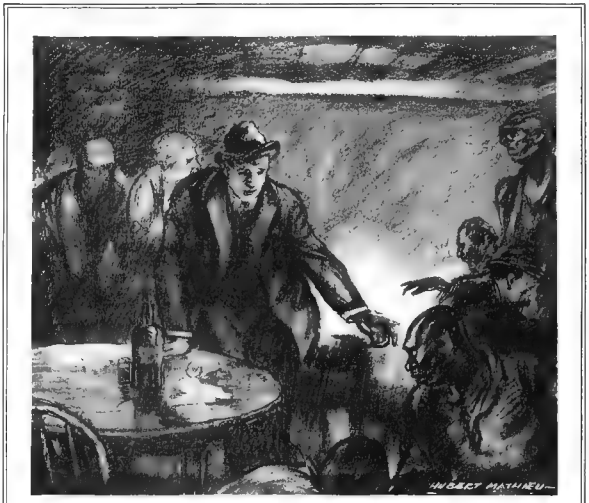
"I found the P. & T. in the mud and pulled it out," said Admah. "Has he forgotten that?"

"Keep yer shirt on," invited Uncle Lafe. "No, he ain't fergot. But he's beginnin' to look round like a regular banker. The Principality owns yer britches. You're a hired man. If Jim thinks you're makin' good, all right——"

Admah stirred as if to speak, but the shrewd old hog-farmer went on, "When I hire a hand I don't like to see him blowin' his wages on a dress-suit—takes his mind off his work. You remember that opera tune, 'I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls'? That's a pretty dangerous dream for a young feller."

"Did he mention Canfield?" broke in Admah.

"Well, he didn't exactly mention him—sort of admitted




"WHO WANTED TO BE QUITE A GENTLEMAN? WHAT HAD IT EVER BROUGHT TO ADMAH HOLTZ EXCEPT HEADACHES AND HEARTACHES AND CHEAP COMPLIMENTS FROM PEOPLE WHO STUCK OUT THEIR TONGUES BEHIND HIS BACK?"

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him. Ad, that election's about two weeks off, and you've got a fight on yer hands."

Admah smiled like a Tatar chief and reckoned he had.

"They'll go through the hocus-pocus of an election," said Lafe, "but Jim Atterbury'll be the ballot-box, as usual. He'll be there to make or break you, jest by turnin' over his hand. What's that Mother Goose word? Poppa Gander. Well, there's a lot of Poppa Gander bein' used against you. Canfield invented it, I guess. Uncle Sim's blamin' you for the money we lost in the Lyons & Watterhouse failure. I know you can explain when the time comes. But nothing happens but Sim Canfield runs and tells teacher. And you know how them bankers are. They can get boilin' drunk in private, but if a snappy young business man begins settin' up late they can't stand it. It don't look good. Not when business begins to slide——"

"P. & T. stocks are twenty-one points higher than when I found 'em," Admah asserted, his bitterness evident in his voice.

"Maybe so. But Canfield and Poppa Gander are at work. Sim's the boy with the keyhole eye. He knows how much you owe and how much stock you've sold—that's bad business—and he calls on Jim every fifteen minutes with a written report. And now he's boostin' Bentley for president."

"That's funny, too. I put Bentley in as publicity man, gave him a bigger salary than he ever heard of," said Admah. "Queer Canfield took such a shine to him all of a sudden."

"God works in a mysterious way," repeated Lafe not irreverently.

"I don't like the Bentley idea," admitted Admah, "because I hate to be stabbed in the back. But as far as he's concerned he's nothing but a bagpipe—all energy and wind. When Atterbury hears Bentley's program he'll laugh in his face. The colonel ain't throwin' the business away just for sentiment."

"What's *your* program?" asked Uncle Lafe abruptly.

"I'm layin' low." Admah smiled confidently. "I've got the support of Harlan Kinkead and Wen Peebles. I've known Wen all my life, and Harlan helped finance me in the candy business. They're pledged to back me on anything I say. And I've got *you*, Uncle Lafe."

"That's no lie!" roared Lafe, smiting his knee with a hand that was like one of his celebrated hams.

"I've been Atterbury," said Admah, "and he's promised not to pledge himself to anybody until the meeting. Then I intend to give him a show-down—tell him just what I know about the P. & T. and what I plan to do. Maybe I've been sittin' up a little late, but I haven't been asleep on the job. If anybody comes in with a better scheme than mine he's welcome."

"He certainly is," agreed Uncle Lafe, and his look of satisfaction revealed what he felt.

"There's only one thing I'm going to stick for," grunted Admah, "and that's the resignation of Sim Canfield."

"I guess you can suppress the mutiny without much help," decided the captain, striving to light his cigar, whose wrapper had loosened and hung like a tattered flag.

"Lafe!" called out Aunt Brownie from the corner where she had been dozing over the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini."

"Hey, sweetie?" bawled her husband.

"Glory be, look at the time. Ten o'clock."

"Well, the best of friends must part," said Uncle Lafe with a wise air, as if he had just discovered the maxim. When he came to his feet the chair, having clasped its wooden arms around his bulging hips, came up with him.

"Job's boils!" he roared.

"Don't fly off the handle, Lafe," his wife besought him.

"I guess there wouldn't be room for me and Brownie and the chair in the same car," he said as she released him. "Well, we better be pressin' on. D'you think maybe She—" in sudden bashfulness he pointed his thumb toward the sun-room, from which Flora Lee's laughter floated gaily.

"I'll go get her," said her husband.

He found her beside Hunter O'Neill, empty glasses and a hill of cigaret-stubs on a tray between them. The announcement that her guests were about to go moved her to a martyred sort of sigh, and very dutifully she went to the door. Aunt Brownie shook hands distractedly, protesting, "It's been very enjoyable, I'm sure."

"So nice of you to come, Mrs. Holtz," decreed the vastly different Mrs. Holtz. Then on Lafe she turned the same set smile with, "So nice of you to come, Captain Holtz."

"Don't mention it, Ma'am," implored old Lafe.

"And I hope you'll come again some time." This in the voice of a charity worker inviting an orphan to a soup-kitchen.

"Thankee, Ma'am," replied Captain Holtz. "But I don't think we will."

For an instant Flora Lee's cheeks flushed under the pale color they habitually wore. Then she laughed honestly. It was the first natural sound she had uttered in Admah's presence that evening. When he returned from seeing the old folks off in their car he found her standing in front of the fireplace. She was still laughing.

"The old thing really has a lot of self-respect, hasn't he!" she exclaimed, then went back to the sun-room to O'Neill.

TO CONTINUE Uncle Lafe's simile:

The young man who dreamt he dwelt in marble halls might have awakened with a start to find that his dream had been realized. High pillars would loom over him and carven cornices and a gilded ceiling; no Bohemian girl would be sleeping at his side, but a lady of quality, proud and greedy, and recklessly extravagant. Then might he sit up in bed and blink and groan, thinking of the weight in platinum and diamonds that his infatuation had cost him and the bills he'd have to pay as long as he kept his marble halls.

But Admah Holtz dreamed on, half awake at times, stirred feverishly between fact and fancy. We often wonder what goes on in the minds of men like Admah, men who love so doggedly that they deceive themselves at every turn. I sometimes think they are not really deceived. Are they not acting an absurd part, as hypnotic subjects do, while their other minds go on observing, giving everything its just proportion?

Into Admah's dream would come echoes of Uncle Lafe's warning. The president of an industry whose business is on the decline should avoid a reputation for prodigality. Canfield was basing his whole malevolent campaign on the supposition that Admah Holtz was a spendthrift, a drunkard, and a fast liver. The charges, so harshly brought, were founded on fact; that was the worst of it for Admah. But what was there to do about it? Flora Lee had set the pace.

A few days after Uncle Lafe had said hail and farewell to the big house on the River Boulevard a matter of minor importance took Admah to the new Principality Trust Building. At the executive offices on the third floor he was disappointed to be told that Colonel Atterbury had been "called away" to Indianapolis. The young man who gave this information was a blue-chinned, sharp-eyed person with a Harvard accent. He introduced himself as Mr. Canfield, Colonel Atterbury's secretary. Sim Canfield's nephew had a cool, respectful look—rather an amiable fellow, Admah concluded, and was made uneasy by the knowledge that old Sim had placed an able confederate in the king's council-chamber.

Their talk was brief and pleasant. Admah had a feeling that young Canfield saw through his every word and knew that the president of the P. & T. was making his trivial errand an excuse for an important interview with the president of the Principality Trust.

The colonel's new secretary took Admah's message with a shade of that patronizing deference which the servant of a great lord might show to a petty chieftain of some tributary state.

On his way to luncheon at the Pickwick Club he paused at the window of Cummins's jewelry-store. Cummins had recently moved into the best corner of the Principality Building and was giving himself Fifth Avenue airs. His main window, very small and framed in polished black marble, was lined with gray velvet. An elaborate bracelet centered his display. It was built on the principle of a caterpillar tractor, a number of platinum squares having been linked together; its outer surface had been set with as many diamonds as it would hold, complimentary to one handsome flat-cut gem. The town was proud of Mr. Cummins's window, but to Admah it gleamed with an intimate, personal appeal. This was Flora Lee's birthday. He couldn't remember just how the subject had come up. She had been so delightfully sweet and he had, as usual, ceased to consider the consequences. Anyhow, it was her birthday—she'd be right disappointed if he didn't——

He took two irresolute steps toward Cummins's entrance, then sighed and turned back.

At the Pickwick Club he lunched with Wen Peebles and Harlan Kinkead, close friends as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

"'WELL, WELL! THEY TOLD ME AD HAD PICKED A HUMDINGER, AND HE CERTAINLY DID! CUTIE! AIN'T SHE A WINNER?'"

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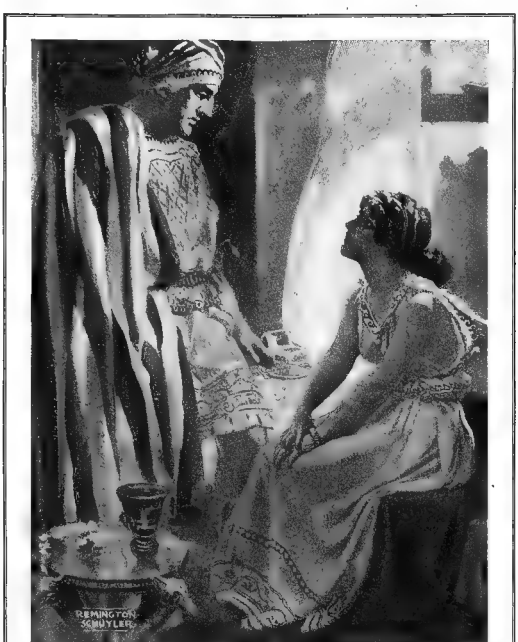


"'I AM NO HUCKSTER,' HE URGED, FLUSHING ANGRILY 'THEY ARE THE FREE GIFTS OF A FREE GREEK. I ONLY ASK THAT YOU BECOME MY BRIDE AND LET ME TEACH YOU LOVE'"

# *New Wine in Old Bottles*

*The Fourth in the Series of Brilliant Stories of the Romance of Early Christianity*

*By*

AGNES LAUT

*Illustrations by Remington Schuyler*

DRAW the upper horizontal line of a square and the lower vertical right-hand line. The two sides of this square represented the Great Roman Road between East and West in the days following the Prophet, whom the Greeks called "Christus—the Anointed," and the Hebrews called "Jesus or Joshua—Salvation of God."

All roads led to Rome. Along this highway, like beads on a string, were the cities of the ancient world—Jerusalem, the Holy City, at the foot of the right-hand side; Damascus, the oldest city of man, half-way up; Antioch, at the angle turning westward, the playground and half-way house, where merchant princes and conquering Emperors paused in their far journeyings from Asia to Europe to take their pleasures and spend their fortunes, whether of plunder or traffic; then along the horizontal line leading from the desert to the sea, Iconium and Philadelphia and Sardis; then on the sea, Ephesus, whence one could sail to Athens or Rome, to culture or power.

When the Summer sea lay in painted crystal calm as glass, one could come down from any of these cities to fair harbors and take passage forward on the great grain-ships of Egypt or on little sailing-vessels; but when the equinoctial storms came in September, or when war filled the great grain-ships with troops, travelers were forced to follow the caravan route, and the khans of all the cities were thronged with men of every color and race under the sun.

The poor camped in goatskin tents outside the walls. They had nothing to lose from plunder. The rich crowded the city plazas and inns and public khans in the throngs of a great annual fair; and the merchants reaped their harvest in barter of little silver images and amulets to protect from travelers' peril, and in the sports of theater and hippodrome, where the latest plays from Athens and Rome were given; or lecturers from the Far East disputed their mystic philosophies with the keen wits of Athens and the cynics of Rome; or gladiators fought; or captives in war were thrown to the wild beasts with a chance for life and freedom if they could vanquish tooth and claw with naked hands.

We sometimes bewail our modern civilization. Go read of the nightly entertainments in these cities of the Great Roman Road!

It was the evening of September 24 in Iconium.

The city was thronged. Caravans returning from Ephesus had money to spend. Travelers from the Asian Desert going on to Ephesus wandered, dazed, amid the booths and shops, famed for their Tyrian purple damasks and gold-thread curtains and rugs of goat-hair, silky as finest fur. The plaza was a living mass of humanity clothed in brightest colors, milling in endless circlings round the musicians under the central trees, who were paid by the city to give free entertainment to all visitors. The balconies of houses overhanging the city square began to open shutters; and dark eyes were seen above, answering lovers' signals below; but on the sill of one deep casement sat a girl alone.

A rabble had gathered round a speaker in the city square. The speaker was short of stature, with thighs that had been lamed in war or accident, but he was clad in the black-silk cloak of a man of distinction, and the his receding hair showed premature care, his forehead reflected the white light of an esthetic; and as he declaimed his eyes lighted up with a strange fire of faith.

Near the speaker lounged a richly dressed, stout, prosperous Greek of the merchant class. He was not listening. He was watching with amused cynicism the changing, concentrated expression of the girl's intent face in the balcony above. The man twisted at the great emerald signet-ring on his little finger. He clanked the sword dangling in its jeweled scabbard against the heel of his red-morocco high boots. He stuck his thumbs in the gold sash belting his sky-blue silk jacket. Then he stroked his oiled curls, projecting from the gold-and-blue turban cap. The girl's eyes never once glanced his way. They were riveted as on a life-and-death messenger toward the little, deformed orator, round whom larger crowds were now pressing.

THE stout, middle-aged Greek dandy flushed angrily and stepped sharply up to the house door below the balcony. He lifted the brass knocker and rapped loudly. The knocker was a great Roman eagle. The door was opened by a middle-aged woman, clad in rich purple silk, and led to an inner court open to the sky in the middle of the house. A fountain played in the center of the court, and over the railing of the stone stairs leading to the chambers off the upper balcony clung vines and blooming flowers, scenting the night air.

"How now, my son, Thamyris?" smiled the middle-aged woman, showing teeth white as pearls between painted lips and shaking the black jeweled pendants in her ears so they seemed part of the curls framing her ivory face.

"Not son—yet," answered the man irritably, "unless your daughter Thecla has eyes for her lover rather than that Jewish babbler ranting in the square there."

"A pest on these wandering synagog ranters, who upset our daughters' beliefs in the old gods." The woman's smile was hard as marble. "She has not moved from that window for three nights since the fellow strayed into Iconium and began speaking in the square! I can do nothing with her! I like not her silence, Thamyris! I would she stormed; but she sits silent as stone—listening, listening to that babbler! Who is he? A girl never knows herself till a man teaches her what love is. I want my daughter married. She is eighteen Summers this night. She will marry as I bid her, or go to the temple gods and take her fate. I will have no daughter of eighteen Summers betraying my years."

The man laughed, but he laughed with angry, red flush. He flung himself down on the bench.

"And yet, my mother, eighteen Summers wed to fifty make not for peace to the man unless the maid come willingly. You ask—who is he? I know not except that he has changed his name from Saul to Paul, follows the new sect of that Christus crucified in Jerusalem, and boasts he is a Roman citizen, else we could have him crucified, too, for creating disorder by blaspheming against Greek gods. All I know is—he is a fool.

"WHEN he came here first and worked miracles of healing, the people would have offered sacrifices to him as to a god—he could have grown rich from the gifts of one caravan. I would have pushed him, myself, for the profit in it, but he backed away from the rabbles' worship and gifts; and when the people were ready to crown him with garlands and make offerings of beasts and jewels, he had to cry out he was only a man and stop them; and now the rabble are ready to stone him as a pous fraud. I could leave him to the rabble, but I fear the damage is done—he has chilled Thecla's love for me, and I'll have no unwilling bride."

"Can you not get rid of him?" the woman asked.

"I can lodge a complaint and have him imprisoned for causing disorder—but he is a Roman citizen—and more than that I dare not do."

"More than that I then will do," added the mother harshly. "Unless she gives you word this night, I shall turn her into the streets. There you can seize her and carry her to your own house, Thamyris; or the city magistrate will seize her for wandering the highways without the badge of a courtezan on her forehead and she will be burned at the fagots. Little headstrong fool! Does she think to change our Greek customs for a puny whim? I have given her dower to make a Princess rich, and you have given her gifts of an Empress; and she sits listening to that beggarly babbler, whom no one knows, stone to her blood-mother's commands and cold as a Venus in snow to her lover. Go to her! Plead not! Command! Do as you will! My ears are deaf!"

The middle-aged lover went bounding up the balcony steps fast as his fat calves and stiff knees could carry him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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Soup for health—every day!

A famous can with label bright,
Few minutes' time at most,
Then Campbell's offers sure delight
To family, guests and host.

# It's a meal!

No wonder it's served so often as practically the whole luncheon or supper!

No wonder it is the favorite dish for that extra meal in the day or evening which so many people find necessary and beneficial!

For this one tempting and delightful soup contains no less than thirty-two different ingredients.

There are fifteen vegetables in it, with their delicious flavors, their iron, their valuable mineral salts. There is invigorating beef broth in it, and substantial cereals and fresh, appetizing herbs to make the blend even more inviting to your appetite.

First course or meal—Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a Food the housekeeper always has on hand as her constant "stand by."

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**21 kinds** **12 cents a can**

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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He drew aside the silk portières hanging across the daughter's abode and advanced across the room a little breathless. The girl turned, but did not speak. Thereupon something he had not reckoned smote his courage cold. It was the love he had for the fair child in the window-seat. He could not touch her. He could not risk turning love to indifference, or indifference to hate.

"How now, my little bride?" he said gallantly, drawing something from his gold sash. "Here are some gifts I purchased to-day from the Damascus caravans—emerald earrings set in Damascus gold, wrought fine as a spider-web, and a little silver mirror from an Arab merchant, which shall show your face fairer than Venus's eyelids penciled for the dawn."

HE HAD meant to lay the gifts in her lap and take her thanks in an embrace; but somehow he could only open the little cases and shove them awkwardly along the window-sill.

The girl smiled sadly.

"My poor dear Thamyris," she said gently.

"Not poor," he interrupted harshly, "nor dear, either, unless I am dear to you."

"Dear Thamyris—if these gifts are to buy my love, I can not take them. I would be cheating you."

"They are not gifts to buy your love. They are tokens of my love," he said, toying with the gold tassel of her sash.

"Then, if they are tokens of your love, I am cheating you, dear Thamyris, for I can not give you love in return."

"I am no huckster," he urged, flushing angrily. "They are the free gifts of a free Greek. I ask no love in return. I only ask that you become my bride and let me teach you love."

She mutely shook her head.

"Put them on," he ordered abruptly. "Your mother has pledged you to me. You are mine, but I will not claim you till you come willingly to my arms."

"Because you command me, I put them on. I must obey you as long as I remain in my mother's house." She fastened the filigree clasps to her ears and thrust the silver mirror in her sash.

The man sat in the window, studying her. The rabble round the speaker in the square below was growing noisier.

"Thecla," asked the man abruptly, "is it that you love some one else?"

The girl turned her full gaze upon him. Her eyes were deep blue. Her lashes were long and black and curling. Her brows were arches penciled fine as if done by an artist, and her whole face glowed with a radiance as of sun-dawn in Spring.

"Yes—Thamyris—I love some one else; but you can never understand."

"Not this beggarly babbler—Paul with the changing names and magic?" he scouted?

"No," she said. Her glance lowered. "Not Paul! That is why I said you would never understand. It is Paul's Master—the Christ—I love——"

The man broke in a loud, impatient laugh. "Why, child, He's dead! He was crucified before you were born! You love a shadow——"

"He is not dead," she answered, simply. "That is why I said you would never understand. He is the Christ of love and light and life——"

"But will love for a myth, who was crucified by His own countrymen, keep you from marrying living man and lover? Does your Paul preacher down there teach men and maids not to marry? That is blasphemy, my Thecla! It proves the gods made a mistake in the way they made us."

The man almost shouted his relief. He had risen and was pacing the floor.

"No, love for the Christ would not keep me from marrying living man; and Paul does not teach that. He teaches that the sin of sins is cheating love; and that is what I would be doing if I married you, Thamyris, and did not love you."

The man came toward her.

"I'll risk your not loving me," he smiled.

"But I will not," she answered.

The man's face darkened. He thrust his hands in his gold sash.

"Thecla, what is this new madness setting all the Greek cities of Asia by the ears? I am reasonable. I would learn, but I am a man, and I am flesh and blood. You are pledged to me. I can claim you. Granted I can not understand—what does Paul preach?"

"The gospel of youth and gladness," she began.

"I can't claim youth, but if you will marry me, gladness I can claim."

"He says, too, that the dead must bury their dead, and that you can't put new wine into old bottles," she went on.

The man's face flushed and darkened.

"Go on," he said, "you are an apt pupil for this deceiver! Try walking in the streets alone to-night and I'll warrant an old bottle would be good protection for new wine gone to a girl's head."

"That money is the root of evil——"

"But very useful to spoiled brides," he added bitterly.

"That the road to happiness is narrow as a razor; and that if we find the great pearl called love, we must not cast it before swine; and that is what I would be doing with your love—Thamyris—if I took it and gave none in return. I would be the Circe of your pagan gods."

In the growing dusk she could not see his face, but she felt the waves of his deep anger.

"Once more and for the last time, I ask you—is it yes or no, Thecla?"

"Dear Thamyris," she pleaded, rising and laying her hand on his arm, "it must be no for your own sake."

He flung her hand from his arm and strode heavily down the stairs of the inner court. The mother rose from the stone bench by the fountain.

"Well?" she demanded.

The merchant drew his sword from his scabbard.

"I must get this arch-deceiver put away. I'll have the impostor whipped from the city for creating riots. He has turned her head," and he flung through the street doorway to the crowded city square.

Thecla had heard him sadly. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me; and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me; and he that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth life for My sake shall find it"—and she saw as in a trance the red flowers dancing above the fountains of the city square, the snowy mountains like opal gems in the moonlight encircling the little city, the lake with its myriad pleasure-boats alight with lanterns, where the mountain torrents fed the great water-pool of the city—when the trance was broken by a wild halloo in the city square.

The little, lame speaker was backing away from the menacing rabble now miffing round him with hisses of ridicule. Two rough fellows to the rear had picked up stones and hurled them. Rocks rained down upon him. The preacher raised his arm to screen his face. A stone had struck him. Thecla saw the blood gush from his face. He fell—then all was mingled in the confusion of the people running for cover, when a pound of iron-shod hoofs came over the cobblestones. A Roman legion entered the square, encircled the fallen form of the speaker, threw him across the saddle in front of the captain, and wheeled toward the Roman prison on the far side of the plaza. As the crowd came forth again Thecla caught a glimpse of Thamyris, thrusting his sword back in its jeweled scabbard, glancing up toward her seat in the window. She drew back, sickened in soul and heavy-hearted.

Her mother stood in the curtained entrance. "Have you given Thamyris his answer?" the woman demanded.

"I have," answered the girl.

The woman clapped her hands for a servant. A black woman came noiselessly in and lighted the chandelier with a long taper. The girl stood as still and white as death. The mother's own face became white and hard as stone.

"Then—go—from—this house." she slowly pronounced, "and never darken its doors again till you are the wedded wife of Thamyris."

The girl picked up her black cloak from the couch she was never to see again, threw it over her shoulders, passed silently down the courtyard stairs, and out into the night.

The mother laughed harshly.

"And now—Thamyris," was all she said.

The black woman withdrew with a shiver and followed her young mistress down the stairs. As she heard the street door shut twice, the mother laughed again.

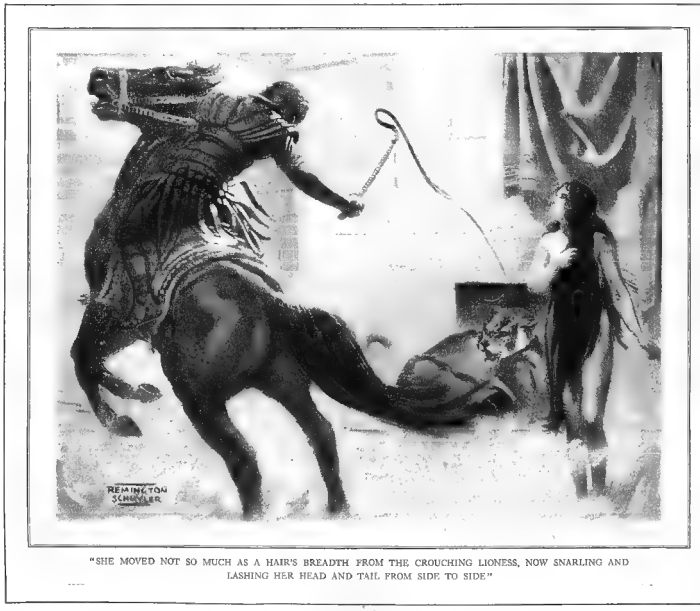
The silence of midnight, with a chill of the mountain snows, fell on the little city, where East and West met on the Great Roman Road.

WHEN the two cloaked women passed through the outer door to the darkened and deserted square, they were followed by three silent figures—two of them rude fellows, the third with a blue-and-gold turban cap, a blue-silk jacket, and a sword in his gold sash.

"Follow!" the third ordered. "When they run for the dark lanes—seize them! Clap your hands over their faces so they can not scream! Do what you like with the black woman—she is yours; but I am to rescue the maid. See you hurt her not, but frighten her well, and when I strike at you with my sword, take to your heels! Avoid the Roman watchman! This must not be known! Come to my warerooms for your reward to-morrow."

But the Roman watchman with a brass lantern on his arm was pacing the center of the square, and to him the two women hastened. The three men, following stealthily in the shadows of the buildings round the square, saw them pause and speak to the guard. There was parley of some kind. The Roman soldier seemed to be hesitating. He had laughed loudly at first. The woman with the white face had thrown back her cloak, lifted her hands, and was unfastening her earrings. She placed them in the Roman's hand. He had lifted his brass lantern and was examining the proffered jewels. He lifted his bugle and blew a shrill whistle. Half a dozen Roman soldiers came running from the prison side of the city square.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50




"SHE MOVED NOT SO MUCH AS A HAIR'S BREADTH FROM THE CROUCHING LIONESS, NOW SNARLING AND LASHING HER HEAD AND TAIL FROM SIDE TO SIDE"

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*"A Skin You Love to Touch"*
painted by R. F. Schabelitz

*You, too, can have*

# A skin you love to touch . . .

SLEEP—fresh air—the right food—all these help to maintain the general tone of your skin.

But good health alone will not insure a good complexion. Many conditions that seriously detract from the appearance of the skin, such as blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, etc., are of purely local origin.

Give your skin itself special care, if you want it to be smooth, soft, delightful in texture and color.

***Each day your skin is changing***

You *can* have a lovely skin, if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By giving this *new* skin special care, you can actually make your complexion over—you can give it a clearness and smoothness it has never had before. You will find the special treatment your skin needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and read, in this booklet, just how to take care of your skin. Learn how to free it from such defects as blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, excessive oiliness, etc. Even a week or ten days of the right treatment will bring about a marked improvement in your complexion.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

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*For the enclosed 10 cents*—please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing:

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*With the treatment booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

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# HOMES FROM COAST TO COAST

## *Five New England Houses*

DESCRIBED BY JOHN LYNNE GREY

THIS is the first of a new series of photographs and floor-plans of houses which are typical of different sections of the country. The next group of houses in the series will show some attractive designs from the Middle West. Mr. Grey will be glad to supply additional information regarding these houses on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelop, sent in care of Pictorial Review.

House A
Elwell & Stockall
Architects

THREE houses in the accompanying photographs—houses A, B, and C show the charm of New England architecture in varying designs. House A, with its white-painted clapboards and gray-white stucco, presents an exterior of typically quaint New England character. Blinds of bluish green emphasize the well-balanced disposal of the windows, and a roof of soft greenish gray adds another interesting note of color. House B blends Colonial attributes with characteristic reminiscence of the wayside cottages of Old England, the two elements merging into an eminently homelike and artistically satisfying architectural development. In its warm red coloring, as in its general lines, the roof is suggestive of English cottage design. House C has a touch of the old Gothic influence, shown in the overhanging second story, similar to numerous houses built in New England back in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Floor-plans and complete descriptions will be found on page 48.

House H
Robert L. Stevenson
Architect

House C Peare, Quiner, Nevin & Chickering, Architects

House D—Peare, Quiner, Nevin & Chickering, Architects

MOSSY-GREEN shingles cover the long, sloping roof, and white-painted clapboards form the outer walls of this diminutive house (D); with dark-green blinds, red-brick chimneys, and white-painted trim as attractive notes in the ensemble. In the design of the house there is apparent a happy fusion of the styles pertinent to the modern bungalow, the English cottage, and the simpler old homes of New England. The pergola effect in the roofing of the trellised porch and the wide dormer are details often associated with the bungalow style; just as the triple windows and the low, broad structural lines are elements that recall the English cottage. In coloring, in detail, and in scale, however, the house is entirely its harmony with New England precedent. Floor-plans and complete descriptions will be found on page 49.

House E Grandgent & Piper Architects

MUCH ingenuity has here been exercised in adapting early New England Colonial architectural forms to a site of quite unusual character. The house (E) is placed upon a small knoll, from which the land falls sharply, creating thereby an ideal situation for a roomy garage in the basement. Floor-plans and complete descriptions will be found on page 49.

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# Are you a micawber?

MEET an old friend—Mr. Wilkins Micawber! First introduced to you by Charles Dickens in "David Copperfield". Always procrastinating, always out of money, always *"waiting for something to turn up."* And yet such a good fellow in so many ways—devoted to his home, a loyal friend, the genial apostle of optimism.

Nevertheless your sympathy went out to his trusting, never-deserting wife and their five children. And today you have only to look about you in every city, town and village—in every office, shop or factory—to see how this little family has multiplied thousands and millions of times. You meet its descendents everywhere.

A micawber is the person who spends every penny as fast as it is made (or borrowed), who lives in expectation of unearned success, who fools only himself in putting up a front. A micawber is the person who hasn't a penny in the bank, a share in the building and loan association, an interest in any benefit fund or a dollar's worth of life insurance. A micawber is a person who hasn't saved a cent.

"He's a regular micawber!" Could anything else describe to the dot the hopelessly hopeful person who never arrives at success because he never starts?

He's a micawber who, in spite of his need and his commonsense, will have nothing to do with living on the definite basis of a family budget.

© 1923, M. L. I. Co.

*"My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure, nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."*

CHARLES DICKENS put the word, *micawber*, into the English language seventy-five years ago. Straight-thinking economists put the word, *budget*, into it eighty-eight years before that. There was no reason why Mr. Micawber could not have lived on a budget basis; but he didn't want to—micawbers never do.

Micawbers prefer to spend what they have and wait for "something to turn up". No limitations of a budget for them! Yet the strange part of it is this: It isn't a *budget* that holds your scale of living down; it's your *income*. Think that over. In fact, budgeting your expense is a real incentive to increase your income, as well as the best way to get the very most out of what you have now. It tells you just where your money is going, *before it goes instead of afterwards*. The difference between budgeting and accounting is that one looks ahead while the other looks back. Which way do you wish to look?

The minute you begin to run your expenses on a real business basis, on a budget basis, you see just what you are doing. You see exactly how to reduce certain items in order to increase others that are more desirable. You begin to choose intelligently whether you would rather have one thing or another—for not one of us can have everything.

Get on a budget basis and you will step up and out of the micawber family—if you are a member of it now. You will stop waiting for "something to turn up." You will begin to go ahead. You will begin to get your share of the good things that only savings can buy, including your financial independence in the years to come.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has an intimate financial relationship with more than 20,000,000 policy-holders. In this friendly contact with one-sixth of the population of the U. S. and Canada, it has come to know how great a need exists for a definite, simple plan of saving.

Most people would like to save if they knew how. But the question usually is—*"How* can I save on *my* income?" To answer this question, the Metropolitan has worked out a simple, practical plan for budgeting one's income.

It is all in a pocket-size booklet which tells how to lay out your expenses in relation to your income; how to provide for saving without being miserly; how to keep track of your income and outgo. It shows practical budgets worked out for small, medium and generous incomes. And it tells the true and inspiring stories of many men and women who have learned to save—true stories that sound like fairy tales. Even though you are at present following a budget plan of your own, we believe you will find our suggestions useful.

On your request, we will mail you free of charge a copy of this booklet, "Let Budget Help".

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

*Published by*

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# Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

***How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.***

BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

### *A Simple, Easy Method*

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

### *Rinse the Hair Thoroughly*

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by every one.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for Children —Fine for Men*

**Mulsified**
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

## *The Latest in Fiction*

A LOST LADY, by Willa Cather (Knopf). A most-discussed book by the author of "My Antonia," a rather startling picture of life in the Middle West

THE END OF THE HOUSE OF ALARD, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton). The story of the land-poor English gentry by the author of "Joanna Godden" —not so good.

SILK, by Samuel Merwin (Houghton, Mifflin). A mighty well-done story of life and adventure in China two thousand years ago.

LUMMOX, by Fannie Hurst (Harper). A tremendously powerful story of a servant-girl, done with great realistic effect.

LEW TYLER'S WIVES, by Wallace Irwin (Putnam). Another Pictorial Review serial in book form and incidentally a best seller. The critics say it is a great book. It is.

A SON AT THE FRONT, by Edith Wharton (Scribner). A rather late-in-the-day story of the Great War, which has created a good deal of talk—the book not the War.

OH DOCTOR! by Harry Leon Wilson (Cosmopolitan). In which a hypochondriac young man suddenly comes to life as a real red blooded human being to the great delight of the reader.

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE, by Daniel Chase (Macmillan). Another story of old New England in the days of the clipper-ships and the China trade—good stuff.

UNCANNY STORIES, by May Sinclair (Macmillan). Some of these stories have appeared in Pictorial Review, so we can claim it as a Pictorial Review book. A collection of great power and of great interest—every one of them.

JANET MARCH, by Floyd Dell (Knopf) The realistic life-story of a girl, in contrast to the same author's "Moon-Calf," which was about a boy.

THE MARRIAGE OF YUSSUF KHAN, by Frank Heller (Crowell). A splendid piece of work by the author of "The Emperor's Old Clothes," and translated from the Swedish by Robert Emmons Lee. A mystery-story told with finesse and a touch of humor. It is well worth reading

MISS BRACEGIRDLE AND OTHERS, by Stacy Aumonier (Doubleday, Page). A collection of short stories by a favorite Pictorial Review author. The surprizing adventures of Miss Bracegirdle were published in Pictorial Review about eighteen months ago.

THE CINDER BUGGY, by Garet Garrett (Dutton). This man Garrett can take such commonplace material as the manufacture of iron and steel and make a mighty interesting story of it—which is just exactly what he has done in this book.

THE GAY YEAR, by Dorothy Speare (Doran). Why on earth book-publishers have to change the names of serials after they run in the magazines we do not know. This book, serialized in Pictorial Review under the title of "The Excitement-Eaters," is another lively modern story by the author of "Dancers in the Dark."

THE THREE IMPOSTORS, by Arthur Machen (Knopf). A new edition of the book that everybody talked about twenty-five years ago. We are glad to see that Machen has at last come into his own.

STREETS OF NIGHT, by John Dos Passos (Doran). A remarkable book by the author of "Three Soldiers," but in an entirely different vein.

YOUNG FELIX, by Frank Swinnerton (Doran). Another splendid piece of work by the author of "Nocturne." Impressive stuff, except the ending.

THE LONE WOLF RETURNS, by Louis Joseph Vance (Dutton). An adventure-story. *The Lone Wolf* is Mr. Vance's favorite character, and he always manages to tell a good story about him.

MR. PODD, by Freeman Tilden (Macmillan). There is something really worth while. There is more kindly fun in the adventures of the *Podd* pilgrims than in any book we have read for some time.

THE FLORENTINE DAGGER, by Ben Hecht (Boni, Liveright). An unusual thing to expect from the author of "Gargoyles." It is a mystery-story told with great color. The publishers say it was written in ten hours He certainly did a good job.

## *Non-Fiction Books Worth Reading*

HOWARD PYLE'S BOOK OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT (Harper). This is a companion book to the famous "Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates," with lots of pictures and lots of stories—a mighty good gift for the youth of the family.

THE OUT TRAIL, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran). An account of some wild and woolly experiences in exploring what is left of the Wild West. It is well done, of course.

MA CHEUK, by Edgar S. Winters (Dutton). This is another case of spelling the name of this fascinating Chinese game, "Mah Jong," which everybody seems to be playing The book is comparatively easy to understand

THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE, by James Harvey Robinson (Doran). The author of that epochal book "The Mind in the Making" discusses the great problem of modern education.

SEA-TRACKS OF THE SPEEJACKS, by Dale Collins (Doubleday, Page). A really fascinating account of a trip around the world that a man and his wife took in a motor-boat.

A LAUGH A DAY, by Irvin S. Cobb (Doran). Our old friend Irvin Cobb herein tells some of his side-splitting yarns for which he is so justly famous.

THE REAL STORY OF A BOOTLEGGER, Anonymous (Boni, Liveright). An interesting and naive side-light on how prohibition works in the great cities

THE NEW DECALOGUE OF SCIENCE, by Albert Edward Wiggam (Bobbs-Merrill). This book contains some of Mr Wiggam's articles which appeared in Pictorial Review last year. It is a book that will make you think.

CURES, by James J. Walsh, M.D. (Appleton). Dr. Walsh has a lot of fun discussing some of the fads in the cure of disease that have come and gone in the last hundred years. Psychoanalysts take note.

ISLES OF ILLUSION, Anonymous (Small, Maynard). At last somebody tells the truth about this South Sea stuff —at any rate it reads as if it were true. As an antidote to some of the South Sea stories published en recent years this book is to be recommended.

SCIENCE REMAKING THE WORLD, edited by Orie W Caldwell and Edwin E. Slosson (Doubleday, Page). A good book to give the young man with a scientific turn of mind. It is thoroughly up to date and the last word in modern science—sixteen illustrated articles by distinguished scientists and educators

PIRATE TALES FROM THE LAW, by Arthur M. Harris (Little, Brown). The story of the real pirates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries retold—all about Captain Kidd, Blackbeard, Avery, and others.

BEHIND THE SCREEN, by Samuel Goldwyn and Corinne Lowe (Doran). This book, which ran serially in Pictorial Review last year, has made a big hit and is very interesting stuff

"RACONDRA'S" FIRST CRUISE, by Arthur Ransome (Huebsch). The lover of travel and adventure yarns, particularly yachting, will get a lot of pleasure out of this book, especially as it doesn't follow the beaten track

PARSON'S PLEASURE, by Christopher Morley (Doran). Another collection of clever verse by Christopher Morley, who wrote, among other things, "Where the Blue Begins."

Google

# It puts back into your skin

## *the vital elements your daily life steals from it*

THOSE clear, smooth skins you see about you—do you ever look at them with just a touch of envy? Does your own complexion—perhaps sallow, oily, or marred by blackheads—give you in contrast a sense of hopelessness as you stand before your mirror?

Yet within a short while you too may have that faultless complexion. With this easy method of daily care, used for years by probably millions of women, and based simply on the idea of keeping the skin functioning normally, you can unlock a hidden beauty in your skin. No drugs, creams or cosmetics! So simple and effective, your own physician himself will in all probability recommend it.

ONE great cause is responsible for the blackheads and blemishes, the roughnesses, little blotches of imperfection, the coarse-textured, oily or oversensitive skin—*one great cause, and you can remove it.*

Dust and soot that carry germs deep into the delicate pores of the face—

—lack of the full amount of exercise necessary to keep the tiny glands of the skin functioning normally

—harsh, dry winds that roughen and redden the surface that should be always soft and supple

—these little evils in daily life—each in itself perhaps unimportant—are, combined, the one fundamental cause of every skin blemish and fault. If the skin—any skin, your skin—can only be kept acting normally, the body itself will do the rest.

You cannot change the conditions of daily life. But you *can* take definite steps to put back into your skin the elements that daily life is stealing from it.

### *Thirty years ago a well-known physician made an important discovery*

The way Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment originated has in itself given confidence to thousands who use them daily. Thirty years ago a well-known physician, continually confronted in his practice with a great variety of skin disorders, decided that ordinary patchwork treatments were not enough to reach and correct many of even the slightest skin blemishes. What was needed, he felt sure, was simply some corrective to start and keep the skin again functioning normally—to soften the skin and keep it supple, to cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to stimulate the flow of blood.

At last he developed a simple formula—not a complicated drug, but a basic prescription that had within it the vital elements every normal skin needs.

### *Today you too can have this remarkable prescription*

At first, the knowledge of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment was confined to the medical profession alone. Today, from that early prescription, these two have come into nation-wide use.

If *your* complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, roughnesses, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. Do not rub or massage with harsh methods. If possible, leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

### *For regular toilet use, too*

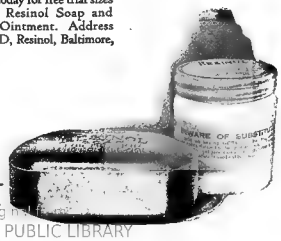
In thousands of homes where Resinol Soap was first used for the special care of the skin alone, it is today the only toilet soap in use. For baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath where harsh soaps are especially irritating to sensitive surfaces—Resinol is today in widespread daily use.

Send today for free trial sizes of both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Address Dept. 1-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

***Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections***

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Thousands have wondered at the quickness of its action. Even a light application sinks deep into the pores, attacks the root of the disorder, and starts the skin again acting normally. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

RESINOL
SOAP *and* OINTMENT



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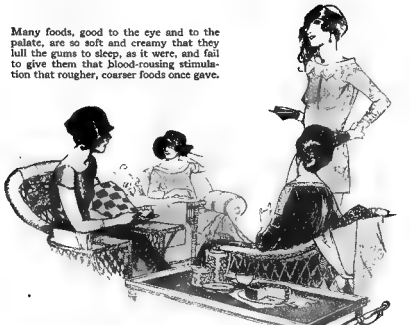
Many foods, good to the eye and to the palate, are so soft and creamy that they lull the gums to sleep, as it were, and fail to give them that blood-rousing stimulation that rougher, coarser foods once gave.



# How soft foods ruin the health of your teeth and gums

RESEARCHES prove that we, as a nation, give more attention to our teeth than any other people in the world.

And yet, in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that our dental profession is acknowledged to be far and away the superior of any other, the advance of oral hygiene is discouragingly slow.

General tooth health is not increasing. Troubles of the *gingiva* (gum structure) seem to be on the rise.

And the fact of the matter is, not that our care is wasted, or the efforts of our dentists useless (quite the contrary), but rather that, under the conditions of modern life, keeping the teeth and gums healthy is a harder job than it has ever been before.

### Lack of stimulation is what breaks down gums

Undoubtedly, the lack of hard physical work, and the racking nervous tension of modern life, are partly to blame, but the greatest foe to the health of your teeth and your gums is the food that you eat. *It does not stimulate your gums.*

## *How Ipana protects the health of your gums*

THIS modern food of ours may be delicious, but it's soft. It does not give the brisk exercise that rough, coarse food once gave. It does not stir your gums to health. Probably you eat it hastily. That, too, cheats the gums of exercise, of stimulation. Gums become soft and pampered. The toothbrush begins to "show pink." And then follows that train of tooth troubles showing such an alarming rate of increase today—those troubles whose source is a weakened gum structure, and whose course, if unchecked, leads straight from gingivitis to pyorrhea.

### Pyorrhea is a disease of civilization

Researches show that 93 percent of our school children have dental defects of some kind. Yet, among the savage Igorot tribes of the Philippines, utter strangers to toothbrush or dentifrice, 68 percent were found to have perfect teeth. *The food they eat and the way they eat it* is, according to the prominent pyorrhea specialist who made the research, the reason for the perfection of the savages' teeth.

### Ordinary methods of cleaning do not make healthy gums

The trouble with most dentifrices is that they ignore the health of the gums. And it is now beyond question that, for the preservation of our teeth, something radically different from the old policy of scour and polish is necessary.

Recognizing the great need for fighting soft and bleeding gums, thousands of dentists now use and prescribe Ipana Tooth Paste. Many practitioners have written us that in especially stubborn cases of bleeding gums, they prescribe a thorough daily massage of the gums with Ipana *after* the regular brushing with Ipana.

### How Ipana helps to build sound gum tissue

For in strengthening soft gums and healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific virtue. It contains ziratol, a positive antiseptic and germicide, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Throughout the country ziratol is used by dentists, after extraction, to allay the bleeding of the wound, to heal infected tissue and to restore to irritated and congested gums their normal tonicity. Indeed, Ipana in the relatively short time that it has been before the profession, has proved itself to be the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush.

### Send for a trial tube free

From the sample you can judge, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine, free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable power to clean safely and thoroughly, but you can judge, too, its delightful flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste, in order to be a beneficial agent.

**IPANA**
**TOOTH PASTE**

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

*A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
40 Rector St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

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## *The Far Side of Thunderbolt*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

their hats ordered from mail-order catalogs and delivered by Thad Burnet, the carrier. Old Nick Susong, elder of the family, had come to town every Spring for twenty years to buy a bolt of black calico and a bolt of striped hickory shirting—and Fred and Carver, his sons, were chips off the old flint.

Rumly had stayed away from the church when Luella Ives married Fred Susong. He had stayed away from the neighborhood above Thunderbolt—which was not hard to do since the Susongs preferred the Parrotsville physicians who traded out a quarter of beef every year. He knew the sort of life Luella must have lived in that old brick house, which Fred's grandfather had left to him. He knew the glad gentleness, the bright faith in humanity, which belonged to Luella—and even tho he had sawed bones and lanced felons for thirty-odd years Rumly was chicken-hearted. He did not like to see things die—not glad things like the light in Luella's eyes.

FRED SUSONG sat close to the base-burner in the front room. He was a red-faced young ruffian, with stiff, curly blond hair, pushed back in a pompadour; pale, calculating eyes; his clothes a little tight for him. His coat was faintly mossed with green across the back, his trousers were shabby, but his riding-boots were expensive. He jumped up.

"You ready, Doc?"

"Yeah, I'm ready. I'm going to drive my hoss. I ain't taking chances on the creeks in a flivver."

"All right, I'll ride with you. Can I stand my car anywhere around? Might burn the coils out in this rain and cost me eight or ten dollars to put 'em in again. It's my kid, Doc. He's got something the matter with his throat—seems to choke up and can't get his breath."

"You been letting Minnie Owens wash for you this week?"

"I reckon she did. She washes for us regular—mammy and all of us."

"Washes out her rent, don't she? I sent Sim Thames by to tell Luella last week that Minnie's kids were sick—not to have her in the house. Didn't she tell you?"

"She did say something about it. But those folks are sick all the time—I never paid much attention."

"Anybody there with Luella?" Rumly hoisted his long frame into the buggy and took his bag from the hands of Ella Joe.

"Mammy came over about dark. They were fixing turpentine when I left. Mammy's a right smart hand doctoring."

"Uh-huh. Listen here, Ella Joe. You telephone up to Parks's, up to Parrotsville—get his house because the store'll be shut—tell him to send me down a dozen shots of diphtheria antitoxin first thing in the morning. Hear? Tell him to send 'em on the mail-car, and then you go down to the post-office if I ain't back and get 'em."

Old Doxie shook off the pull of the reins and lunged into a swaying trot. Slanting her nose old head to the rain, she found the driest part of the road and struck into a tireless, long-legged gait that sent the black, wet trees and the low, rain-beaten banks streaming rapidly to the rear. Rumly sat, sagged forward, his knees parted, his great hands holding the reins hanging down between them, his right foot swinging to the rhythm of some vague tune he breathed through his nostrils. Fred Susong sat silent upon the seat. Rumly regarded him sidelong.

The wind lashed at the buggy-top as they turned to the right into the road to Thunderbolt, snatching at the side-curtains, making the dusty lining belly. Doxie flapped her tail wearily, but kept to the middle of the road. To the right they could hear the hollow shout of Turkey Creek as it tumbled off the rocks behind Burman's saw-mill.

"Old Turkey's steaming," remarked Rumly as the wheels grated down on the gravel of the ford. "Git in, Dox—wet your fetlocks. Better pick up your feet, Fred; might wash over the sills."

Doxie stepped in undismayed by the dark writhe of the creek. The buggy sagged into a washed hole, tilted back for an instant, and then righted. Doggedly the old horse fought for footing, jerking the wheels over the slippery stones.

"Maybe some day this county'll wake up and vote the bridge bonds," he said as they lurched up the muddy ascent on the other side. "Over in Loomis they say this county ought to have been named 'Henry' because it's full of fords!"

"Bridges cost money," returned Fred Susong. "Cheapest kind of a bridge costs ten or fifteen thousand dollars. Take a sight of taxes to pay for even one—and taxes are too high now."

"Reckon so," mused Rumly. "Reckon you voted against the bonds?"

"I'll keep on voting against 'em. A man's better off now, in this county, if he don't own a thing. The landowner gets gouged every way he turns. It's roads and schools for a lot of skinnies that never did a thing for the county and never will, except to hang around elections and collect off the candidates."

"Guess that's so. Sending the skinnies to school may help some, of course. Getting good roads so progressive people'll move in might help too."

"We've got too many progressive people now," argued Fred. "All these loud shouters that have got ways figured out to spend other people's money—like that fellow that bought the paper down at Parrotsville. He's a sample—always yelping about the stock-yards smelling bad, get so a man can't drive a herd of stock down to load 'em after a while."

"Uh-huh. Reckon that's so. Get up, Dox; we've got four miles to go yet."

Fred Susong fell silent. He was patently uneasy, sitting forward on the seat as tho he impelled old Doxie's thudding feet to move faster by his tense poise. Rumly looked at his profile in the gloom, blunt, reserved, a stubborn outline under the sag of his felt hat. "Ain't no meanness there," thought the old man. "Just wrongness—that's all."

"Reckon you think a sight of your boy, Fred?" he inquired.

"Well, every man wants a son if he's got anything to leave. This kid of mine ain't strong—he's mighty frail; takes after his mother. He's four, and we ought to have had a couple more by this time, but they ain't happened to come along. Looks like this little fellow gets sick every day or two, some reason or another. Luella don't have any luck, raising him. Now, mammy—she had eight boys in eleven years and every one of us was husky as yearlings."

"Maybe the milk don't agree with him."

"He ain't been drinking milk. We only milk one cow, and it takes about all the milk to churn the butter. I put calves on all the rest of 'em because Luella complained about her arms aching every night. She never was learned to milk till I learned her. It ain't the milk. He's just puny and ain't got any constitution to start with."

THE rain ceased to blow, and above the sharp yelp of the wind they could hear now the slow, hollow voice of the river. Thunderbolt, always more or less untamable, was having a royal rampage.

"From the racket she's out of the banks," said Rumly. "Reckon old Milo'll get us across? Sounds like she was running pretty swift. Had a good highway and a bridge here now and you could drive your car home to-night."

"Had a bridge here I wouldn't have any car. I'd have to sell it to pay my taxes. Hey—Milo!" He raised his voice in the loud stock driver's youp, as penetrating as the call of a wolf. Old Doxie squared herself at the edge of the stream. It swirled up to her fore-calks, reaching a little higher at each eddy, till the old mare began to lean to the side. Fred lifted his voice again, and from the other side of the river a hot spark of light winked. A yell answered, blurred by the wind and unintelligible.

"Milo's coming," Fred declared.

"I don't hear the cable."

"He's coming—the light's moving." But the light moved—not toward the river, but away from it. The ferry-wire yoomed in the vibrant air, but the song of it was not the efficient humming of the cable. Manifestly Milo Flowers had not launched the ferry. Fred lifted another whoop. Another call, choked by the blow, came back faintly. Then the light moved, flickered, and went out.

"Milo ain't coming," announced Rumly calmly. "I figured the current was too swift. We'll have to cross on the railroad-bridge and walk to your place. You wait here till I stand Doxie in Nahum Brent's shed."

The railroad-bridge was a fearsome mode of passage, even by daylight. It leaped, spidery and frail, at tremendous height, over the reeling, rock-strangled bed of the river. There was no length-wise plank, and the reach between the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

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# *An Interview with Mrs.* O.H.P. BELMONT *on the care of the skin*

"A woman who neglects her personal appearance loses half her influence. The wise care of one's body constructs the frame encircling our mentality, the ability of which insures the success of one's life. I advise a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont

IT was in the beautiful great hall of Beacon Towers on Sand's Point, Port Washington, Long Island, that I first talked with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

I was excited and eager for the interview because I knew that Mrs. Belmont not only has given lavishly to women's causes from her colossal fortune, has been and is a tremendous worker, but also is particularly interested in woman's special problem of how to keep her force and her charm throughout her life.

From all this I expected to meet a very commanding woman the day I visited Beacon Towers. But Mrs. Belmont, on the contrary, is quiet and gracious and sweet. She could not have been a more charming hostess.

She herself opened the grilled iron door and I stepped into the big hall with its impressive mural paintings of the life of Joan of Arc and its wide doors opening straight onto Long Island Sound.

Here, I felt instantly, is the spirit of beauty strengthened by sincerity.

After we had admired the glorious view she showed me the pictures of her two sons, and of her grandson, who will some day be one of England's Dukes, and—very proudly—the latest snapshot of her very young Ladyship, a small great granddaughter.

"How fine textured and fresh her skin is," I thought. "And she has just acknowledged herself a great grandmother!"

### *Begs Women not to Neglect Themselves*

"NOW," she was saying, smilingly, "I suppose you want me to tell you what I think is the relation between a woman's success and her personal appearance."

"Yes," I admitted. "Just how important do you think personal appearance is?"

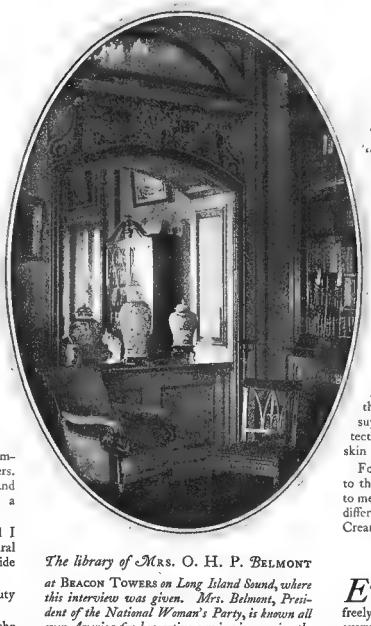
"It is vital. That is just as true for the woman at home or in business as for those who are socially prominent."

"A person may have great intelligence and yet make a very bad impression if her appearance is careless. So we do ourselves a great injustice if we do not give our bodies great care. It is very wise in every way to cultivate the knowledge of how to keep ourselves presentable and young."

"Don't you know," she said, "how often the woman with an unattractive face fails in the most reasonable undertaking? Neglect of one's personal attractions generally comes from ignorance and as I am interested in the success of women in every way, I urge them not to neglect themselves."

"You spend a part of each year in France," I said. "Are Frenchwomen more beautiful than American women?"

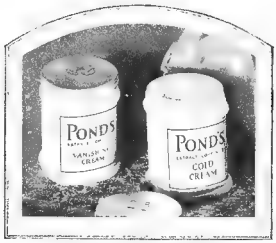
"Certainly not, but American women can learn from them. It comes naturally to them to care for their appearance from youth until they are eighty years old!—and every one admits that they never lose their influence with society or the individual."



*The library of* MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT *at* BEACON TOWERS *on Long Island Sound, where this interview was given. Mrs. Belmont, President of the National Woman's Party, is known all over America for her active services in securing the suffrage for women. Mrs. Belmont is also interested in better conditions for women, is strong for the abolition of child labor, and for the improvement of Children's Homes.*

*On the artistic side, she is a trained architect, and her three magnificent residences—Villa Isoletta in France, the famous Marble House at Newport, and the imposing country home Beacon Towers on Long Island are the products of time not devoted to politics and business. After years of the burden of great public and private interests, she has marvelously kept her freshness.*

*She is convinced that the preservation of every woman's attractions is necessary for the full success of life.*




***Pond's Two Creams***

***used by the women who must keep their charm, their beauty, and their influence.***

**YOUR SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS**

### *Frenchwomen say, Cleanse and Protect*

"DO Frenchwomen use creams much?" I asked Mrs. Belmont.

"In France," she said, "they have had this knowledge for generations. They have always used cleansing creams and protecting creams, knowing that water is not enough and that the face cannot stand much strain and exposure."

"Then you think women should use two creams?"

"I know they should. That is why I advise the daily use of Pond's Two Creams, so that women can keep their charm and influence as long as they need them—and that is always," she smiled.

Give your skin these two indispensables to lasting skin loveliness—the kind of cleansing that restores each night your skin's essential suppleness, and the freshening that, besides protecting brings each time the beauty of fresh smooth skin under your powder.

For years the laboratories of Pond's were devoted to the development of two preparations that were to meet these two vital needs. Finally two distinctly different face creams were perfected—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

### *Use this Famous Method*

*EVERY night*—with the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Leave it on a minute. Then remove it with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day, are taken off your skin and out of the pores. Feel how your face is relaxed. *Do this twice.* Now finish with ice rubbed over your face or a dash of cold water. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple again. If your skin is very dry, pat on more cream, especially where wrinkles come first—around the eyes, the nose, the corners of your mouth—and leave it on over night.

*After every cleansing, before you powder, and always before you go out*—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream *very evenly*—just enough for your skin to absorb. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. Nothing can roughen it. When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, this cream will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours. And it will stay evenly powdered.

Use this method regularly and you can count on the charm of a fresh, young skin for years longer than would otherwise be possible. Buy both Pond's Creams tonight in jars or tubes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

## FREE OFFER

*Mail this coupon and we will send you special tubes of these two creams that usually sell for ten cents each.*

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.
116 Hudson St., New York

Please send me free one tube each of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream—the size that usually sells for ten cents.

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*Fashion Period 1890 after an old Tintype* *Drawing by Edward A. Wilson*


# *After Mother Married*

Even in the prosperous nineties, spending the family income was a serious matter. When Mother bought silks, she chose Belding's because she knew they would wear well and reflect not only her good taste but her good judgment.

The *enduring beauty* of Belding's Silks is a tradition maintained by infinite care in the selection of the raw silk, the use of only the purest dyes, and the employment of highly skilled weavers.

It is very easy for you to be sure you are buying genuine Belding's Silks—you have only to find the name Belding's woven in the selvage. Look for it whenever you want the most satisfactory silks for gowns, linings, or lingerie.

*Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City*

*Belding's*

*Fabrics, Embroidery, Spool Silks*


# *The Far Side of Thunderbolt*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

wooden cross-ties was so short that it lacked being a single stride and was too long for a man to compass two, so it was crossed in a sort of monotonous trot, with the water writhing dizzily below and only a precarious eight-inch width at the end of the rail, in case you disputed thoroughfare with a freight-train.

Rumly set his great feet doggedly on every tie, swinging his old bag rhythmically, his derby hat clinging to his head by a miracle, his coat-tails flapping about his legs till he looked like a shadowy old warlock against the ragged sky. Behind him Fred Susong was having a poor time. Like every other man who has lived half his life on horseback, he was awkward on foot.

"You comin' along all right?" the old doctor called back. "Good thing the railroad happened to build a bridge here, ain't it? We'd never seen the far side of Thunderbolt to-night."

At length they stood on the marvelously solid ground of the right of way, and slid down the gravelly embankment to the road. The Susong place was a mile further on, on a hill road which was scarcely more than a sidling, boulder-strewn track.

In the wide, rambling old house a single room was lighted. The shades were drawn and light leaked dimly from beneath—candle-light.

"You burning candles, Fred?"

"We had a lot of tallow—Government squirt condemned a lot of steers on me and we had to work 'em up into something, so Luella made soap and candles. She—likes 'em. Saves filling lamps."

Rumly let a little picture dance for a minute before his eyes—a picture of Luella under a great rose-shaded light, her brown lashes drooped, her sweet mouth curved a bit roguishly, the glow on her smooth head, as she showed him her first long skirt and buckled slippers. He let the picture burn until he had tramped through the dark chill hall and into the wide, dim room, the door of which Fred Susong flung open. And then he called it back frantically, and cherished it, for this woman sitting so patiently in a wooden rocker, her thin arms holding tight a long bundle from which a fluff of blondish hair and a slim, long-toed little foot protruded, was somehow not Luella. It was Luella only as the quenched ember is the flame, as the pale, saddened light of dusk is the day, as the shadow is the woman.

She looked up apprehensively, and then, seeing Rumly, relief lightened her face.

"Oh—you came! I'm so glad. Sonny's so sick. His little hands are burning up and he can't hardly get his breath."

"Why didn't you keep that kettle boiling?" asked Fred.

"I couldn't tend it and him too. Your mother had to go home—Carver came after her. He said your father was fretting for fear she wouldn't be there in time to tend the calves in the morning."

Rumly looked at Fred. "You'd better mend the fire. This room is cold. And bring a lamp—bring two lamps. And a teaspoon with a plain handle in a glass of water." He sat down by the bed. "When did he take sick?" he asked Luella. "A couple of days after Minnie Owens washed here, wasn't it?"

"It was yesterday he began to be drowsy and cross. He got sort of cold last night—his father him down the lane to fetch up some steers. He had fever last night, I know. Open your eyes, Sonny, and look at the doctor. His name's Woodrow Pershing—his father named him—but I got in the notion of calling him Sonny."

THE child opened his eyes. They were soft-fringed eyes like his mother's. In them too lay that half-hidden question which seemed to weigh down every look of Luella's. He clutched his mother's dress with his fingers, pointed and transparent. There was nothing husky about him. He was a shadowy little alien in the clan of the hard-riding, red-blooded Susongs.

"I've got to see his throat. Lay him on the bed, Luella. Straighten out, Sonny, and open your mouth wide. Give me that teaspoon, Fred—and you hold this flash-light."

Fred stretched himself across the bed from the rear, the springs creaking under his weight.

"Open your mouth," he commanded the child; "open it wide!"

The child flinched from the white glare of the light. His baby features convulsed, and Rumly saw fear in his eyes—and the beginning of something else—hate. And just then Fred Susong looked up and Rumly knew that Fred had seen too—seen dread and dislike in the eyes of his own son. He was suddenly sorry for Fred.

"You scared him," he said as the child writhed to the other end of the pillow. "Open her up, Sonny—lemme see how many batty cakes you ate for supper. Lemme count now—got to count 'em with this spoon. He—one—two—three—steady now—that's all right." He bent the tiny tongue down swiftly, looked at the swollen throat and straightened himself sternly. "I expect it would have been better if you'd given Minnie Owens her rent this week, Fred," he said.

Fred stumbled up the flash-light making a white moon on the wall, his young mouth grim.

"What you going to give him, Doc?"

"He needs antitoxin. And I ain't got a shot. Get some from Parrotsville in the morning—but he ought to have some right now. Wood getting scarce, Fred? Got to keep this little feller warm. You better fetch another load, come daylight. It's sleeting now or I'm getting deef. Wished I'd told Nahum Brent to give my hoss a mess of fodder in the morning. If the ice gets on the railroad-bridge I'll have to board with you a spell."

Fred looked up quickly. Luella had gone into the kitchen.

"Is he bad, do you think, Doc?"

Rumly rubbed his long, bony chin. He looked at Fred keenly.

"This is one time," he said, "when I wish there was a bridge across Thunderbolt."

DAWN came cold. There was no comfort in the drab light that trickled through the sleety windows, slowly drenching in its cold flood the warmer, familiar presence of the lamplight and the fire. In the grim grayness the sick child lay asleep, his eyes already shadowed and sunken, his chin a bit tremulous.

"I'd rather have any disease on earth to fight than diphtheria poison," remarked Rumly as they sat by the fire, Fred Susong sagged forward in his chair, whittling nervously at his nails. "It's so blamed tricky. You think you've got it beat—and then it's like a grass-fire; it flares up in another place. Heart maybe—or kidneys."

"That antitoxin fixes it generally, don't it?" inquired Fred hopefully.

"No chance to get any, tho," insisted Rumly. "No chance to cross that railroad-bridge with all this ice on it." He regarded the lowered trees standing sheeted outside, the yard coated over with black glass, with a tinkling crystal-coated bush thrust up here and there. "And if you got across a horse couldn't stand up unless he was roughshod. If you had a telephone, now, I could phone Ella Joe to send me out half a dozen shots, and Milo would figure some way to get it across, but of course you ain't got a phone——"

"We never had any wires put up—just expense for nothing, I figured. Long as I had to be in town every day, anyhow, there wasn't any use paying for a phone too. There ain't any line on this side of Thunderbolt."

"No, there ain't any—this side of Thunderbolt."

Fred Susong squirmed. The Susongs owned all the land on that side of Thunderbolt, and it may be that he was thinking at that moment—as was the old doctor—of the things which were not on that side of Thunderbolt. Not telephones, merely—other things. Roads. Power-pumps. Curtained windows where flowers bloomed. Women smiling without the quick droop of apprehension in their eyes. Light and gladness. So many things were left behind when once old Milo Flowers's ferry-boat had slid off the muddy shore into the outlaw, tumultuous river. Rumly was thinking of them now—thinking of the confused wrong of it. They didn't know—they were unaware, the Susongs, of the wrong of it.

Not one was cruel—not even old Nick, the elder, the harder, the most despised of the clan. He himself had seen the quick, bewildered hurt in Fred's eyes when his little son looked at him in terror. They didn't know.

"They got callluses," thought Rumly. "Callluses on their hearts and souls. Pare

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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"I BELIEVE that I am a pioneer in the Yeast-for-Health habit. I was one of those unfortunate youngsters who are neither sick nor well. I had a very poor appetite, and my mother humored me when she discovered that I liked yeast. (This was years ago.) It was not very long before the yeast started to take effect. First of all, I developed a regular appetite. Then I had a desire to play. My body seemed to grow stronger, and my mother said that I was like a new child. I have been using Fleischmann's Yeast ever since, whenever I felt the need of a regulator—a matter of thirteen years."
*(A letter from Miss Laura Banker, Albany, N.Y.)*

"IN a ballroom I managed when possible to hide myself behind a fan. My complexion was an eyesore to others and a heartache to me. . . . But that was last year. As I write, I put my left hand up to my cheek: velvety smoothness—a clear, glowing surface, unmarred by the hundred uglinesses it once knew! And the whole transformation was ridiculously easy: two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day for a period of three months!"
*(Miss Nancy Freeman of New York)*

"I DID *not* eat six cakes of Yeast and feel myself improving immediately. In fact for one month I used 3 cakes a day without any visible improvement. But by the middle of August, 1921, my chronic constipation commenced to give way . . . I again consulted our family physician, who told me to use no other remedies but Fleischmann's Yeast . . . Today my stomach troubles have become ancient history, and my skin eruption a thing of the past— thanks to the remarkable effects of Fleischmann's Yeast."
*(A letter from Miss Ruth Rollband of Utica, N.Y.)*

# ONE SIMPLE FOOD

## *and they found the Road to Health*

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

*Eat 2 or 3 cakes a day regularly*

Before or between meals—plain, dissolved in water or milk, or spread on crackers or bread. A cake dissolved in a glass of hot (not boiling) water before breakfast and at bedtime is especially beneficial in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today!

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. A2, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

"STRUGGLING with my dead husband's business, I found each day exacting more energy than I could generate. The end seemed inevitable—breakdown for myself, and institutional care for my boys and girls. I heard someone joking another about eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I tried it. To my surprise I soon felt a sustaining strength which increased as I used the yeast regularly. With better digestion, came improved assimilation resulting in added strength. Every time I buy Fleischmann's Yeast I feel positively ashamed of the trifling price I pay for each of these potent cakes."
*(A letter from Mrs. A. C. Cowling, an Oklahoman.)*

"A COMPLETE nervous breakdown with severe attacks of heart failure—the latter caused by acute indigestion — wrecked me mentally and physically. Vaguely I realized that during my lifelong diet of devitalized food I had been practically digging my own grave with my knife and fork. Then I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast Cakes. That was three years ago, and I am still eating them. My digestion is normal, my brain active and clear, and all those various aches and pains of a lifetime have disappeared."
*(A letter from a New Jersey mechanical engineer, Mr. Frank M. Spencer.)*

"I AM a mail-carrier, and it may sound strange that a man walking twelve miles a day, six days a week, should suffer from constipation. But I did for over three years. Laxatives gave me only temporary relief. Then about eleven months ago, a friend of mine said 'Black, why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' . . . After the first month I noticed a remarkable difference, and when Saturday night came I still had some pep left . . . Fleischmann's Yeast has relieved me completely of constipation, and I feel tip-top all the time."
*(Extract from a letter of Mr. J. F. Blackburn of Oakland, Cal.)*

"I WAS willing to attempt anything to get rid of the terrible pimples on my face and back. Doubting, I ate yeast regularly for one month—and now—no more blues over my complexion—no more a wall flower, but just a healthy college girl who advocates Fleischmann's Yeast to set one right with the world."
*(A letter from Miss Corinne Wilfroat of Logan, Kansas.)*

"I AM a traveling man. Indigestion is a dreaded foe of my fraternity, but I boasted that I had abused my stomach for years. Then Indigestion landed a knockout! . . . I grew moody, discouraged, and my work suffered. . . . When a friend spoke to me of Yeast, I had no faith in it. But its effect was rapid, and one day I ordered a big steak, *and* potatoes, *and* coffee—a wonderful meal, and no bad after-effects! I again eat anything, at any time and any place!"
*(Extract from a letter of Mr. W. L. McGahan of Dallas, Texas.)*

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# BLUE RIBBON
## DRIED PEACHES AND FIGS

*Sold in packages and in bulk*

Get the benefit of the proteins, vitamines and mineral elements these fruits contain. Keep your system regulated! Thrive on the natural fruit-sugar which enriches the blood as this sugar is in the exact chemical form required for easy assimilation. Eat BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs today, tomorrow and every day throughout the year. Your grocer has them or can get them for you.

Learn how good these fruits are! How tasty! How appetizing! Discover the deliciousness of both Peach Sauce and Fig Sauce when served for breakfast or for dessert. Add BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs to cakes, cookies, puddings and all foods; the flavor will be wonderfully improved and the nutritive value doubled.

Always demand BLUE RIBBON brand, for this brand means the finest of California peaches and figs, supreme in quality and flavor.

*PRODUCED AND PACKED BY THE*
CALIFORNIA PEACH AND FIG GROWERS
*Over 8500 Grower Members*
*MAIN OFFICE* *FRESNO, CALIFORNIA*

## TRY THESE RECIPES

### *Fig Pudding*

2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1¼ cups chopped figs, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup milk, 3 tablespoons melted fat.

Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and spices. Add figs, molasses, milk, melted fat, stirring constantly. When mixed, pour into a greased mold, cover and steam at least two hours. Serve hot with hard or liquid sauce flavored with lemon.

### *Fig Loaf Cake*

2 cups brown sugar, 2 cups hot water, ½ cup fat, 1½ cups chopped figs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda.

Mix the sugar, water, fat, figs, salt and spices and bring to the boiling point. Allow to boil five minutes. Set aside until cold and add flour and soda which have been mixed and sifted. Bake in two greased loaf pans in a slow oven 45 minutes to 1 hour.

### *Peach Tapioca*

2 cups Stewed Dried Peaches.
½ cup granulated tapioca, 4 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 egg yolks.

Cut peaches in quarters. Cook tapioca in milk until clear; beat in egg yolks, add sugar, salt and drained peaches. Pour into a wet mold or individual molds, set in a cool place until firm, turn out and serve with the syrup from the peaches, sweetened to taste. Flavors or spices may be added. An especially good dish for the children.

### *Peach Cobbler*

3 cups Stewed Dried Peaches.
2 cups sugar, flavoring, butter, flaky pie crust.

Put sugar into a saucepan, add three cupfuls of water in which peaches were softened, boil for ten minutes and pour over softened peaches, adding butter. Flavor to taste. Line sides of a large, deep pudding dish with pastry. Put in peaches, dot top with tiny piece of butter. Cover with pastry, brush over with beaten egg and stab the center crosswise. Bake until pastry is nicely browned. Serve hot or cold with sugar and cream.

*Send for Free Recipe Book showing many ways of using these famous fruits in your menus.*

## *The Far Side of Thunderbolt*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

'em deep enough and they're alive under. Pare 'em deep and you hit the quick."

Fred sat oblivious by the fire while Luella, her eyes tragic, wrapped herself in a shawl and went out to milk. For generations the Susong men had sat by fires while the Susong women went out patiently to milk. And when Luella came staggering in with a great armful of wood Fred moved over and gave her room to lay it efficiently on the fire.

He went to the bed and felt the child's hot little wrist. Luella came and stood by his side, her eyes dark wells of dread. "Is—is he worse?" she whispered.

"I wish I could give him some anti-toxin," was all the answer Rumly had.

Fred jumped up. "I'm going across that bridge," he declared. "I can get to Parrotsville if I can get across that bridge."

Luella set her lips. "If the bonds had passed we'd have a bridge," she stormed; "we'd have a bridge to carry Sonny over."

"A toll-bridge," returned Fred, badgered and flushing. "Cost me a quarter every time I went to town—and a dollar to drive a herd of cattle over."

Luella was merciless. "Medicine costs money, too," she taunted. "You'd better stay here—and save it!"

Fred twirled his lips, bit back a retort, jammed on his hat, and slammed out. Rumly patted his foot. So many fevers in this house that needed curing.

"That bridge is mighty slick," he mused. "Risky business—trying to get across."

But Luella's eyes were flinty. "He fought the bonds," she argued, holding her child tight. "They beat 'em—the Susongs. They've done it twice."

"Fred ain't bad," argued Rumly gently. "He's just wrong-headed. You got to be patient."

Tragedy darkened her face. "I've been patient," she flamed. "I've been patient—and patience is no use! Oh, doctor—quick—he's choking again. He can't get his breath!"

An hour later Fred stumbled back into the room.

"I tried it," he gasped, shamed and trembling. "I went on my hands and knees—and I couldn't make it."

"You ought not to have tried it," remarked Luella bitterly. "Why didn't you send *me*?"

FRED sank on the foot of the bed. "Oh—for God's sake," he begged, "let me alone, will you? I tried. I tried till it made me sick!" They saw his hands then, pared to the quick in spots, bleeding. "Is he worse, Doc?"

Rumly pursed his long lips. "I wish he was better—but he ain't. If I had two shots of antitoxin he'd improve in a little while. Maybe I better go to town—I can get across that bridge, I reckon. High places don't make me dizzy like they do you, Fred. If Nahum Brent has got a mule that's shod I could get to town."

But Luella raised a cry. "No—you sha'n't leave him—you sha'n't. Suppose he chokes again—he is— Oh, Fred—quick—"

It was his father who lifted Woodrow Pershing Susong this time. It was his father who tilted back the little head with its softish curl of blond hair, which was the only Susong feature the child inherited. It was Fred Susong who said in a tone amazingly gentle, "Open her up, Sonny—open her up, man!"

Rumly, working swiftly with cotton and iodin, bent his brow anxiously. He saw Luella's hand in Fred's under the corner of the blanket. He saw Luella's working face pressed against her husband's arm. He stood up.

"There ain't no other way but that I got to wrap him up good and get him to town some way," he declared. "He's got to have treatment—and he's got to have it quick. If you wait for the ice to get off the bridge—or for somebody to go and come back again, I ain't saying what might happen. I'll get across the bridge with him some way—and I'll get him to town some way. Ella Joe can tend him—and you can come in as soon as Milo can get the ferry across."

"You can't carry him across that bridge. You've got to go on your hands and knees!"

Luella's tense face had brightened. "Fred, you got a calf across once—last Spring, you remember—on the wire!"

"You can't send a sick baby across a river on a ferry-wire!"

"He's got to go, Fred—don't you see he's got to. It's the only way. You put the calf in a cotton basket and lashed it with trace-chains."

SLOWLY, laboriously, Enos Rumly crept across the ice-coated railroad-bridge. He had taken off his shoes and resined the soles of his socks and the palms of his mittens, and he made his way along the cross-ties like a staggering old simian, his coat trailing over the ice, his ridiculous old hat sticking precariously to his head. At length he climbed down on the far side, unslung his shoes from around his neck, worked them over his damp, sticky socks, and picked his way to the ferry. On the opposite shore stood a tense, waiting group. He saw Luella's red shawl and Fred's yellow, uncovered head. They were very close together, and with them stood old Milo Flowers, and they were watching the strange journeying of Woodrow Pershing Susong as he traveled across Thunderbolt in a deep, strong basket lashed fast to the wire with trace-chains.

Rumly moved cautiously down the icy bank, where the pulley creaked, and waited. Sonny was lying still, and the deep basket moved slowly and safely as old Milo wound in the wire. Near the shore it dipped a bit, and Rumly waded in over his shoe-tops and dragged it out. The boy held up his arms out of his muffling of furs and blankets. Luella had pulled a thick cap over his head and tied a scarf over that, but his eyes blinked from beneath soft-fringed eyes like Luella's. The old doctor shouldered the boy and waved an arm across the river. He saw Luella's hand waving, saw Fred holding her.

"Look here, Sonny," he said. "Let's you and me go to town and buy us a sack of peanuts and an all-day sucker and a red balloon—what d'y' say?"

"For lands' sake!" scolded Ella Joe Martin as Rumly struggled up the three steep back steps with Luella's child on his shoulder. "You must be crazy, fetching that sick baby out in cold air like this!"

"He ain't hurt—he's wrapped up good," defended Rumly. "Put him in a warm blanket and give him some hot milk. I got to go down and buy him a balloon—we had a bargain about that, Woodrow Pershing and me."

"You going to give him antitoxin?" persisted Ella Joe. "I boiled that other hypodermic—it's wrapped up good in gauze."

"I don't reckon he needs any. He had a little touch of croup, but he's about over it. All he needs now is filling up. He likes blueberry jam and caraway cookies and wish-bones and baked custard—he says he does."

"Enos Rumly, I thought this child was sick?"

"You don't expect a well-behaved little feller to stay sick forever, do you? Take off his things and tend to him before he gets to crying for his mother."

"But if he ain't real sick what on earth did you traipse him 'way over here for—away from Luella? She'll be worried to death."

RUMLEY sat down before the stove. His gaunt old body sagged forward, his absurd eyebrows bristled, his old hat listed to one side and rested grotesquely upon one huge freckled ear. The starred-eyed black kitten leaped to his knee, and Woodrow Pershing Susong peered from his wrappings and lisped hoarsely, "Kity! Kity."

"There's a sight of things that need curing," mused Rumly. "There's fevers that you can dose and there's chills that you can sweat out—and again there's cases where you got to cut and cut deep. I'm aiming to keep Woodrow Pershing here two or three days while I cure up his folks. There ain't any telephones on the far side of Thunderbolt. And there's ice on the bridge and the river's running high. I hate to hurt Luella, but I got to hurt her a little speck to cure up what ails Fred. I got to cure him before his callous get too deep. Best cure for selfishness is thinking about somebody else—thinking hard. I'm going to let Fred do some thinking three or four days while he's comforting Luella."

"They'll be over here before night," insisted Ella Joe. "Dodds Weaver says the river's going down fast."

"The river's going down a little, but the ferry ain't going to be running. Me and Milo Flowers have got that fixed. Milo wants him a job—tending toll-bridge."

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There are those who say they can identify Premium Bacon by sight. Everyone can tell it by taste—by its tenderness, its distinctive mild flavor.

# Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Premium Bacon in pound and half-pound cartons is evenly sliced ready for the pan. A whole piece may be bought, however, in the original parchment wrapper

*Premium Bacon with French Toast*

Fry Swift's Premium Bacon. Serve with French toast made as follows: Beat 2 eggs, add ½ cup milk and ¼ teaspoon salt. Dip slices of bread into the liquid and fry in the bacon fat. Serve with maple syrup

Swift & Company
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*On the floor is Gold-Seal Rug No. 398*

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

## Always Look for the Gold Seal

Every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug carries the Gold Seal pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." That pledge in itself proves that Congoleum Rugs have the quality to back up such a promise.

The Gold Seal, facsimile of which is shown above, is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every few yards of guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is your protection against inferior imitations. Don't fail to look for it.

Write for our free interesting folder entitled "Beautify Your Home With *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs." In it you will find many helpful hints about home decoration.

*At the right is Pattern No. 518*

*Below is shown Pattern No. 536.*

*Below is shown Pattern No. 321.*

## Congoleum Rugs mean more leisure at home!

It's such a relief to escape from the drudgery of wearisome house-work—to have a few golden hours each day for sewing, reading or whatever else you like to do.

*Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs on your floors will give you this leisure because they'll save you from the tedious sweeping and beating so necessary with dust collecting woven carpets and rugs. The smooth, sanitary surface needs only a few minutes to clean. A damp mop—a few brisk swishes—that's all there is to it.

They're very good looking, too—artistic patterns appropriate for any floor you wish to cover. There are dainty floral effects for bedrooms, richly colored Oriental motifs for living and dining rooms, and conventional designs for kitchens and bathrooms. Congoleum Rugs never wrinkle, curl or kick up—never catch threads or lint—never show marks of spilled things. They're waterproof, durable and exceptionally low in price.

If you don't know Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs you really must go to your dealer and get acquainted with them. They're the most popular floor-covering in the world.

### Note the Low Prices

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | feet x 9 | feet | $ 9.00 | 1½ | feet x 3 | feet | $ .60 |
| 7½ | feet x 9 | feet | 11.25 | 3 | feet x 3 | feet | 1.40 |
| 9 | feet x 9 | feet | 13.50 | 3 | feet x 4½ | feet | 1.95 |
| 9 | feet x 10½ | feet | 15.75 | 3 | feet x 6 | feet | 2.50 |
| 9 | feet x 12 | feet | 18.00 | | | | |

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

***Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.***

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*Gold Seal* CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

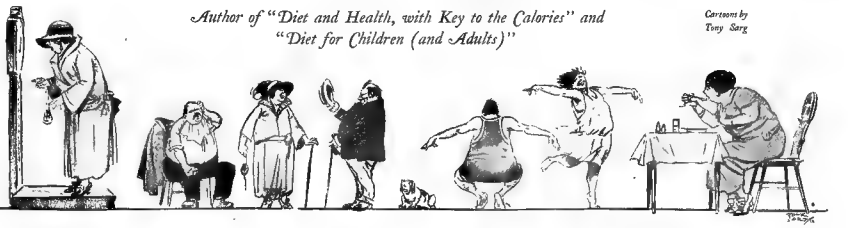
Go gle

# *Dangerous Curves Ahead!*

By Lulu Hunt Peters, M.D.

*Author of "Diet and Health, with Key to the Calories" and "Diet for Children (and Adults)"*

*Cartoons by Tony Sarg*

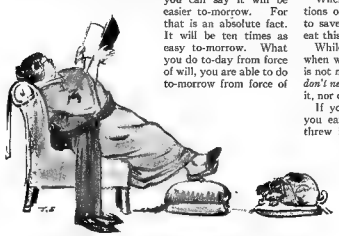


NO ONE likes to be fat. I use the short and ugly term because it gives a definite picture more expressive than the term "overweight." No one likes to be fat. I really don't believe even Mr. Johnston, the author of "The Fun of Being a Fat Man," likes to be fat. Methinks the gentleman doth protest too much.

No one likes to be fat. You don't like to be fat. You plan to diet—to-morrow. Now, to-morrow is to-day, and you are invited to a luncheon or a banquet or a picnic, and so you don't diet to-day. Still you are going to diet to-morrow. It is to those who are going to diet to-morrow that I address this article to-day. I am going to tell you something that will start you dieting *to-day.*

It is this. You plan to diet to-day. You are hungry. A very tempting, fattening meal makes you think again that you will diet—to-morrow. When that thought comes, say emphatically to yourself: *"It won't be any easier to-morrow!"* Picture yourself to-morrow going through the same hunger that you are going through to-day, the same desire for the fattening foods, and then say again to yourself: "It won't be any easier to-morrow!—*unless I begin to-day.*" I have found that that thought has been a very helpful, deciding force with me many times.

Now, after you have controlled your appetite to-day, you can say it will be easier to-morrow. For that is an absolute fact. It will be ten times as easy to-morrow. What you do to-day from force of will, you are able to do to-morrow from force of will, *plus a little help from force of habit.* After a while you will find that the force of will occupies a minor place. And you are an example of the maxim, "What you do at first from force of will you do later from force of habit."



GAGE YOUR NEEDS AND DO NOT BE BURDENED WITH SUCH AN UNWANTED AND UNLOVELY STOREHOUSE OF FAT

I shall tell you of some other psychological helps. *Plan the day before* just what you are going to eat and write it down. Then it is settled in your mind and you won't have to be holding debating societies with yourself and making decisions the next day.

*Don't allow your thoughts to dwell upon forbidden foods. Don't look in candy- or pastry-windows.* Have you ever noticed the type of people whom you see lined up before candy- and pastry-windows? It's illuminating. Ever notice the type of people you see nibbling candy on the street and in theaters? That's also illuminating.

*Don't taste!* The second taste is ten times harder to resist than the first. One taste leads to another.

When you see a pound of candy you would like, don't think of it as candy but as a lump of tallow annexed to your fattest spot. When your friends eat ice-cream sodas—500 or 600 C.[calories]—you drink your plain Seltzer water with the same gusto.

Have pictures of women with beautiful figures, whose proportions you want to approach, on your dining-table where you can see them when you are tempted to overeat. Of course the male element can have a picture of some Adonis for their model

Twelve hundred C. a day is a reducing number for most any one, for it will not supply what is known as the basal metabolism; that is, the needs of the internal activities—the heart-beating, circulation, respiration, digestion, muscle-tone, etc. They won't cease operating, don't worry. Your excess fat will be called upon to supply their needs for energy food. If you are tall and have many physical activities you will probably reduce on as high as 1,800 C. You have to find out your proper reducing number yourself. (Don't exceed two pounds a week loss after the first week.) If your meals are properly balanced and arranged you will not suffer from hunger.

Plan to have your meals at definite times. If you should feel uncomfortably hungry before they arrive, drink a glass or two of water or weak tea—hot or cold—and you may have a little lemon-juice in it to make it more palatable. A tiny bit—not more than a quarter-inch square—of orange or lemon peel will also stop hunger-pangs. I don't know how, but it really works.

Begin to-day to diet. It won't be any easier to-morrow *—unless you begin to-day.*

When you are clearing up the dishes and small portions of food are left which you consider not sufficient to save for the next meal, do you say, "I might as well eat this to save it"? Don't do it! Don't do it!

While it seems perfectly terrible to throw out good food when we know many people are actually starving, still it is not nearly so much a waste to throw food away—*if you don't need it*—as it is to eat it. You don't save it by eating it, nor does your eating it help any one else.

If you don't need the bit of food left over and still you eat it, you do much worse than you would if you threw it out, for you not only help no one else, but you do hurt yourself, for you lower your physical and mental efficiency by the toxemia bound to arise when you overeat. Besides, these bits of food you "save" you save in the form of fat. So—stop eating to save. Realize you don't really save food this way, and throw it into the garbage-can no matter how good it is.

*Don't eat to save.*

You'll find while reducing that it is not hunger that you have to fight, but longings for certain foods which are terrifically high in energy or caloric value which you have been overindulging in. Foods which are not necessary, but which have a habit-hold on you almost as strong as alcohol could have.

Perhaps you diet very well until some sudden temptation, and then you overeat and undo what has taken you a week to accomplish.

I am going to relate a little personal experience which will help you to get control of these appetites.

While I was in Chicago during the great "flu" epidemic I was invited to dinner. My host said that he was going to take me to a unique German restaurant which was famous for its pig's knuckles and sauerkraut. Up to that time pig's knuckles and sauerkraut had not formed any part of my simple life. I did not think that I would care for them particularly, but knowing there would be many

"IT IS NOT NEARLY SO MUCH A WASTE TO THROW FOOD AWAY—*IF YOU DON'T NEED IT*—AS IT IS TO EAT IT"

other things on the bill of fare that I might care for, I went willingly.

Looking over the menu, I picked out a dish that I was fond of and said that I would take that. My escort said, "You will take pig's knuckles and sauerkraut." (Caveman stuff!) "That's what I brought you here for. This place is famous for that dish. You must have it."

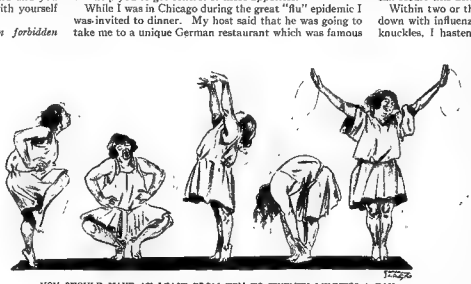
I CONFESS I did enjoy the combination. The pig's knuckle is the knee-joint of the pig. My pig's knuckle must have been cooked six or seven hours, and it was so tender that the meat fairly fell from the joint, and the fat and meat and skin were soft, succulent, sweet, and savory, almost melting in my mouth. The sauerkraut had been cooked very long with the pig's knuckle and it had a distinctive flavor imparted to it from this combination.

(I realize it is terrible for me to incite in you the longing for pig's knuckles and sauerkraut the way I am doing. So potent is the power of suggestion that I know that probably all of you will be restless and dissatisfied and unable to pursue the even tenor of your lives until you can secure this delectable dish.)

Within two or three days after the P. K. dinner I came down with influenza. It had nothing to do with the pig's knuckles. I hasten to add. But here is something odd. While I was convalescing with the usual voracious appetite of the convalescent, nothing satisfied me except pig's knuckles. They became an obsession with me for a while.

Now to the point of my story. Recently I was on a low-calory liquid-diet day. I decided to take a walk. I was not particularly hungry because I had had sufficient to keep me from being very hungry. During my walk I passed a restaurant. A big menu-board in the window bore a sign standing above all others: "Pig's Knuckles and Sauerkraut To-day." The old longing for that supreme combination swept o'er my soul with the same intensity and fervor that I had experienced during my convalescing period. I gazed at the sign in fascination. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49



YOU SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST FROM TEN TO TWENTY MINUTES A DAY OF VIGOROUS SETTING-UP EXERCISES

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HORNBY'S Oats (H-O) are the only oats that make firm, flaky oatmeal—never pasty or sticky.

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It needs only 10 minutes to cook H-O—the most appetizing, flaky oatmeal you have ever eaten.

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THE H-O CEREAL COMPANY, INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.


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## The HOME BUREAU

# *The Well-Bred Cake*

## *The How and Why of Mixing and Baking It*

By JENOISE BROWN SHORT and GLADYS BECKETT JONES

THERE are so many pitfalls in the making and baking of cake that in order to find where the trouble is when your cake is not a success, mentally retrace the measuring, mixing, and baking, and analyze each step separately. *Sure* that you have measured accurately, did you put the ingredients together in a way to get a light, even-textured cake? The directions for the mixing of butter-cakes are so varied that we sometimes wonder if there is a best method. The standard method of mixing, which is given here, brings uniformly good results and is the one that is usually followed. Cream the fat and add the sugar gradually, beating thoroughly between each addition. Separate the eggs and add the well-beaten yolks to the creamed fat and sugar. Measure the sifted flour, combine with the remaining dry ingredients, and sift together, adding them alternately with the liquid to the above mixture, then add the flavoring. Beat vigorously for two or three minutes and fold in the lightly beaten whites. The eggs need not be separated if the whole eggs are given a thorough beating, and it does mean a saving of time and utensils not to separate them.

Sifting the flour not only makes for more accurate measurement, but it also gives a lighter, better-textured cake. In some recipes, such as sponge-cakes and angel-cakes, which require sifting the flour four times, once before and three times after measuring, the best results will be obtained if the directions are carefully followed, for repeated sifting aerates the flour, and this air acts as part of the leaven during the baking.

### *Level Measurements*

ALL standardized recipes call for level measurements, and this is so well understood that it is not usually mentioned in the individual recipes. Failure to level a cupful of flour may add two or three tablespoonfuls, and in a cake or muffins this increase makes a difference in the texture.

Pastry flour, which may be purchased at the same price or for less than bread flour, gives a cake a soft, even crum. We advise it for cakes and the quick breads. Pastry flour is made from the Winter wheat and has more starch and less gluten than bread flour; it is whiter, and when rubbed between the fingers feels soft and velvety. When pressed in the hand it retains the imprint of the fingers and holds its shape. If you do use bread flour instead of pastry, substitute two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch for the same amount of bread flour in each cupful.

A fat should be worked slightly before measuring, so that when it is pressed down in the cup or spoon there are no air-spaces. We have found it most satisfactory to measure up to one-fourth cupful by a tablespoon, and over that amount to use a cup for the work.

When measuring liquids, the cup or tablespoon should be filled to brimming. Do not measure over your mixing-bowl unless you are sure your hand is steady, for even a slight spilling over upsets the proportions. If a certain amount of melted butter or other fat is called for, measure after melting, or you will have more than is required. Two tablespoonfuls of solid butter make fully two and one-half tablespoonfuls when melted. Always allow melted fat to cool before adding it to the batter or dough, as hot fat can make a mixture soggy. Generally a melted fat or oil is added last.

If the recipe calls for dry ingredients, liquids, and fats, measure them in this order and you will find that you can use the same cup for all of them.

Air, gas, or a combination of the two, are the means that we have of making a cake light. We get air into a cake by beating the batter or using lightly beaten eggs. The gas is generated by using baking-powder, or an alkali, such as baking-soda, with an acid like cream of tartar, or sour milk or molasses, which contain acids. Almost all recipes for butter-cakes call for baking-powder as one of the leavening agents. When the cake batter is beaten too long more of the gas—the leaven generated by the baking-powder—is lost than the amount of air it is possible to beat in. Fold in the egg whites carefully, using a cutting and folding motion and not a beating one, for the air has already been beaten into the whites and any further beating or stirring of the batter will only drive it out.

### *Sponge-Cakes*

AIR is the only leavening agent used in true sponge-cake mixtures, and it is put into the cake by beating the eggs, both yolks and whites, as light as possible. These cakes should be mixed quickly after the eggs are beaten, and a cutting and folding motion used when putting the ingredients together, so that as little as possible of the air is lost.

Most of the failures in cake-making seem to be of three kinds—there are coarse-textured cakes that hump in the middle, sticky ones that fall in the center, and those that are light but coarse-textured.

When a cake humps in the middle one of two things has made the trouble: the batter was either too stiff or the cake was baked in too hot an oven, so that a crust was formed on the sides and top before the batter had a chance to rise, and then, when the leavening agents began to work, the batter broke the top crust and bubbled through. Right proportions and accurate measurements can overcome the difficulty of getting your batter too stiff, and the use of an oven-thermometer or a stove with an oven-regulator solves the baking problem. Coarse texture may be caused by not sifting the baking-powder or -soda with the other dry ingredients; then the leavening agent, being unevenly distributed, makes big holes in the cake.

A soft cake that falls has generally too much fat or liquid—if crumbly and soft, there is too much fat; if sticky and solid, too much liquid. Raising the temperature of the oven while the cake is baking will often save a cake that is showing a tendency to fall, if the ingredients are in the right proportion.

A cake that is light, and flat on top, but is coarse in texture, with a dry crum, has usually been baked in too slow an oven. To have the right oven-temperature is most important, and the following will serve as a guide.

The temperature at which a cake is to be baked depends upon whether it is a butter- or sponge-cake, also whether it is to be baked in one large pan, layer-pans, or made into cup-cakes.

For butter-cakes that are baked in a loaf a temperature of 350 to 380 degrees F. (moderate oven) may be used throughout, or the cake may be started at 300 degrees F. (slow oven), and after fifteen minutes the heat increased to 375 degrees and held there till the cake is done. If layer-cake pans are used a temperature of 365 to 400 degrees F. (a moderate oven) will give well-risen level layers. Cup-cakes should be baked at a temperature of 380 to 390 degrees F. (moderate oven).

Sponge-cakes baked in large tins need a temperature of 300 to 350 degrees F. (slow oven). Angel-cakes should be put in an oven at 300 degrees F. and the temperature gradually increased to 350 degrees, but not allowed to go above that if the cake is to be tender.

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# The Home Paint-Pot

*A Fascinating Hobby Which Saves Us Many Dollars*

By Ruth Dutilh Jenkins

NOTHING in our home gives us more satisfaction, I believe, than three shelves in our little "workshop" filled with queerly assorted, much-used pots of paints. There is an odd lot—green and white outside paint, flat white inside and white enamel, cream, red, yellow, and green varnish paint; black and white metal-enamel, black paint and brown paint, small cans of ocher and lampblack, a tightly covered can of putty, a gallon of gasoline, linseed-oil, turpentine, bronze and gold and aluminum paint, walnut and mahogany stain. No need to label them; their dripping sides indicate colors and uses.

Do not think for a moment that our "shop" is a studio or that we have bought out a paint-store. Quite the contrary, for the workroom in which the man and I take such delight is but the simple Summer kitchen of our delightfully old-fashioned home, and the three shelves are the result of almost painful study, economy, and experience.

With a limited income, but unlimited needs, our "shop" has answered many problems of interior decoration, exterior finish, as well as furnishing and beautifying of our home, and is greatly admired and complimented by our friends, a few of whom are really, truly artists.

THE KITCHEN WOODWORK AND FURNITURE WERE PAINTED WITH CREAM ENAMEL

Our first attempt was in doing over a chest of drawers of excellent lines but trying color—a so-called light mahogany, which closely resembled pale-pink birch. We had tried it in every bedroom with equally inharmonious results. Yet its drawer-space was needed; its shape dignified and attractive.

Altho we were many days doing over this, it gave us courage and inspiration to go on, and we have been at it ever since. We first removed the cheap brass handles. Then with varnish-remover, liberally applied, we took off all the old finish. There is quite a knack about doing this, as we soon discovered, but we learned before long to get on swiftly and to wipe off the dissolved finish as quickly as the acid cut it. When every inch had been carefully gone over we rubbed it down with coarse sandpaper, giving special attention to the panels and drawers, and applied three coats of flat white paint, each thoroughly dry before the next was applied, and finally a last coat of enamel, all drops being wiped off and surfaces smoothed with the brush. We had putted up the old screw-holes, and we now bought glass knobs, two for each drawer. It was a proud moment when we placed the chest in the room where it never looked well, and it has been in daily use ever since, a really useful and lovely piece of furniture.

Our desire for new things to paint soon found an outlet in a sun-parlor which had no furniture. Nor was there any money in the family bank-account with which to buy. We searched our storeroom and there found three old wicker chairs, an oak rocker, and a straight chair. A reed couch, relic of a second-hand shop, soiled but in good condition, completed the collection.

No one who to-day sees our gay and charming sun-parlor would dream of the former state of its furnishings. It meant hard work, of course, but the results were so satisfactory that we quite forgot about the labor, once it was over. Every piece had to be cleaned, some scrubbed and sandpapered; the rocker had varnish-remover applied. All had coats of flat white or light color, one or more, before the final coat of color. We chose willow-green and marigold-yellow for our color-scheme, but any color or combination could have been used: black and white, blue and buff, gray and rose, green and lavender. There are as many possibilities as tastes, and the joy of it is that one may have just what he or she likes best.

Old, shabby-looking, brass-trimmed, white-enameled beds have been transformed with metal-enamel and mahogany finish. We do over our beds as often as needed to keep them fresh—every two or three years. We take off all bedding and mattresses and the casters, and spread newspapers on the floor where we are to work. The enamel is applied liberally, but not to the dripping-point, and all drops are wiped off. The lacquer is removed from the brass by means of an acid, as the lacquer gives an old-fashioned look to the beds, and mahogany stain is applied, just as if we were painting wood Thus a bed, too good to discard, becomes fresh, attractive, and up to date with an evening's work.

Our bedrooms have been absolutely transformed with the paint-pot. Fine old mahogany, of which we are fortunate enough to have a few pieces, should never be painted, we believe, but polished to the last degree and kept in repair. But an astonishing assemblage of discarded pieces may be the nucleus of a delightful set when done over with paints.

A fine old wooden bedroom set was made charming and modern by covering with a coat of soft French gray, with tiny baskets of gay flowers on headboard and footboard, chair-backs, and drawers of the dresser. For one who can not draw or combine colors there are patterns to be bought for such designs that are quite easy to follow. The possibilities of bedroom schemes are endless—buff, robin's-egg-blue, mauve, gray-green; anything, in short, that one fancies.

Our paints have not only been used for furniture; they have transformed rooms! We gave the walls and ceiling of our shabby but convenient kitchen a coat of cream-white cold-water paint, making the woodwork the same color in enamel. Deep Chinese red was used for the inside of the cupboards, à la the "latest" in interior decorating. Gay red-and-blue curtains at the windows; a red-and-blue Dutch table-cover on the cream-enameled, gate-legged table; chairs and work-table legs of the same cream.

Coffee-cans, flour-tins, cake-boxes, cracker-jars in the pantry have had coats of the same enamel we put on the beds. A line of yellow or black-and-yellow letters makes a neat finish. Why buy expensive containers, we say, when for a little time and trouble our pantry may have inexpensive and entirely original cans?

In the Spring when a full coat of outside paint was quite out of the question, the man and I took off our shutters, pair by pair, bringing them into the workroom, where, after a thorough cleaning, they were given a coat of green paint. When well dry we rehung them—after dark often—and were rewarded by having our neighbors say, "Just painted your house, haven't you?"

When the man disappears after dinner I am quite likely to find him in the workroom, brush in hand, whistling or smoking, business cares that furrowed his forehead an hour ago vanished. For the tired or anxious or even bored housewife I recommend the magic of the paint-pot. It is absorbing, fascinating, stimulating.

If it's *baked* beans you want—and you do—it's the baked taste that makes you want them—look for the word "baked" on the label. Heinz Baked Beans *are baked in ovens by dry heat. It says so on the label.*

HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS
57

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**Unique *Convex* Mirror!**

See, *Mademoiselle*, the Convex Mirror—exclusive feature of the Djer-Kiss Two-Fold Compact. It allows you to view in miniature your entire face—to judge the general effect produced.

***At once!*** **Your rouge, your face powder and yourself!**

Rouge, Face Powder and a Mirror exposed to view all at the one time. Now, *Madame*, you may see *simultaneously* your face powder, your rouge and yourself.

*Never before so perfect a Compact*

IT is here, a truly perfect aid to beauty—the Djer-Kiss Two-Fold Compact! It contains both Djer-Kiss Rouge and Face Powder in compact form, *and two mirrors.*

Let *Mademoiselle* but lift the exquisite cover and look within. See, she may view her Rouge, her Face Powder and herself—all at the same time.

Yes, *two mirrors!* The unique and exclusive Djer-Kiss *Convex* Mirror that reflects in miniature the *entire face* at a glance. A Detail Mirror, too, that reflects any *part* of the face.

Indeed, has *Madame* yet known a Compact quite so convenient, quite so perfect?

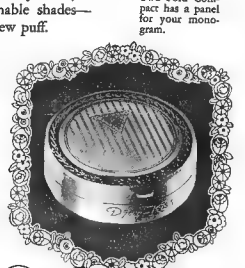
At her favorite shop may she purchase this, the new Djer-Kiss Two-Fold Compact. And there too, will she find Djer-Kiss Re-fills in both Rouge and Face Powder. Each so pure, so delicately fragranced with *Parfum* Djer-Kiss. In all the most fashionable shades—each re-fill contains a dainty new puff.

**Beautiful Cover**

The exquisite cover design of the Djer-Kiss Two-Fold Compact has a panel for your monogram.

*Djer-Kiss*

TWO-FOLD COMPACT



***Special Sample Offer***

In return for 15c *Monsieur Korkoff's* importers will send to *Madame* these *Parisian Pages* containing dainty samples of Djer-Kiss Parfum, Face Powder and Sachet. Address Alfred H. Smith Co., 54 West 34th Street, New York City.

# The HOME BUREAU

## *A Correspondence Course in Babycraft*

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

*Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City*

### *Enlarged Glands*

MY BABY, five months old, has a number of little kernels at the back of his neck. He has always been well with the exception of a bad case of "cradle-cap," which is not quite over yet. What are these little kernels or lumps, and what should I do about them?—Mrs. K. P.

Judging from what you write, I should think your baby has some enlarged glands, which probably came, in his case, from the "cradle-cap," or seborrhea of the scalp. Babies are very subject to glandular enlargement; any irritation of the skin, such as eczema and similar skin-diseases, very often causes the little glands in the neighborhood to enlarge. I have hundreds of letters every year from mothers who are worried about these "little kernels," as they call them. As a rule as soon as the skin irritation is cured the enlarged glands will gradually become reduced in size and finally disappear. It is not necessary to do anything for them. The eczema or other skin irritation should be treated by the family physician.

In some families there is a marked tendency to enlargement of the glands, both those that lie just under the skin, or superficial glands, and those that are situated deeper in the tissues. Sometimes there is no apparent cause for this glandular enlargement, except the tendency to this trouble which they may have inherited from one or both of their parents.

Enlargement of the glands is very frequently seen after a severe cold, or any inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose and throat. After scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, or influenza the glands of the neck will often become very large and tender. Frequently the enlargement in such cases is associated with a fever and considerable pain. Enlarged glands often accompany acute ear trouble, and remain large a long time after the ears are well. Dr. L. E. Holt states that so frequent is acute enlargement of the glands in young children that more than three-fourths of his cases occurred in babies under two years old, and half of these were found during the first year of life. This does not even include cases which were associated with diphtheria, scarlet fever, or measles.

While the glands that most often enlarge are in the neck, others are also found in the groin and axillæ, as well as those of deeper origin connected with some of the internal organs. Decayed teeth and many different infections of the mouth may cause enlarged glands.

The first thing to do when one notices a swelling or enlargement of any of the glands in babies and young children is to try to find out the *cause* of the trouble and have that properly treated. If a child has large tonsils, adenoids, decayed teeth, skin infections, frequent colds, ear trouble, or has had one of the infectious diseases, it may be possible to trace the enlarged glands directly to one of these diseases. The removal of large, infected tonsils and adenoids has many thousands of times completely cured enlarged glands in the neck. A good dentist, who will take pains to examine and treat the first set of teeth, as well as the second, should be asked to examine the mouth of any child with enlarged glands when the trouble can not be traced to anything else.

In my clinics, where we treat thousands of babies under two years of age, we have very many cases of cervical adenitis, or enlarged glands of the neck, every year, especially in the early Spring months. During the years when influenza is especially prevalent enlarged glands are most common, and we have thought that a larger percentage of the glands break down and have to be opened at such times than at others. They often become as large as a hen's egg. About fifty per cent. will disappear after proper treatment of the cause itself; the remainder have to be opened and pus let out before they will heal.

Mothers sometimes think the child is having mumps and delay going to a physician on that account. This is a great mistake. As soon as you notice a swelling or enlargement of the glands you should go to your physician and allow him to thoroughly examine the child.

To relieve the pain which often accompanies enlarged glands of the neck, a small ice-bag may be bound onto the part for an hour or so at a time. In some cases hot applications give more relief than cold; it is far wiser, however, to let the doctor decide what to do in each case. Sometimes he will prescribe an ointment or lotion. When the gland becomes soft and pointed it usually means that it is then time to have it opened and that it will not absorb by itself. If properly attended to the gland will usually promptly heal after it is opened.

Another form of enlarged glands is caused by tuberculosis, but these differ very much from what I have described here. They occur most often in children from three to ten years of age. They are more chronic in nature and not so often accounted for by colds, infectious diseases, etc. They generally increase in size slowly, sometimes taking months or even years to reach their full size. They may break down, and a cheesy matter is then found. A whole chain of glands may become involved. A mother can not decide about these glands; often a physician will have to watch them for some time before being quite sure. There are certain tests he can make, however, which will help him to decide and plan his treatment.

Heliotherapy, or treatment by the direct rays of the sun, has been very successful in treating tubercular glands and other forms of this dread disease.

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Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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*Physicians agree that when a baby cries it is often because his diapers are rough and scratchy from washing with strong soap*

# Won't cause diaper rash

## *Use it for all the clothes that touch your baby's tender skin*

**More babies are born in March than in any other month of the year. This page is written especially for mothers of these new babies. It has been approved by one of the best known baby specialists in the United States.**

NOTHING in the world is as sensitive as a little baby's skin. The least roughness irritates and inflames it.

Physicians agree that when a baby cries or is fretful it is often just because his diapers are rough and scratchy from washing with strong soap, or his little band has shrunk and binds his tender abdomen.

### *Alkali irritates and inflames*

The diaper rash that is the source of such severe suffering to babies is often traceable to this very cause—washing diapers with harsh soap—soap containing free alkali. Alkali is almost impossible to rinse out. It clings to little garments in a fine white powder that is cruelly irritating to sensitive skins.

Lux won't cause diaper rash. There is no free alkali in it—no harmful ingredient of any kind. It is bland and pure—absolutely safe for all the clothes that touch your baby's tender skin.

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THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., makers of babies' woolens, says—"We are willing to say without qualification that Lux will not shrink or injure woolens. We wish every young mother would wash her baby's shirts and bands in Lux."

SIMON ASCHER & CO., makers of infants' and children's outer knit goods, say: "Lux is ideal for woolens. It is so pure it cannot injure the sensitive wool fiber."

### *How to wash diapers*

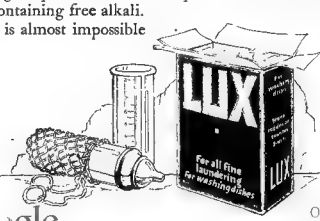
**Soiled diapers should have all solid matter removed immediately and then be put to soak in cold water. If diapers are simply wet place them in a covered pail and let them soak in cold water until you are ready to wash them.**

**Then whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in a tub of very hot water. Let diapers soak for a few minutes, then dip them up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through them. If suds die down add more Lux. Rinse in at least three waters. Boil diapers once a week using one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Rinse thoroughly.**

### *To keep woolens unshrunken*

**Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a wash bowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out or put through a loose wringer.**

**Woolens should be dried in an even temperature; that of the ordinary room is the best. Shirts and stockings may be dried on wooden forms.**

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# *Inside the Windows*

*The Right Curtain Effects from Both Sides of the Pane*

By Julia Gates

CONSIDER the windows, how they grow, some tall and stately, some wide and friendly, others romantic, swinging casement affairs. Yet Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed in such a diversity of colors and fabrics as the amateur home decorators of our fair land have in recent seasons been hanging up at their windows.

Of course color at the window may be very charming if properly used. Those of us who remember the Nottingham lace era can not fail to rejoice that the vogue of those stiff, thick, heavily figured Nottinghams has passed and that lighter, airier, and prettier materials are now favored. Only we can't help wishing sometimes, when we pass certain houses, that the folks who live inside them would stop, look, and listen to reason before they hang orange silk against the parlor panes, purple cretonne with green parrots at the dining-room windows, green gauze in the hall, pink organdy in one bedroom, white dotted Swiss at another, stenciled unbleached muslin in yet a third, and any old thing (or bleak, black *nothing*) at the front attic window.

Yes, color is a lovely thing at the windows, with the light shining through, when seen from inside. But often, alas! in the hands of an inexperienced home decorator it is so used that the outward appearance of the house is spotty and undignified, even rather startling. The apartment-dweller usually doesn't care about the outside appearance of her windows, but the dweller in a house must consider the looks of her windows as seen from the street as well as from indoors.

Now, of course, the easiest way to avoid bizarre outward effects and still use whatever colors one chooses in the various rooms of the home, is to hang simple curtains of some thin, transparent material next the glass *at every window in the house*, save possibly the kitchen, and then hang the gay colors inside, as side curtains and overdraperies. Then the outward appearance of the house, which is so very important to the home-lover, remains one of harmony, unity, and dignity.

The net family is a very numerous one, so that any taste and any purse can be suited. There are imported nets and domestic nets; sheer, medium, and heavy nets, in white, cream, ecru, and colors, some of the last-mentioned of quite barbaric splendor and rather good for studios, colleges, tea-rooms, and little shops. They are rather too stimulating in color for the average home.

Of the safe and sane nets best selected for glass-curtains, however, there is a wide choice, beginning with the fragile bobbinet, which is as fine as a bride's veil almost, and ranging through a great number of Brussels nets, Tuscan nets, filets, fine, medium, and heavy, and a new cross-net, with square mesh, which is particularly useful, being, because of its large squares, extremely transparent, yet much sturdier in service and laundry possibilities than the dainty bobbinet. Some of these cross-nets have tiny designs in color sprinkled over their surfaces, which adds a jewel-like charm to the curtain without displaying a riot of color to the passer-by.

Of course voile, marquisette, scrim, organdy, and such sheer fabrics, while thicker than net and more susceptible to soil because of their close weave, are always pretty and suitable for the simple type of house, particularly the colonial type, so popular. And here it may be said that white ruffled curtains, primly tied back with stiff little ruffled sashes, are just as pretty and appropriate in a big colonial house as in a cottage, if the other furnishings are consistently simple. If, however, the house is rather elaborately and elegantly colonial, a better choice is colonial net, a fine filet upon which are worked, in self-color, tiny, prim bits of design exactly like the funny little figures our painstaking great-grandmothers used to work in their juvenile samplers. This type of net, which is sometimes called sampler net, is quietly amusing without being grotesque, and it is in perfect harmony with the spirit of the antique.

In choosing between a cloth and a net curtain the question of laundry is one that immediately occurs to the thoughtful housewife. Nets should never be ironed, but, if they are of a very "pully" type, stretched carefully. The heavy nets usually hold their own if carefully washed by sousing gently up and down and not being twisted, pulled, or ungently handled. It is enough to run them, smooth and flat, through the wringer, and then hang them up again upon their rods, gently pulling them into shape if they seem to sag at a corner.

The fabric curtain, on the other hand, depends for its charm on its snowy crispness, and such a curtain must be faultlessly ironed to retain its charm after the first visit to the laundry. French laundries do these curtains beautifully, and some domestic performers on the ironing-machine or ironing-board are equally skilful. If the house is curtained in this type it is wise to have several extra pairs and to rotate, putting up one or two fresh pairs each week instead of having them all down every so often for a general cleaning, leaving the windows bare for several days during the arduous process.

For overdraperies there is an almost limitless choice of materials, and the use of some colored or printed fabric in addition to the glass-curtain, to carry out a desired color scheme in the room, is becoming more popular all the time. Care must be taken, however, that the overdraperies do not exclude too much light.

PALE GOLDEN CASEMENT LACE, AND SIDE CURTAINS OF BROWN AND ORANGE SILK GIVE A SUNNY EFFECT TO THIS DARK WINDOW

Now that patterns are available for smart overdraperies used by expert decorators the woman at home can make stunning curtains herself in the very latest designs. The range of fabric possibilities for these is a wide one. For the living-rooms of the house, that is, hall, drawing or living-room, library, and dining-room, somewhat richer and darker materials are generally used than for the bedrooms. Damasks, brocades, reps, taffetas, satins, velours, and soft, pliable mohairs are among the richest fabrics used. Cretonne, gaily colored and patterned, gives a more informal look than the richer materials, and so is especially suitable for simple homes. Indeed, suitability must be the buyer's chief guide in selecting curtains, as well as other furnishings—suitability to purse, furnishings, type of room and house, and family.

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Golden waffles . . . crisp, melting, delicious . . . so simply prepared that you can have them any morning!

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## The HOME BUREAU

# *Color Schemes for Your Menus*

*Behind the Scenes with a Well-Known Woman Caterer*

By Mary Rodgers DeMotte

SOME people think they do not approve of artificially colored foods, but it is exactly like make-up. If you do it skilfully, do not overdo it, things really do look prettier and more interesting. And so I am going to give away some of my state secrets. They are very simple. Any woman who entertains without a maid can, by using some of them, give a luncheon or a tea that will look as tho it were done by an expert.

### *Pink*

PINK is the color-scheme I am asked for oftenest. My favorite menu is a fruit cocktail made of bananas, apples, white cherries, white grapes, and grapefruit, served in sherbet-glasses, garnished with whipped cream colored pink, and sprinkled with finely chopped pistachio-nuts, for the first course. Or, when in season, watermelon-balls served in halves of cantaloup. Then cream-of-corn soup with a spoonful of whipped cream on top, sprinkled with a few grains of pink popcorn. With this I serve long croutons or cheese-straws piled up on a plate and tied with pink ribbons.

For the main course I use baked ham, apples, and sweet potatoes baked in the same dish and colored with "reddies," as the children call them little red candies.

I have two pretty salads I use with this menu, either frozen cheese and Bar-le-Duc, or a hard-boiled egg colored pink with beet-juice, pressed while hot into the shape of an apple, with a real or artificial leaf stuck into the end.

Strawberry or peach ice-cream in spun-sugar nests finishes the meal, with small cakes iced in white and decorated with sugar-roses, and pink bonbons.

In my peach ice-cream I always put just a drop of pink coloring, not enough to make it a real pink, but just enough to remind you of the pink cheek on the yellow peach. If you do not tint it, it will look exactly like vanilla ice-cream with something mixed in it, and will not be nearly as interesting.

### *Green*

THE green menu I like best is sweet-bread cocktail in cucumber-cups, clear soup garnished with whipped cream sprinkled with chopped parsley and soufflèd crackers, lamb-chops around a mold of spinach or served with peas in turnip-cups, frozen mint punch, asparagus salad with vinaigrette dressing, citron pudding in a melon-mold, and green-and-white mints.

Pale-green spun-sugar nests are lovely filled with frozen cherries. Strawberry and cherry ice are both nice served this way, but I like the frozen fruit better. For a salad or a canapé, color cream cheese green with mashed green pepper and fill the halves of hard-boiled eggs with it. Use green cherries for a garnish for salads, cocktails, or desserts, with leaves cut from angelica.

### *Yellow*

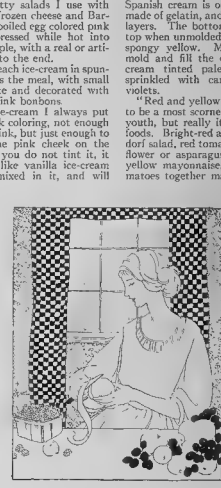
FOR a yellow menu nothing is prettier for the first course than a fruit cocktail in grapefruit-baskets. Then you can serve creamed sweetbreads or chicken, sweet-potato apples (simply mashed sweet potatoes made in apple shapes), with an artificial leaf or a sprig of parsley in the end, and a ring-mold of spinach filled with egg sauce, with the yolks grated over the whole. Use any good vegetable salad with mayonnaise and crackers for the next course, and for dessert a sponge-cake from which the center has been removed and the cavity filled with Nesselrode pudding, cut in slices, and marshmallows dipped in yellow fondant.

I always color my orange ice if, as so often happens, the orange-juice is not yellow enough to make it the right shade. A dessert that I make frequently for Easter affairs is made in melon-molds, lining them with vanilla ice-cream and filling in the center with orange ice. When cut they look like huge eggs.

For a yellow icing it isn't necessary to use coloring. I never do. I just beat my boiled sugar into the whipped egg yolks instead of the whites. Of course this doesn't go as far as the icing made with the whites, for it isn't quite so fluffy, but you can make it so by adding a white. Of course this icing must be flavored with orange or lemon.

For yellow ice-cream use the yolks of the eggs for a custard foundation. A delicious yellow dessert is the old-fashioned Spanish cream. The recipe is found in any good reliable cook-book. I have found that lots of the favorite dishes of our mothers have been pushed into the back of the book by the newer ones and are not made as often as they should be. Spanish cream is one of them. This is made of gelatin, and it separates into two layers. The bottom part, which is the top when unmolded, is clear, and the top spongy yellow. Make this in a ring-mold and fill the center with whipped cream tinted pale pink or lavender, sprinkled with candied rose-petals or violets.

"Red and yellow catch a fellow" used to be a most scorned combination in our youth, but really it is most effective in foods. Bright-red apples filled with Waldorf salad, red tomatoes filled with cauliflower or asparagus-tips topped with a yellow mayonnaise, or oranges and tomatoes together make salads intriguing to the eye and to the palate.



### *Red*

A GOOD red menu would consist of cream-of-tomato soup, crackers sprinkled with paprika, lobster farci with little potato-balls, jellied fruit salad in a large star-shaped mold (each point of which has a large red cherry in it), served with cream cheese and Bar-le-Duc, and a strawberry dessert.

A pretty way to make the cheese fit into the color scheme is to serve Bar-le-Duc, either the red or yellow variety, in little paper bonbon-cups that match the decorations, on a small plate, with a ball of cheese decorated with nuts or strips of candied fruit and two or three wafers.

### *Lavender*

LAVENDER used carefully makes a lovely color-scheme for a luncheon. But you have to be careful of it under artificial light, for it often spoils it. You can use the different shades from violet to pale lavender, or you can use the combination of pink and lavender. For the first course of such an affair watermelon-balls in a nectar of fruit juice colored with grape-juice are delicious.

I usually make my mints and bonbons; then I can get them just the right shade. I make the fondant, melt it, and color it with paste or liquid coloring.

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# Checking Up by Budget

## With and Without Labor-Saving Devices

By Mae Savell Croy

THE budget system for housekeeping is excellent if it is followed. So often, however, the patience necessary for keeping it accurately is lost after a few weeks, or after a few months at the most. Every pound of sugar or every quart of milk will become very laborious to itemize, while to detail every penny of expense often means discarding the whole system finally. If only the large items are set down, however, and the smaller ones lumped under one head daily or weekly it will take but a few moments of time to keep a record which will ultimately be of real value. For such items as groceries, vegetables, meats, bread, butter, eggs, and milk the weekly total only should be added, and if there is occasion for any special purchase, such as an extra large roast for a company dinner, a note should be made under "Remarks."

There is no question but that the writing down of sums spent will train one to spend money wisely—to get full value for a dollar—while to "spend until it is gone" breeds extravagance and waste. Housekeeping *is* a business as well as a profession, and as a business it must be treated if it is to thrive. Our best housekeepers have always worked on an allowance or budget system, tho many of them have merely carried details in their minds instead of jotting down the expenditures as they occur. The mind method, however, can not be wholly satisfactory, for no one can retain month after month and year after year the details of the cost of living, and wiser and more expeditious methods are devised, with far less effort, by a mere comparison of expenditures for the different months and years.

If all housekeepers followed a simple budget system, watching the increasing and decreasing (if there be such a thing any longer) cost of household expenses, the combination of so many efficient workers and bright minds would do much toward lowering the cost of living. Merchants are quick to read human nature, and every groceryman soon learns just what his different customers will stand for in the way of added costs and inferior quality of food, and when he learns that they will not tolerate unfair treatment or profiteering he in turn will seek a way to combat the high prices which he is none too willing to pay, but which he does pay without protest since his customers will ultimately pay the bill.

When a woman finds that her grocer habitually sends her a poor quality of fruit or stale vegetables, and she notices that her neighbor receives a better grade of goods, she will find, if she searches for the reason, that the neighbor will not accept poor goods. In all probability she goes to the market and selects her own, and the chances are that she pays her bills promptly, which every *good* housekeeper does, for it is within the bounds of possibility for every woman, with a few rare exceptions, to live within her income.

The responsibility of reducing the cost of living to its former normal status belongs to the housewife, and the responsibility is not so great as it would seem. It but remains for each woman to do her individual share, never difficult unless it has been neglected for some length of time.

One of our Pictorial Review readers, with a family consisting of three adults and two children, last Summer called the writer's attention to her budget, which faithfully records her expenditures for six years. This housewife was a successful business woman before her marriage, and she straightway applied business methods to her housekeeping.

At the beginning of the third year of her budget system she began installing labor-saving devices gradually as she felt she could afford them, and by the sixth year her house was completely equipped with the reliable devices on the market that fitted her family's needs and would save her money and her time. Her budget is a proof of what we have been advocating on these pages; that is, that it costs less to have machinery do the housework than to have it done] by hand.

She purchased first the devices which she saw would save money, such as the fireless cooker, pressure-cooker, and the electric clothes-washer and -ironer, and she purchased them on the part-payment plan, that they might pay for themselves while she was having the use of them. Next came the electric vacuum cleaner to save her from fatigue, tho she saw it saved her rugs, and her time as well, inasmuch as there was so little dusting to be done when it was used.

The electric sewing-machine was added as soon as she found that she had so much spare time after systematizing her cleaning and cooking, and since the cost of a motor was so little, that expense hardly counted.

There has been a deviation here from her budget as shown in her book, since the cost of living during the sixth year did not compare to what it was when she began housekeeping, and instead of putting down the actual amounts for the first year of her married life, the writer has simply put down the quantity of food purchased, the amount paid for gas and electricity and service, and applied the same rate that was being paid for like expenditures during 1923, this being the only way to arrive at an accurate conclusion of what her first-year budget would have amounted to during the sixth year without the labor-saving devices. The most noticeable differences, of course, are in clothing and service, tho there is some difference in the food bill, since cooking by steam-pressure, or with the fireless cooker, prevents waste and keeps certain foods fresh longer. An interesting point to note is that there is an increase in the electric bill, while the doctor's bill shows a decrease.

| | *Average per Mo. for 1918* | *Average per Mo. for 1923* |
|---|---|---|
| Fish and meat | $12.80 | $9.90 |
| Milk, butter, eggs | 14.70 | 14.20 |
| Vegetables and fruit | 12.55 | 12.67 |
| Grocer and baker | 18.10 | 18.10 |
| Ice | 4.50 | 3.85* |
| Electricity, lights | 1.85 | |
| " lights and machinery | | 2.40 |
| Gas | 4.20 | 4.15 |
| Day's wages for laundry, cleaning, and occasionally serving a company dinner, 2 days weekly, at $4.10 per day | 32.80 | 12.30† |
| Doctor | 4.00 | 1.60 |
| Educational, books, lectures | 1.60 | 3.10 |
| Incidental (telephone, postage, and stationery) | 3.25 | 3.15 |
| | $110.50 | $85.42 |

* Current for electric refrigerator.
† 3 days per month.

Saving for the year 1923 over 1918 at original amounts equals $300.96.

The husband's salary in 1918 amounted to $80 per week, or $346.66 per month, and the rent paid was $50 per month.

The remainder, to be applied to husband's lunches, car-fares, and clothing for the entire family, was $56.16.

With the use of the labor-saving devices the work of the household is reduced so materially and the fatigue from doing it is lessened to such a degree that all the underclothing for the family, most of the children's clothes, and much of the clothing for the two women adults are done at home on the electric sewing-machine, and the total saving in clothing bills in 1923 was reduced $126, which, added to $300.96, made the total saving $426.96—more than $35 per month.

And all this saving is credited to labor-saving machinery.

Nature's Tints Indoors

Your Walls can be made Beautiful

True Alabastine colors—tints direct from Nature's palette—will add charm, beauty, hospitality and comfort to your home. There is scarcely a tone or tint your imagination can picture, a color harmony your rugs and furnishings require, which cannot be reproduced by using Alabastine on your walls. By the simple combining in varying proportions of regular Alabastine tints, you can produce at will any color effect desired.

Alabastine

*Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper*

Alabastine is a high-grade water color for interior surfaces—plaster, wall board, paint, burlap, canvas, or even old wall paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no aniline dyes; comes in standard colors which intermix to make many shades—mixed with either cold or warm water—and is so uniformly satisfactory that you may apply it yourself when decorators are not available—put up in powdered form—full directions on every five-pound package. Being sanitary as well as artistic, Alabastine is the acceptable wall coating for homes, offices, public buildings, theatres, schools—wherever beautiful walls are desired.

*Write to Miss Brandon*

Miss Ruby Brandon, in charge of our "Home Betterment" department, will be glad to advise you upon any question of interior decorating. A staff of experienced decorators will help her solve your wall color problems. She will send you, without cost or obligation, our color chart showing the latest mode in wall decoration. Address your letter to Miss Ruby Brandon, care of

Alabastine Company,
859 Grandville Avenue,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

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# With millions threatened ~ is your child safe?

## This article begins a nation wide Health Crusade to protect Young America against its deadliest foe.

**A dangerous age—from 2 to 6**

THE time has come for every American mother to consider the dangers of malnutrition among *children of the United States* in general and among her own babies *particularly*. Malnutrition is a foe that menaces the childhood of the whole country. Doctors and health authorities, teachers and nurses, social workers, women's clubs, the public press—all of the agencies have been fighting malnutrition for years.

The United States is the most prosperous country in the world today. Americans have more food, more doctors, more schools per population than any other country. American mothers are supposed to be the most intelligent in the world.

### *And yet—we have malnutrition to an alarming degree!*

This great evil is so common that if it were an infectious disease every school in the country would have to be closed.

It is estimated on unimpeachable authority that 6,000,000 of our school children suffer from the effects of under-nourishment.

A recent survey of the schools of a certain southern city, for example, showed that *half* of the school children were under-nourished.

A survey made a few years ago in New York City showed that *one-third* of the school children were under-nourished.

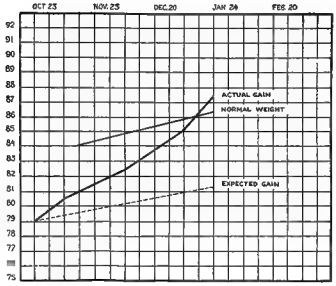
Malnutrition attacks rich and poor. It is not confined to people who have little money. The biggest proportion of malnourished children is found among those of average means.

For example, a survey among 10,000 Chicago school children showed that one school with 57.7% of its enrollment underweight was reported from a "comfortable suburban neighborhood" as contrasted with 16.2% for one school of the "stockyards district." Nearly four times as many in the well-to-do district!

* * * *

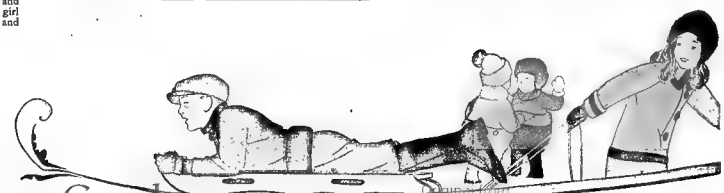
PEDIATRICIANS have studied the problem of the malnourished child for years. Educators, nurses, health workers, social service and child health organizations have accomplished wonderful results in individual cases.

But now at last the movement is synchronized into a Great Health Crusade, sponsored for the first time in history by a purely commercial organization.




**How one little girl gained**

Terese C. was a poor little sad-faced girl of 12 when she began to take Eagle Brand. In three months' time she gained 8¼ lbs. Her weight went from 79 to 87¼ lbs.—one pound over her normal weight. Examine the chart carefully and see her wonderful gain. She became round faced and pretty, too. Any little girl can do the same if she and her mother both try!



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The adolescent period is the most critical in a girl's life. Tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases lie in wait for the young girl. Just when she needs her mother most—would you forget her?

The Borden Company, by virtue of its position as leader in the milk industry, is able to back this movement in a big way financially, and is glad to do so because all efforts to overcome malnutrition lead invariably to the greater consumption of milk, which is the child's basic food.

* * * *

MALNUTRITION has become so threatening among school children that authorities cannot cope with it unless they have the support of each individual mother. Realizing the seriousness of the situation and the need for arousing mothers and giving them the knowledge and means to combat this great danger, the *Nutrition Department* of the Borden Company has been experimenting with malnourished school children in different parts of the country for two years.

In this time over 1000 school children have been observed and treated. Read the following results of these experiments carefully:

The *Nutrition Department* of the Borden Company worked first with two groups of malnourished public school children in a suburban town. The groups were chosen by school officials and were equal in numbers and as similar as possible in other respects. Both groups were given weekly health talks, and put on a health schedule. Physical examinations were made and defects corrected as far as possible. Home cooperation was secured and the homes visited by health workers. Daily health records were kept. In addition Group A received a daily mid-morning feeding of ordinary fluid milk. Group B received a similar amount of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk diluted according to a special malnutrition formula worked out on a caloric basis. At the end of a period of six months both groups had gained considerably; but the remarkable part of it was that Group B (the Eagle Brand group) had gained more than Group A in all respects—weight, appearance, mentality. To check this experiment another one was conducted in another school—this time in a metropolitan district. After a three months' period, Group B (the Eagle Brand group) showed a gain equal to Group A in weight, appearance, mentality, bone structure, but far superior in blood count. The actual medical results are given in a report by an eminent New York specialist who examined the children. A reprint of this report will be sent free to anyone who wishes it.

Dr. John C. Curran, Associate Director of the Near East Relief, has been successfully fighting malnutrition with condensed milk ever since the war. He says:

"Our experience with 115,000 orphan children of the Near East shows that there is no more valuable food than condensed milk for restoring half-starved children to health and strength. *I wish there was some way that the people of the United States could learn of the great value of condensed milk.*"

* * * *

WHAT can you, as a thoughtful mother, do to protect your children against this dreadful condition? How can you make use of this scientific, medical-sounding data?

### *3 Little Books tell you how*

ALL of this information has been translated into familiar terms by the *Nutrition Department* of the Borden Company. It is contained in 3 Little Books which you can have for the asking. There is absolutely no charge for these books. If you want your child to be healthy you should get them and use them. They are called *Keeping Your Child Fit, The Adolescent Girl* and *Menus for Little People.*

These three wonderful little books will give you simple, practical, useful help. Even if you are sure your children are in splendid health, you cannot afford to be without the 3 Little Books. They should be part of every mother's equipment. Use the coupon below and send for them today.

Meanwhile, until you get them, here are things you can do:

Weigh your child and see if he weighs what he should for his age and height. (Weight charts can be obtained from the Borden Company.) If he is even slightly underweight protect him by bringing his weight up at once.

Mid-morning or mid-afternoon feedings with Eagle Brand, as described in the experiments in this article, will build him up. For Eagle Brand is pure cow's milk—famous for more than half a century as the standard baby food. It is rich in all growth elements—in body and bone building elements. It contains three vitamins. It is thoroughly digestible.

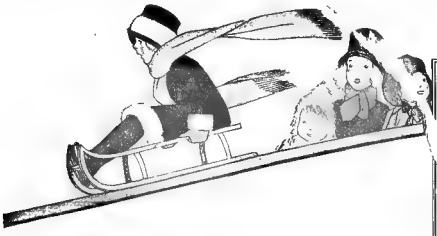
But Eagle Brand alone is not enough. Your child must be taught to obey fundamental health rules. He must also have a normal diet and a normally active life. His *interest* must be aroused, too, because an unwilling patient makes a slow cure. The clever Milkarpie stories published by the Borden Company will help you to do this. They are written in the most entertaining whimsical fashion just for children and bound into a little book called *"Milkarpie Magic."* They will make him as interested in getting strong as you are; and they will hold his interest and thus simplify your task.

No matter where and how you live you can find ways to provide these essentials. Space does not permit listing all of these ways and means here, but the 3 Little Books will tell you how. Get your coupon in early. *The Borden Company, 246 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

*Your boy* and his future. Dare you risk his future success by neglecting his health *now?* And will you shoulder the responsibility then? Better do it now and give him the start that is his birthright.

**Malnutrition Formula**

Mix 2 tablespoonfuls of Eagle Brand in 2/3 cup of cold water. Give about twice this amount at each mid-morning feeding.



THE BORDEN COMPANY,
246 BORDEN BUILDING,
350 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

*Please send me my free set of the 3 Little Books at once!*

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

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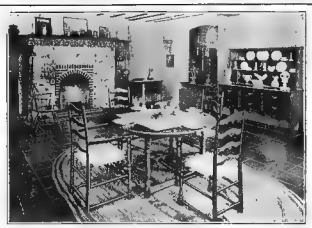
# That Soft Rich Sheen on all Your Furniture

You want the rich, "velvet finish" that O-Cedar Polish imparts. Demand O-Cedar Polish to insure that soft, glowing sheen on your piano, furniture, woodwork and floors. Feel how dry and clean O-Cedar leaves everything it touches—no greasy shine to gather new dirt. O-Cedar Polish produces a velvety lustre unlike any other polish and cleans easier, while it preserves and beautifies. Goes farther, too.

The weekly O-Cedar treatment for fine wood surfaces and linoleum is a requisite of the well-kept home. Ask your dealer for O-Cedar Polish, by the full name—O-Cedar. Sold everywhere under an unconditional guarantee to give you results never before equaled, or your money back. Try it today; it will be a revelation to you.

O-CEDAR CORP'N, Chicago
Toronto - London - Paris

O-Cedar Polish



*A Colonial dining-room suite in solid walnut. It consists of seven pieces retailing at about $295.00.*

# Walnut Has the Greatness *of* Simplicity

Simple furniture is ever the keynote of good taste. But only when it is made of American Walnut does it possess the combination of durable usefulness and beautiful appearance in full measure.

Walnut was chosen in wartime for gunstocks and airplane propellers, when utmost strength was vital; while chosen for centuries as a rare cabinet wood of surpassing beauty.

So if you seek simple furniture, sparingly decorated in the old manner that will withstand wear sturdily and be forever lovely, make sure when you buy that it is made of walnut.

A booklet of invaluable information, "Real American Walnut," on *how to identify true walnut*, and helpful advice on the purchase of furniture, fully illustrated, sent for the asking. Write for free copy today.

AMERICAN WALNUT

AMERICAN WALNUT MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
Room 821 616 South Michigan Boulevard Chicago, Ill.

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER IN BUYING WALNUT FURNITURE

1. Ask if it is real walnut—if all exposed surfaces are real walnut.
2. Walnut has characteristic pores which appear on the surface as fine pen lines, dots or dashes, easily visible. Substitutes woods do not show these lines, dots or dashes distinctly.
3. Make sure that legs, rails and mouldings are of the same wood as tops, fronts and sides—real walnut.

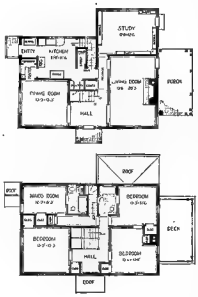
—From "Real American Walnut"


## *Homes from Coast to Coast*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

### HOUSE A

Designed by Elwell & Blackall

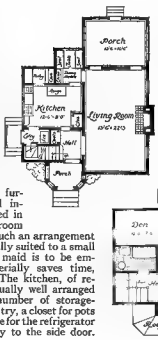



FIRST FLOOR: To the central-hall arrangement there has here been added a spacious, well-lighted study, located at the rear of the house yet within easy reach by means of a passageway that communicates with the entrance-hall, the living-room, and the service-quarters. A room of this type provides a haven of restful refuge on those inevitable occasions when the living-room is being used by visitors or, perhaps, by the somewhat lusty younger members of the household. Good lighting and ventilation are admirably assured, not only upon the lower floor, but upon the second floor.

SECOND FLOOR: Here the service-quarters are suitably isolated from the family apartments, the connecting stairway rising from the kitchen to an inner hall that gives access to the maid's sleeping-room and its communicating bathroom. Two of the family bedrooms are arranged *en suite*. All of the sleeping-rooms receive the benefit of diagonal ventilation and abundant light.

### HOUSE B

Designed by Robert L. Stevenson

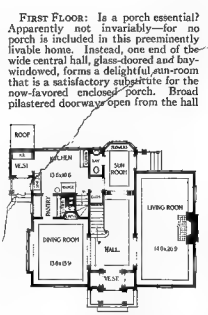



FIRST FLOOR: A living-room occupies the major portion of the first floor. It is a room rich in windows and doubly cheerful by proximity to a large enclosed sun-porch. Instead of an ordinary dining-room there is a compact dining-alcove, lighted by casement-windows and completely fitted with built-in furniture, snugly and inconspicuously tucked in between the living-room and the kitchen. Such an arrangement is, of course, especially suited to a small home in which no maid is to be employed, as it materially saves time, steps, and labor. The kitchen, of restricted area, is equally well arranged with a generous number of storage-spaces: a roomy pantry, a closet for pots and pans, and a niche for the refrigerator in the entry, handy to the side door.

SECOND FLOOR: Three well-proportioned rooms, together with a bathroom and five large closets, are here embodied in an arrangement that is markedly convenient. Altho one of the rooms is intended for use as a den, it is equally fitted for an extra bedroom, having the diagonal ventilation that the other rooms upon this floor possess. It also possesses an ample closet which may be used either as a storage place for papers and files or as a clothes closet if it is decided to use the room as an additional bedroom. The bathroom is well located with its entrance at top of the stairs.

### HOUSE C

Designed by Peare, Quiner, Nevin & Chickering




FIRST FLOOR: Is a porch essential? Apparently not invariably—for no porch is included in this preeminently livable home. Instead, one end of the wide central hall, glass-doored and bay-windowed, forms a delightful sun-room that is a satisfactory substitute for the now-favored enclosed porch. Broad pilastered doorways open from the hall to the living-room and the dining-room, which, with the large bay window in the latter room, give a spaciousness of effect that few small interiors ever attain.

SECOND FLOOR: Almost suggestive of Southern architecture is the upper hall in its general expansiveness; but the unusual size of the hall can be traced to the need of only a limited amount of sleeping-accommodation. With very slight modification, however, the alcove at one end of the hall could be converted into a den, a bedroom, or a sewing-room. The bathroom, occupying a position above the kitchen and conveniently near the stair-landing, is arranged to communicate both with the hall and the owner's room direct.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

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# Homes from Coast to Coast

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

## HOUSE D

Designed by Peare, Quiner, Nevin & Chickering

FIRST FLOOR: The chief architectural feature of the long living-room is a fireplace that is set into a shallow ingle, having seats built in below its little casement-windows. In the dining-room, too, there is a definite point of interest in the glass-doored china-closet, which is built in to assume the place of the usual mobile sideboard. The kitchen is excellent in point of serviceableness. The stairs to the cellar, where the laundry is located, have an outside entrance at the grade-line—a feature which saves many steps.

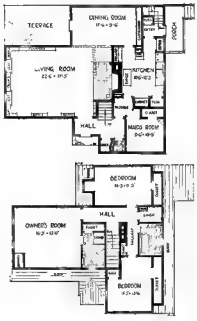
SECOND FLOOR: Within very compact area, the requirements of a small family have been admirably met. The one bathroom is so situated that it is easy of access from any part of the house—and to locate a bathroom, as in this case, directly above the kitchen is, of course, always economically

sound, as it tends to a reduction in the cost both of installing and maintaining the plumbing equipment.

## HOUSE E

Designed by Grandgent & Elwell

FIRST FLOOR: The space devoted to a hall and a staircase is, in this example, reduced almost to the minimum compatible with convenience, in order to augment the size of the living-room. The living-room and the dining-room have no suggestion of separation, apart from a beam at ceiling-height. Together, therefore, they form one delightful room, many-windowed and spacious, and dominated by a great open fireplace located in an ingle underneath the staircase. Closets, cupboards, and a cabinet, a laundry-chute, a built-in refrigerator, a double sink, and a drop-leaf table—these combine to ease the performance of the workaday round of kitchen duties. The maid's bedroom is provided for on this floor.




SECOND FLOOR: This floor is entirely reserved for the family quarters. A separate linen-room is not the least important feature. From it a chute descends to the laundry in the basement. The chief bedroom receives light and air from three sides. In the other bedrooms, however, there are two exposures that give diagonal ventilation.

# Dangerous Curves Ahead!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

instantly felt my resolutions to continue my liquid diet crumbling precipitately. *Pig's Knuckles and Sauerkraut!* Pig's knuckles probably 400 C. to 800 C., depending upon the size. The sauerkraut cooked in the fat probably 100 C., and the things I knew I should want with them, the big boiled potato, the rye bread, and the unsalted butter! And of course I would end up with a dessert. I saw at least 1,500 C staring me in the face if I succumbed.

Now, for the vital point of this tragic tale. I did not succumb. Withheld your applause until I tell you how I succeeded in overcoming this terrible temptation. I communed with myself. Said I, "Which shall I enjoy more—the twenty minutes or so that I shall be experiencing the delectable pleasures of the pig's knuckle or the very much longer pleasure that I shall experience by continuing to lose the hated five pounds of weight?" The pig's knuckle won.

I communed again. "All right, I'm going to have the pig's knuckle. But before I do I am going to walk five blocks in the opposite direction from this iniquitous locality, not allowing my thoughts to dwell upon any part of the anatomy of a pig. If at the end of five blocks I still want his knuckle I shall come back and get it."

*I did not go back.*

Now you can get a lesson from this winning fight I fought. You can fight the same fight when you are obsessed with longings for forbidden things When you feel that you must have some of the article you know is going to cause grief afterward, do the way I did. Don't say that you aren't going to have it. Say, "All right, I shall have it. But first I shall walk away from it, or occupy myself in some other locality."

This tides you over the crisis and you'll find you won't go back.

You see I am taking it for granted that you know how to reduce. I don't mean on the unscientific eat-and-grow-thin type of menus eliminating all fats, starches, and sugars, which if followed for any length of time bring on a state of acidosis which is worse than your original condition; but the modern scientific method of reducing by the caloric system, which not only reduces fat but improves the health at the same time. It might be advisable for me to give a brief review of the method, so in another article I'll help you steer clear of those dangerous curves ahead.

# Bake hot biscuits for supper SUNDAY

## . . . in 10 minutes!

Enjoy your guests' delight, your husband's pride when you serve a big plateful of delicious hot biscuits for supper next Sunday! Delicious hot biscuits are very easily prepared—they need not be the bothersome thing so many women think. Just follow this easy way of making them.

TAKE a few minutes Saturday morning to mix and cut a pan of Royal biscuits. Slip them into the ice box or set them aside in a cool place. Sunday when supper time comes pop them into the oven and they are ready by the time the table is set!

Make your biscuits any way your family likes best—you can depend on Royal Baking Powder to give you beautifully raised, delicious biscuits every time!

Because two leavening agents are combined in Royal your biscuits begin to rise as soon as the dough is mixed. Then a second rising takes place when the biscuits are put into the oven. This double-acting quality makes it possible for you to bake Royal biscuits immediately or to keep the biscuit dough ready mixed for several days.

See the delighted faces when you serve a plateful of piping hot biscuits for supper next Sunday! Send for the new Royal booklet on biscuit-making—free. The Royal Baking Powder Co., 113 East 42nd Street, New York City.

*Biscuit recipe*

All measurements level. 2 cups flour; 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; 2 tablespoons shortening; ½ teaspoon salt; ¾ cup milk or half milk and half water. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Add shortening and mix in thoroughly with steel fork. Add liquid slowly to make soft dough. Roll or pat out with hands on floured board to about one inch in thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter, first dipped in flour. Place on greased pan and bake in hot oven (475° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

*Contains no alum* *Leaves no bitter taste*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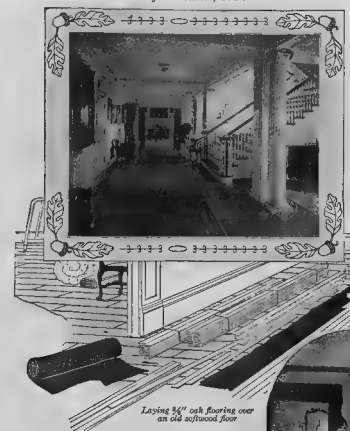

*Oak Floors are the correct setting for your rugs, enhancing by their natural charm of grain and figure, the beauty of furniture and hangings. The new finishes, conforming to the scheme of decoration adopted, enable you to express individuality in each room*

CONSULT AN ARCHITECT BEFORE BUILDING

*Laying ¾" oak flooring over an old softwood floor*

# Your home *can have* OAK FLOORS.

YOU do not have to build, to enjoy all the advantages of modern oak floors. Right over your present softwood floors, lay ⅜ inch oak flooring, a special thickness manufactured for this purpose, just as sound, as enduring, and as beautiful as oak flooring used in new construction.

## *Easily and quickly laid*

None of the woodwork need be disturbed, except the quarter-round at the baseboard, and the work may be done one room at a time to avoid confusion in the household; or during vacation, have the entire house modernized, and see the surprise and delight when the family returns.

Enjoy the comfortable and home-like quality of Nature's oak flooring, without the cold rigidity so noticeable in artificial man-made flooring materials. When a little relaxation is in order, roll back the rugs and dance; the young folks can have a good time at home.

You will find oak floors not expensive, actually cheaper than ordinary floors, plus carpet, while their durability, cleanliness and life-long beauty are unquestioned.

Wouldn't you like to know more about the advantages of oak floors? Mail this coupon for our new book, illustrating modern finishes in color—24 pages of useful information. Write today.

OAK FLOORING BUREAU
1031 Ashland Block, Chicago

*Put your flooring problems up to our experts. We will gladly serve you.*

NATURE'S GIFT OF EVERLASTING BEAUTY

OAK FLOORING BUREAU
1031 Ashland Block, Chicago

Please send me your free, illustrated book, "The Story of OAK FLOORS."

*Name* . . . . . .

*Address* . . . . . .


# *New Wine in Old Bottles*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

The three spies dodged into a darkened lane between streets. When they emerged on the city square again, stealthily glancing in all directions, there was not a sign of Roman watchman, soldiers, women. Thamyris drew his sword in a blind fury of balked passion.

"Clowns—blackguards!" he stamped. "You are not! We have lost them," and he struck in impotent rage at his terrified tools, but they took to their heels and were off down the dark lanes.

THE turnkey of the prison sat nodding over a tankard of wine in a little room off the entrance from the square. A Roman watchman had roused him, and the two were examining a pair of emerald earrings set in Damascus filigree by the light of the soldier's brass lantern.

"Good jewels—not false—by Jupiter!—ten years' wages; and what do you say she wants?"

"To see the wounded teacher rescued from the mob to-night; but she has disobeyed her mother, refused to go to her affianced husband, and been turned out in the streets as a courtezan. She refuses to wear a courtezan's red band round her brow; and by Iconium law she will be burned at the stake by iron clamps with flaming pine-knots. Before one cell tramped another Roman soldier. The watchman spoke to the guard in a low voice. He came back to the women.

"He says—what will you give him to let you in?"

Thecla drew a silver mirror from her girdle.

The watchman went back to the guard. Again there was a conference under the light of the pine-fagot in the iron clamp against the stone wall. The silver mirror was being examined. The watchman returned to the women.

"He says after you have seen him what will you do? We Romans interfere not with Grecian laws in the independent cities."

"Tell him," answered the Grecian girl, "I shall deliver myself to the Greek magistrate to-morrow morning to be burned in the hippodrome for disobeying my mother and refusing to marry the man to whom she sold me."

The guard heard the answer, put the great key in the cell-lock, and pushed open the creaking door. The two women passed in, and the door locked behind them.

FOR a moment they could see nothing by the smoky light of the pine-knot in the iron clamp of the wall except the silver beam of the moonlight breaking the dark through the square window. There was the sound of breathing, and a man's figure lay on a cot against the wall, with one arm and one foot padlocked to a staple in the stone. The head was pillowed on a folded black cloak and his forehead bound in a white cloth, where the rocks of the rioters had struck him, but the moonlight falling on his face and hands showed a curious luminous radiance and white peace. At first the Greek girl thought he was dead, and her knees gave under her. Then she heard his breathing and knew that he dreamed as children dream in peace.

The Greek girl's eyes closed and her lips moved in prayer. Yet she hardly knew how or to whom to pray; for in the temples of Iconium were only statues of the goddess Venus, or Diana, or the Roman Emperors; and she had never before prayed to an unknown, invisible God. When Thecla opened her eyes she saw the prisoner sitting up on his cot.

"Child—how came—you he e?"

She told him in a few words.

"Have you counted the cost?"

"No cost can be too great," she said He smiled quietly.

"True, child, no cost can be too great. for no one can leave father or mother, or brother or sister, to join the Kingdom of Joy, but the reward shall be a hundredfold, both here and hereafter. But why came you here?"

"To be baptized into that kingdom before they whip you from the city"

"Bid your serving-woman bring me the jar of drinking-water."

She knelt at his feet while he dipped his finger in the jar and sprinkled the sign of the cross on her brow. Then he gave her communion from the broken bread and wine.

So in the darkened prison of Iconium, between midnight and dawn, the first woman martyr to the new faith was baptized into the Unseen Kingdom and quaffed the loving-cup to her Lord.

Thecla rose from her knees.

"My master," she said, "how can I serve the Kingdom if I am to be burned to-morrow?"

"That—I know not. God will lead you. I shall be whipped from the city at dawn and go to Timothy, at Derbe and Lystra; but at Antioch are the brotherhood, where holy men and women plan our warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil; but hard by Antioch are the gardens of Daphne, where many maids like you are forced to barter love for carnal gain. If you are not burned, go to them, my child!

"God will lead you and my prayers will follow you. Never repine! Rejoice, rejoice, child; again I say rejoice! For our suffering is but as an idle, passing dream, and we shall awaken to Eternal Day."

ALL Iconium was agog. An impostor, who followed the Christus of the Jews, had been whipped from the city for contempt toward the gods of Greece and Rome. The mob had given over pursuing when he fell senseless outside the walls of the city. Then they turned their attention to an overland caravan from Rome that had come along the road headed for Antioch; and in the caravan was the famous Lady Trefina, cousin of the Emperor of Rome, bound to spend the Winter season in the pleasure-gardens of Daphne. And the merchant princes of Iconium were planning a great fête to entertain these visitors.

It was bruited about that a Greek girl, a convert to the Christian disturber, was to be thrown to the wild beasts in the theater that night. Some said her crime was sacrilege. Others that she was a woman of the streets, who refused to wear the red cord that was the badge of her calling, and had bribed the guards of the prison to go in and corrupt the very prisoners under the magistrate's nose. Others again averred she had refused to obey her mother and run away from the husband, who had bought her. And all Iconium was agog to see the great fête in the theater that night for the pleasure of the Lady Trefina, cousin of the Emperor, she who had but lost her daughter and was in great dejection.

Again the fat Greek merchant, Thamyris, knocked on the door of the house in the city square; and again the middle-aged woman opened the door and drew him hurriedly in.

The man threw himself on the stone bench with a groan.

"You have heard the magistrate's sentence for to-night?" he asked, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. "I have tried to see her all the day. I have offered an Emperor's ransom to save her; but the coming of the Lady Trefina from Rome has fixed the Roman Commander in his purpose and he will not budge. They blame my slaves for fomenting the riot last night. They despise us Greeks! They will tear us to pieces with bloody hands and throw us to the beasts if we but stir to save her. My slaves have betrayed me! They say I have been caught in my own trick—" the merchant broke in heavy, heart-shattering sobs.

The mother stood surveying him with unutterable, hard scorn.

"Unmanly fool!" she taunted. "I thank the gods you are to be no son of mine! Why did you not seize her and force her to your will? Blunderer! To let a wisp of a maid slip through your fumble fingers! Not thus did my lord win me! He stole me from the hills of Phrygia, and broke me to his will."

"Aye; and you poisoned your lord for a night's pastime, and took his fortune, and now would sell your daughter to play wanton again for another rich husband! Think you I would love Thecla if she had been such as you?" and the wretched man broke again in terrible sobbing.

For a second the woman did not speak. Then with the hiss of a serpent:

"Say you that—to me?" she demanded. "Know you not I could denounce you to the Romans to-night as the corrupter of my daughter and the cause of all this riot to gain your ends? Say you that to me?"

"Say I—that—to you?" The man sprang to his feet and seized her by the throat. "Yes—that—and that—and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

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# *The age of woman's greatest charm*

*It is an interesting fact that the age of woman's greatest activity outside the home is also the age of her greatest activity inside the home.*

NEVER BEFORE was there a greater desire for those things which make for comfort, cheerfulness and attractiveness in the home. And the woman chiefly responsible is the woman who has cultivated qualities which so many women overlook—the woman with the gift for human relationships.

Go into the home of such a woman. Neither the furniture, nor the hangings, nor the size of the rooms, impresses you half so much as the air of peacefulness and contentment which pervades everything.

There is no sign of hurry or disorganization. There is nothing neglected. And especially is this true in the dining-room, for this woman knows the soothing qualities of the simple home meal.

Those who eat in such a woman's home are always sure of getting something new. And what a treat it is, in these days of so much sameness, to find the new and different thing on the attractive table!

Because of the loyalty and friendship of these women, Premier Salad Dressing has gone from coast to coast and even into England and France. In more than a million homes it adds the new and different touch to the dainty repast. And its popularity is growing greater all the time.

For the modern home-maker—the woman who takes delight in her home table as well as in her outside activities—we have a little book, "Salads, Suppers, Picnics," which we shall be glad to send to anyone on request.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY, NEW YORK

# Premier Salad Dressing

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# Who is the Average American?

YOU may have heard the remark, that coffee is good for the "average American."

But—*Who* is the "average American?"

Of 5,835,000 young men—the flower of American manhood—examined for service in the world war, only 3,680,000 were found fit for duty. This would indicate that nearly half the adult male population of the United States is physically lacking.

It is a well known fact that health depends, among other things, on what we eat and drink—also, that coffee is a contributing factor in such conditions as nervousness, headache, sleeplessness and stomach trouble. So, whether you consider yourself "average" or "above average," isn't it quite possible that coffee is not good for you?

Why not find out? Drink Postum for thirty days.

Postum is a pure cereal beverage—delicious, satisfying and wholesome. The chances are, once you've made it your mealtime drink, like thousands of others, you'll stay on the Road to Wellville, with Postum.

*"There's a Reason"*

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer the flavor brought out by boiling fully 20 minutes. The cost of Postum is about one-half cent a cup.

## *New Wine in Old Bottles*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

that," he stabbed her at each word, flung her on the pavement, dashed through the doorway to the street, and ran through the deserted city for the Hadrean, where all Iconium had thronged. He did not notice his sky-blue jacket was spattered with blood. He had flung his bloody dagger from him as he ran. He was madman. He knew not whether the roars he heard were in his own bursting brain or from the tier on tier of stone seats in the open theater, where all Iconium was stamping with impatience and shouting for the performance to begin. He tossed the guard at the gate a gold coin; and the Roman laughed.

"He was the maid's lover," said the Roman, as Thamyris vaulted the stone stairs to the highest seat, where he could see both audience and arena. The trumpets were blowing. Riders on horses with ribbons and tassels were prancing around the arena. The great Lady Trefina from Rome was entering the royal box, for pipes and bugles and trumpets blew a blast, and the deep beat for the stone doors to lift and admit the wild beasts to the sanded circle below. First came a lioness lashing her tail from side to side; but the spectators hissed.

"Too full-fed," the Greek merchant heard a Roman soldier behind him saying. "If we had known the Lady Trefina was to be here to-night, we could have fed the beast to fight. I'd say—let in her cubs! Stab a cub, and she'll waken up."

Then the fanfare of trumpets blew again to drown the shrieks of the victim—a door on the opposite side of the arena lifted, and a horseman rode in with a naked girl across his saddle-pommel. He spurred his horse to a frantic gallop five times around the arena. The audience rose and cheered to the echo. The Lady Trefina in the royal enclosure was seen to sink back and drop her veil at the sight of the entertainment that had been provided in her honor; but the horseman, having speeded round and round the arena, now approached the dazed lioness, reached over, and with his long whip struck the crouching creature a stinging blow, and dropped the naked form across his saddle-pommel not a stone's throw from the enraged beast. The trumpets blew till the echo rang amid the temple columns encircling the arena, and the spectators went mad.

The fall had loosened the victim's hair. It fell in great black coils almost to her feet, and beneath her hair could be seen her nude form, pink as a shell or sundawn. A terrible silence fell. The spectators held their breath. The trumpets had silenced to be ready for a blast to drown any cry of anguish. The naked Greek girl had lighted agile as a bird on her feet, and she moved not so much as a hair's breadth from the crouching lioness, now lashing her tail from side to side.

"Little fool! Why doesn't she fight, or run?" demanded the Roman beside Thamyris. The Greek merchant sank heavily where he sat and hid his face in his hands. He wanted to shout her name, but had the coward's protective presence of mind to know it should not raise uproar and enrage the lioness. Thecla was perishing, and he, the real murderer, was watching her perish. Sweat of anguish stood out on his body in hot drops. What was it she had said—the sin of sins was cheating love?

THE silence in the vast audience had grown so tense he could hear the snarl of the lioness and the breathing of the audience as if spellbound and cowed. He peered through his hands.

The lioness had crouched, but it had not sprung. It was advancing with its red, angry eyes on the motionless naked form. The girl did not move. The beast paused. The girl stretched out her hand. The lioness ceased lashing its tail angrily and tossing its head from side to side. It was creeping on her as a cat creeps on a bird. She stooped, and all her hair fell about and hid her nakedness. The great cat came on, but it did not strike nor spring. Its eyes were on the girl's, and the girl's eyes were on its eyes. It raised its head. She did not move her outstretched hand. It sniffed her hand and dropped its head to her feet. She slowly stooped and laid her hand on its head.

Again the silence stretched so tense that a shuffle of feet and whispers brought angry looks from neighbors on the seats. Slowly, gently, the Greek girl was stroking the head of the beast. It stopped and licked her feet and lay down as if in the presence of a friend recognized where it had expected foe.

The Lady Trefina in the royal enclosure had lifted her veil and was leaning forward. The Commandant was seen to lean across to her, and she rose and threw a laurel wreath into the arena. The horseman came spurring back and snatched the girl to his saddle. Other horsemen came galloping with long lances and drove the now terrified lioness back through the stone portal. All Iconium rose to its feet on the stone benches. Some shouted, "Saved—saved!" Others hissed and shouted back, "More—more!"

Blood-lust felt that it had somehow been cheated of its glut.

IN THE center of the arena stood a tall flagpole with the Roman eagle in brass on the tip. The horseman with the naked girl now circled this in frantic gallops. Reining his horse suddenly that it reared on its haunches, he now leaped off with the girl in his arms. He placed the laurel wreath on her forehead. With a broad belt, sash or what not to girth chariot-teams, he now strapped the victim by the waist to the pole. Iconium knew what was coming and began to roar in an earthquake of applause. After all, the quick victory of the girl over the beast was not to cheat their lust for horrors. Black slaves were piling fagots and straw about the pole. Others were emptying great vats of water in a lake about the pile to prevent the fire leaping across the sands to the seats.

Thamyris sank from the upper bench, where he sat, a crumpled heap of blood-spattered blue silk. "Dead," said the Roman standing behind him. "These Greeks are all soft at pith. Would Roman die of love for mistress?"

The fanfare of trumpets was blowing again to drown cries of anguish; and in the crash of drum and bugle and trumpet another crash was not heeded. The opal peaks no longer swam in silver moonlight. A black squall was coming down from the mountains, and the Commandant was seen signaling the attendants to hasten.

Oil was poured on the fagots and straw, and a torch held to the far edge near the pools of water. The flame shot up, illumining the dark, bloodthirsty faces tier on tier of seats, to mid-heaven. Again the crash of trumpets! The white figure of the victim was seen to raise her hands as if to heaven, and, whether from the flame or the lighting of the gathering storm, her face shone radiant and fearless as dawn. There was a reverberating crash that rocked the temple columns of the theater as the like they had been reeds in a wind. Women rose with screams. Men dashed up in panic. A sharp, ricocheting splintering as of the theater falling; and the lightning struck —struck the brass-tipped pole in the middle of the arena; and the deluge burst from mid-heaven in rods of rain—torrential rains in a hurricane of wind and lightning. The pole fell.

Some one shouted that the Lady Trefina had fainted. The Roman, who had stood above Thamyris's dead body, saw an attendant run across the arena through the flashes of lurid lightning, snatch an unconscious white prone figure from the pile of quenched fagots, and dash to the royal enclosure of the Lady Trefina with the naked Greek girl over his shoulder. The rest was lost in the darkness and the deluge of rain.

When Iconium awakened to cloudless skies the next morning, the city of the Roman Road was again agog with gossip. Had the Greek maid perished of the lightning-stroke, or the fire? Had any one seen her body? No one knew. The great fête had ended in fiasco, and the Commandant was in testy mood not to be questioned. Certainly one rumor proved true—Thamyris was dead; but whether he had died of grief for the loss of his promised bride, or had been stabbed in a brawl in the upper tier of seats, scavengers did not know, for his body had been found all blood-spattered from blue jacket to silken breeches. Thecla's mother could not be seen, for she was ill abed of heart-break. And certainly the Lady Trefina from Rome had departed at day-dawn ill pleased with the fête, for she had not waited for the caravan. She had gone ahead at break of day in a litter-chair with no attendant but the Roman Commander, a Greek page boy, who looked like a girl, mounted on a fleet horse, and an old colored woman bent astride a mule, hanging to the saddle-pommel as tho she were frightened out of her wits.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57


# Gelatine Helps the Under-weight Baby

IF your child is not thriving as he should—if he is fretful and underweight—it is almost certain that he is not getting the complete food value of his milk.

Cow's milk is the best known substitute for mother's milk. But cow's milk was intended by nature for the calf, and it is therefore not always easy for the delicate stomach of the infant to digest it—that is, without proper modification to the child's needs.

**Modify Baby's Milk With Knox Sparkling Gelatine**

Of the various milk modifications prescribed by physicians, scientific investigation shows that the most important is "gelatinized" milk, because of the fact that it prevents excessive milk curding in the stomach.

This means that you soak one level tablespoonful of Knox Gelatine in ½ cup of cold milk from the baby's formula, for ten minutes; cover while soaking. Then place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk or regular formula. (Ask your physician about this.)

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
*"The Highest Quality for Health"*

Knox Gelatine is also an excellent food for children, as well as for grown-ups, when made into delightful desserts, salads, etc., for every occasion.—Here is a wholesome dessert for the whole family:

**Orange Fluff Dessert**

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 cup orange juice and pulp
Whites of 3 eggs
Lady Fingers or stale cake

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes; dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly, and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat, using a wire whisk, until light; then add egg whites, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

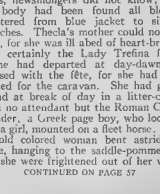
**Free Book on the Health Value of Gelatine**

This book tells all about the value of Knox Sparkling Gelatine—

1. For growing children as a growth and strength-promoting food;
2. As a supplementary food in cases of malnutrition;
3. In the diet of invalids and convalescents;
4. To those with delicate appetites as a digestive agent in conveying the full nutriment of other wholesome foods;

and in a variety of other uses. This book, together with Mrs. Knox's recipe books, will be sent you, free, upon receipt of 4c for postage, and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
135 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N.Y.





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# Dolly Dingle's Little Cousin Robin

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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# Bright Lights Shining in the Theatrical Firmament

COLORFUL, haunting and tuneful is "Mary Jane McKane," Arthur Hammerstein's newest musical comedy in which pretty Kitty Kelly as the comedienne "Maggie Murphy" is scoring a great hit.
Photo by White Studio

PIQUANT Mary Eaton, as co-star with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots," the latest Ziegfeld musical success, is a veritable sensation in her new rôle.
Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

IN a beauty chorus of sixty charming girls appearing in "Kid Boots," Mr. Ziegfeld has picked another winner in lovely Avonne Taylor, who delights with her compelling grace as a dancer.
Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

ONE of the season's bright and melodious musical plays is "One Kiss," and fascinating Louise Groody as the star contributes much of the merriment in this amusing show.
Photo by Moffett, Chicago

THERE is a solution of everyone's problems worked out satisfactorily in "For All of Us," which clever Belle Murry as the heroine helps mirthfully to turn out successfully.
Photo by Apeda

IN "The Swan" Eva Le Gallienne gives a striking portrayal of the impoverished princess Alexandra, a rôle so exquisitely handled that it proves a worthy companion piece for her splendid work in "Lilliom."
Photo by Nickolas Muray

ONE of a triumvirate of stars in "André Charlot's Revue of 1924" is fascinating Gertrude Lawrence, her fellow artists being Beatrice Lillie and Jack Buchanan. (Right)
Photo by Hugh Cecil

Go gle

# What's Become of the "Homely" Girl?

*Artists and beauty authorities say she is disappearing*

Everywhere women and girls are learning to make the most of their looks.

Evidence of this is all about you. Adorable complexions, fresh and enticing, wherever your eyes turn. The homely girl is of a passing day. Artists and beauty authorities agree to this.

The modern woman knows how easy it is to have the charm of lovely skin. And no one can be "homely" who has it.

### *The simple secret*

Skin gently but thoroughly cleansed—once every day—keeps its glowing youthfulness, its prettiness.

But pay attention to *gently*. Harsh cleansing hurts your skin, mars it, just as surely as the dirt it removes.

Palm and olive oils are the gentlest skin cleansers science knows. They have been used by beautiful women since the dawn of history.

Today women who keep complexion beauty, women who are admired, use these rare oils, perfectly blended, in their modern form—Palmolive Soap.

Wash thoroughly with Palmolive—massage the skin thoroughly with its gentle, soothing lather. Rinse the face. Then, finally, rinse thoroughly in cold water. If your skin is dry, apply a bit of good cold cream. Do this regularly and particularly at night before retiring.

Simple as it is, it is the most effective beauty treatment you can use.

### *Beauty remains*

Skin thus cared for is not injured by dirt and grime, nor by the use of powders, or rouge.

And that soft, clear beauty of schoolgirl days does not disappear with passing years.

Start with Palmolive today—it costs but 10c a cake. You will not wait long to see results that astonish and delight.

*Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.*

*Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.*

*Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only*

**10c**

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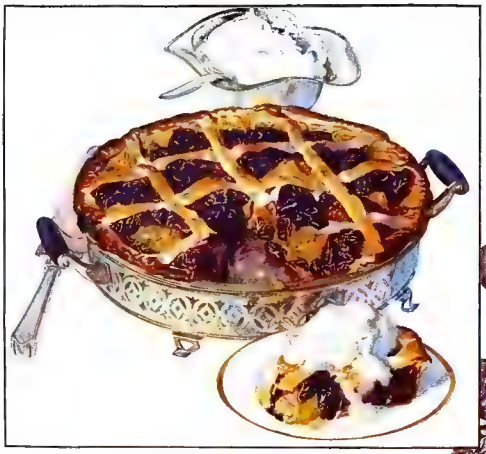

SUN-MAID RAISIN-APPLE PIE—¾ *cup water,* ½ *cup sugar,* 4 *apples,* 1 *cup Sun-Maid Raisins,* ½ *cup walnut meats, grated rind* 1 *lemon,* 1 *tablespoon lemon juice,* 1 *teaspoon butter. Cut apples in eighths and cook with water and sugar until transparent; then drain. Add raisins, walnuts, lemon and butter. Bake with strips of pastry across the top*

*RAISINS are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed, seeded or seedless, in cartons ready for use.*

# *From a rare recipe, a new pie – inimitable!*

UNTIL now, only certain hotels and restaurants, famous for their cuisines, have served it. Among home cooks, none but a fortunate few have known the recipe.

But now any woman can make it according to directions given above.

Any woman can now delight her family with a wonderful, wholly *new* goodness—never before tasted in a pie.

## *Magic from the sunny vineyards*

In this delicious new pie—so full yet delicate in flavor, so rich without a hint of heaviness—one meets again that rare, transforming goodness of Sun-Maid Raisins.

Here is the stored-up sunshine and full, fine flavor of the choicest table grapes—

Such grapes as grow only in the fertile San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys—changed by the warm and mellow California sunshine into Sun-Maid Raisins—large and plump and flavory.

Here, indeed, is magic from the sunny vineyards—magic fruitiness and flavor that makes desserts more tempting, that gives so many of the old, familiar foods *new* goodness.

*DELICIOUS rolls are made with Sun-Maid Raisins, by bakers everywhere. And Wednesday brings a special baking.*

## *So easy, this way, to make foods tempting*

To the foods of every day—like good wheat bread, oatmeal and other cereals, rice and bread puddings—you can give a new appeal to your family's appetite, and the variety they crave—simply by adding raisins!

Use lots of raisins—you can do it inexpensively, for they are cheap this year. Use them, not only for their goodness, but for their healthfulness and nourishment. Sun-Maids are rich in elements the body needs. They help make laxatives unnecessary.

## *Send for free recipe book*

Don't fail to try the recipe, given above, for Sun-Maid Raisin-apple Pie! And for the easiest and surest way of preparing many other tempting dishes, new and old, send for the free book, "Recipes with Raisins." Simply fill in the coupon and mail.

* * *

NOTE: Sun-Maid Raisins are grown by some 16,000 individual growers with vineyards averaging only 20 acres each. Twelve years of effort in producing only the best, most perfect raisins under the Sun-Maid name has resulted in their supplying 85 per cent of all the raisins now used in this country.

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association
Dept. A-103, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me a copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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# Sun-Maid Raisins

*Seeded — Seedless — Clusters*

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# New Wine in Old Bottles

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

The record of Thecla must now jump forward almost twenty years. The Roman Road on two sides of a square, from Ephesus west to Antioch and from Antioch south to Jerusalem, to this day has legends of what happened to her in these years. But about all that is authentic that can be gathered of this period is that the Lady Trefina adopted her in place of the dead daughter and left her a substantial fortune.

Paul had gone to Rome, where Nero had beheaded him since he could not crucify a Roman citizen. Peter had come up from Babylon to take Paul's place, and had been crucified, because he was not a Roman citizen. Nero, himself, had suicided.

The Christian sect, tho hated by the Jews, had been driven by the imperial troops from Antioch to Ephesus, where they gathered strength each day; and in an era of universal persecution and massacre Thecla was forgotten. She was now only one of countless martyrs to a despised faith; and the faith suffered less on the Roman Road than in the Imperial City or Judea because these Greek trade cities of Asia Minor had been granted independent laws provided they kept fealty to Rome. The only danger to them was the Emperor worship, which Rome had set up in every Greek temple—statues of Roman conquerors side by side with Greek deities.

AGAIN it was the month of September. Grapes hung heavy on the vineyards lining the road. The olive-groves alone shone brilliant green in the drought. The cactus-hedges stood withered and gaunt like ragged ghosts flinging wild arms out in the blue haze of late Summer. On the broad Roman Road the dust was a yellow curse to man and beast.

Two travelers coming up from Jerusalem to Antioch had been driven off their course by the press of troops going back to Rome after the fall of Jerusalem One was mounted on a huge grizzled camel in trappings of silver, with tassels and buckles of brass in the Roman eagle; but he was no Roman. He was a Greek Hebrew clad all in white, with a sword to the gold cord round his neck, and he wore the long flowing white beard of philosopher or doctor of the laws. The other rode a jaded horse and was a younger man, near the thirties in age, pure Greek, with blue eyes and golden curled hair, cut short to his neck. He, too, was clad in a white cloak, with a sword-scabbard hanging from the gold cord round his neck; and a pack of sumptuary mules and camels, in charge of servants, followed behind with tents and baggage.

Failing to make way through the press of Roman legions on the road to Damascus, the travelers had skirted off to the left down by the sea-path; but there, too, their progress was impeded by the departing troops. At Cesarea they could get quarters in neither khan nor inn, and had to camp outside the city wall. When they sought to take ship for Ephesus, they found decks and holds crammed with the returning victorious legions; and the plunder every man carried was a King's ransom. There were priceless Damascus hangings woven in gold thread taken from the Temple. Some of the soldiers had swathed themselves in these gorgeous curtains and tapestries, and reeled sodden drunk from the stone quay, back and forward to the taverns.

Others carried plunder of gold coin and gold ornaments, rifled from the houses of the destroyed city, openly in pouches round their waists; and could be seen dicing their gold away at a cheaper rate than a pound of gold for a grain of wheat.

The two travelers stood on the broad breakwater that ran out in a circle to the sea, and watched the captive Hebrews embarking for Rome. There were seven hundred, all in the prime of manhood's beauty, to grace the triumph in the Imperial City. All other captives—men, women, children—were being sold into slavery to the Arabs and Egyptians for less than the price of a dog. A few thousand older than thirty were being kept for the gladiatorial combats that nightly entertained the Roman legions in the hippodrome. Some women and aged men were being reserved to be thrown to the wild beasts between the acts of the gladiatorial fights.

The two Greek travelers stood watching the embarkation from the quay. Suddenly there was a great outcry of "Make way—make way—for King Agrippa!" and the last of the Herod line passed down the gangway, bent, broken, and gray of hair. He was accompanied by the Princess Bernice in a litter-chair or palanquin; but little did her pale face show the regal pride of the Herods, who had ruled Judea for a century. She lay back indifferent to the remarks of the gaping loungers.

The young Greek onlooker gave a start forward. The older bearded man laid a hand on his arm.

"Let the dead bury their dead—my Quesimus! If souls refuse rebirth into a new life and will remain in their own dungeons, they can but die! New wine in new bottles, son!"

It was impossible to get passage by sea to Ephesus; so the next morning they resumed their journey along the sea road toward Antioch. Every stopping-place was sacred to the past and to the future for all time—Tyre and Sidon and Carmel, whose glories had departed with memories of Elijah and Jonah and Solomon and Christ; Laodicea, smug in prosperity and untouched by the war; then Seleucia, the port leading through mountain pass to Antioch; but here, while war had not left desolation, so many of the Roman officers had come up to pass the Winter that the Greek travelers were again forced to camp outside the city walls and send their beasts and servants into one of the public khans, where they would have shelter when the autumn rains broke.

The desert and mountain clans had done as they are doing to-day and have done since time began: as the snows and rains of the upper mountains began to fall, they had driven their herds down to the plains to pasture for the Winter or find sale to the Roman buyers. A yellow tent city of woven camels' hair dotted the plains outside the city walls of white marble and gray stone.

Having left guard at their tent, the two Greek travelers entered the city gates to search for an evening meal at one of the public inns. They found themselves seated at table in the courtyard of an inn much frequented by the sheiks of the hill and desert tribes. Motley fellows sat cheek by jowl with Arab sheiks and heads of mountain clans.

The younger man had set down his tankard of goats' milk and turned to his aged companion:

"My Apollos," he said, "why was I directed to leave Babylonia and to come on to Ephesus? I had taken up the work of Peter when he went to Rome."

His aged, bearded companion gazed at him absently.

"You have Peter's Epistles to the Greek Churches of Asia?" he asked.

"I have had them copied for all the Greek churches of Asia."

"Recall you where he admonished 'Love the brotherhood—fear God—honor the King'; 'for the time for me to lay aside my body is now rapidly drawing near'? He foreknew his own translation to the Heavens. Matthew and Luke and Mark have gone to Egypt. Thomas has passed to the beyond in Persia. John, only, is left among the Greeks, and he is banished to Patmos. I have been forbidden Rome since Paul's death and must go to Crete. On you must fall the joy of directing the Greek cities of the Roman Road. You must be Bishop of Ephesus."

"I—Bishop? I am not even an elder. Have you forgotten all Grecian Asia knows I was a runaway slave?"

"Nay, I have not forgotten; but I would see you Bishop to encourage other youth to join our warfare. We are a brotherhood militant, and who but youth for fighting ranks? New wine in old bottles bursts the worn goatskins. New wine of life for new age, son; old heads for guidance and wisdom; but when our bodies wax old as a garment, we must lay them off and move on to eternal youth in invisible realms."

THERE was a clink of wine-jars from the adjoining table. A rough band of mountain bandits had come in and were drinking heavily. A lewd oath followed by loud laugh came from the drunken group.

"She has ruined half the physicians of Antioch by her magic healing! She has interfered with the sale of silver images of Diana and Venus by our silversmiths; and now with her religious house in the grottoes and caves for the dancing girls of Daphne Gardens and half Rome here for Winter pleasures, what is to become of our maids for the Love Temples?"

"How old is she?" asked a bearded fellow, who seemed to be the leader.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58


# Now two kinds of Quaker Oats

GROCERS NOW HAVE 2 KINDS OF QUAKER OATS—QUICK QUAKER AND REGULAR QUAKER OATS—THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN

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QUAKER OATS PEANUT LOAF

2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 cups flour, 1 cup chopped peanuts, ½ cup molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 1¾ cups milk or water, 1 egg.

Put oats and peanuts through food chopper. Add flour which has been sifted with baking powder and salt. Add molasses, egg and liquid, and stir well. Place in well-greased loaf pan, let stand 10 minutes and bake 50 minutes in a medium oven (350 degrees).

QUICK QUAKER *-cooks in 3 to 5 minutes*

REGULAR QUAKER OATS *the kind you have always known*


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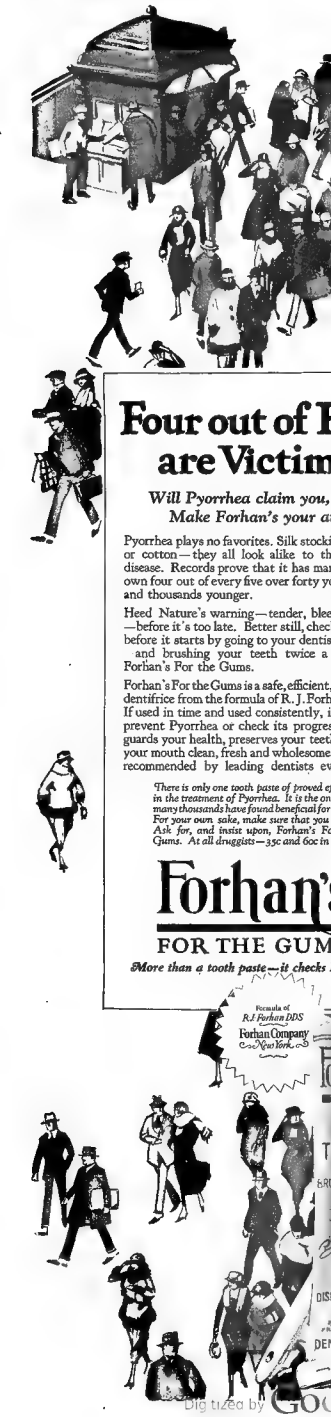
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Forhan's For the Gums is a safe, efficient, refreshing dentifrice from the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. If used in time and used consistently, it will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It safeguards your health, preserves your teeth and keeps your mouth clean, fresh and wholesome. Used and recommended by leading dentists everywhere.
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FORMULA OF R.J. Forhan, DDS
Specialist in DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
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# New Wine in Old Bottles

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

"Old? She keeps eternally young with her magic and has lured away half our daughters with her lies of a Christ who can never die, and a love that is cheat of a young girl's dreams. I am a silversmith—I know what I say—we have not sold one image this year, where we used to sell ten thousand."

"And the Lady Trefina left her great store of Roman gold—you say?" asked the bandit eagerly. "Does she keep that gold in her caves?"

"Not she—she is too crafty. That's safe with the money-changers and supports her schools for girls. Besides, it buys protection from the Roman captain here. He who harms her would be left impaled on the Roman wall here for the hawks to pick his skull."

"But my band of wild boars could destroy a woman without harming her. Only ply my young men with wine enough to-night and will prove her a courtezan breaking the law without the red cord about the brow, which the law enacts. Once prove on oath we've spent a night in her cave—the laws of Antioch will do the rest. The Roman guard here would drive them out like swine and throw them to the wild beasts in the hippodrome."

The heads of the group went together over the wine-tankards, but the bandit chief rose and whistled. Half a dozen young fellows from the mountain clans with long swords in sashes and dirks in slings dangling from the right wrist appeared in the portal of the patio as if by magic. The chief signaled them to join the table; and more wine and yet more wine was ordered.

The two Greek Christians rose and passed out from the patio of the inn.

"Who is this woman teacher of the Christian faith they mean to attack to-night?" demanded the aged Apollos.

"I know not, Apollos, unless one Thecla, a convert of Paul's twenty years ago in Iconium, when I was youth. She was said to have escaped to the caves near Antioch, where she set up schools for the maids who run away from the Daphne Gardens. She toils so secretly few know how or where she dwells."

"There is vile work afoot to-night, Onesimus. We must call the Roman guard and hasten to warn her caves until they come. Do you instruct our tent men while I see the Roman captain."

UP AND up over circling trail they rode the rough mountain pass that led between the sea and Antioch. Larch, oak, fir, and pine forest closed behind them, darkening as they pushed their panting horses up the steep ascent. Mountain torrents rushed down to right and left in the sibilant hush of night, slacking the thaw of upper snows. Narrower and narrower led the pass till the riders could have tossed a biscuit from side to side of the precipices, closing in cañon-cleft. Above tree-line, the clouds infolded them in a silken gauze cool as wind on hot face; and above cloud-line, they rode in a world of silver moonlight, with black shadows of the rock walls etched in ink and the cry of hyena and jackal reechoing through the caves.

Once as they passed the dark mouth of a grotto in the rock wall washed by the tumbling cascade of waters over the precipice, they heard the roar of a lion that set all the mountains in echo. The precipices on either side of the pass now came together in an overhanging arch not a lance-length apart, and as they passed under the shadow a mountain cataract leaped down—rainbow-colored in the mist of moonlight, but the path seemed to be ending in a blind wall.

"She chose her hiding-place well," said Apollos.

"She would need to," answered Onesimus.

"Where is her religious house?" asked the aged man as they breathed their horses.

Onesimus was no longer presbyter and prospective Bishop. He was mountain boy again, as he had been twenty years before, and his eyes were searching the face of the rock-cleft where only a silver bar showed open sky, as an eagle might scout for its hidden nest. An eagle did at that very moment utter shrill warning of human intrusion.

"That," answered Onesimus, "must be her sentry of danger; for she as I was mountain-born."

The eagle uttered its woful cry again, and they passed through under the arch. The rock walls here were pitted with grottoes as they are to this day. To the early Christians it was often life in the grottoes or death by wild beasts in the hippodrome. In one place the silvered mossed rock seemed to have been stoned up in front. Past this place tumbled another cataract. Dwellers in the grottoes always chose sites with good drinking-water inside.

Onesimus pointed ahead, drew his sword, and moved forward. To the side where the cataract gushed out was a door of log slabs so narrow a man must enter sideways. The two dismounted and turned their horses up a hidden gully. Onesimus knocked on the door. A wicket in the logs opened; and we who sneer at wickets in the doors of monastic houses would do well to recall how and why such wickets were first used. A woman's face appeared in the opening. It was a face in its late thirties, but it was a face that would always be young, for it had not a line of care or envy; from it shone a radiance that artists have vainly tried to portray in halo.

"We are disciples of Paul," Onesimus said in Greek.

The woman flung the door open and drew them in.

The grotto was empty but for a taper beneath a wooden cross, but at the far end was a cleft in the rock—the real end of the pass leading to grottoes deeper in the mountain.

"And He shall hide His own in a cleft in the rock," said Apollos. "Go you within and tell the Lady Thecla why we are here. Keep your sword drawn at the cleft in the rock. If they break past my guard, strike as they go through you crack in the wall. I would open the wicket when the rioters come."

THERE is no record of what the drunken rioters thought when the wicket opened on a man's white-bearded face, but when they would have smashed the door and forced an entrance Apollos drew his sword and inquired calmly what he might do for them. How could he serve them best? They paused at that and fell back under the archway to confer. Came a thunder of iron hoofs echoing in rip-rap over the stone road, and the drunken crew turned to flee pursuit of the Roman guard; to flee—but where? This road ended in the blind wall of a stoned-up cavern. They dashed back for hiding in the caves lower down. There were echoes, oaths, clash of swords on metal armor, neigh and scream of terrified horses; and a Roman centurion galloped to the door.

"What did you do with your trapped beasts? Have you taken them prisoners?" demanded Apollos.

"We took no prisoners. Not one escaped. We drove them over the precipice. Yon eagle will have full crop for her nestlings to-morrow, and that lion below will not roar so loud in hunger."

And so Thecla lived to the great age of ninety years, and to this day her memory is kept sacred on September twenty-fourth. Without dancing girls for the Love Temples of Daphne Gardens, all the beauty and lure of the place failed to hold the wintering pleasure-seekers of Antioch. The very Winter that Onesimus passed over the Roman Road to become Bishop of Ephesus, the great Love Temples of Venus were destroyed by fire. The Christians said they had been struck by lightning as a manifestation of God's vengeance for the attempt on the Thecla community. The merchants of Antioch, who yearly spent a hundred thousand talents to draw the pleasure-seekers from Rome to Winter in the Daphne Gardens, said the Christians had set them on fire; but the lure of Daphne Gardens fell off from that year.

To this day you can find signs of the cross and inscriptions by the early Christians in the grottoes and caverns between Antioch and the sea; but of the Daphne Gardens hardly enough remains to mark the site, did we not know it was ten miles in circumference and five miles from the four hundred crumbling marble towers of Antioch. War and plunder broke the power of that great city; and what war and plunder could not destroy, the earthquake threw down; but the Faith kept holy in the grotto is reenacted to-day whenever the new wine bursts old bottles and the Loving-cup goes round to commemorate Him who first broke the women's fetters.

*"And There Shall Be No More Death," the last of the series of five stories on the romance of early Christianity, will appear in the next issue.*

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# When a Woman Is Asked to Marry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

Turning now to the English side of the chart, George I., the brilliant Sophia Charlotte's brother, who became King of England, was a dull, stubborn prig. His descendants were like him, as would be expected, since they never married back into the great Orange blood. Finally, however, George III. by good luck did marry a Saxe-Coburg Princess. For over three hundred years these Saxe-Coburgs have been the best people morally in all royalty. They have inherited morality for centuries.

This marriage into the Saxe-Coburgs again gave a great turn to world events, for one of the children was Queen Victoria, who inherited moderate mental abilities and splendid moral virtues. Victoria fell desperately in love with her first cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, a truly noble gentleman, and their nine children were just what we would expect—of moderate ability but of high moral character. With the exception of some early wild oats on the part of Edward VII., they have shown the lofty moral tone of this fine Saxe-Coburg family. For both morality and immorality—that is to say, stable, well-controlled constitutions as well as ill-balanced ones—are things that run in the human blood.

King Edward VII. married Alexandra, one of the most beautiful women of modern times; a woman of fine character and ability. Their son King George V. is precisely what heredity would have predicted in advance—a conscientious, upright, hard-working Prince, devoted to his country's welfare. King George's marriage to Mary of Teck was also excellent, and the Prince of Wales bears every promise of being an able and democratic statesman, sound of character and truly gifted in that charm of personality which holds the admiration and affection of the British Empire.

Now let us suppose these marriages at the beginning had been reversed.

For instance, suppose that Sophia Charlotte had inherited the Hanoverian dulness and had carried it to the throne of Germany, and that her brother George had carried the Montmorency-Orange genius to the throne of England. We can now only speculate upon the results. Had George been brilliant and united the Orange nobility of intellect and character with the scholarly instincts and lofty personal traits of the Saxe-Coburgs, his descendants might have given England a race of true hero Kings. Certainly had George III. been a military genius like William the Silent, the colonies under Washington could hardly have won their fight with England, and America might now be united with Canada, an integral part of the British Empire. Had Sophia Charlotte not married into the Hohenzollerns and brought out their autocratic strain Germany might have been the great country of modern democracy. With men like William the Silent and Maurice on the throne of Germany it seems incredible that the World War could ever have come to drench the planet in blood and tears.

BUT these are only idle speculations as to what might have been. The prime point is that the character of all these rulers ran true to heredity and, as Dr. Woods has calculated, heredity and not environment explains eight- or nine-tenths of the general rough outlines of their character.

Let us now turn our attention from "pleasures and palaces" to a row of shacky, filthy hovels in western Pennsylvania. These hovels are not inhabited by Montmorencys or Hohenzollerns, but by a family known all over western Pennsylvania as "The Worthless Dacks," studied by Mrs. Anna Finlayson of the Eugenics Record Office. Many of them are known by such pleasing names as "Crazy John," "Old Liz," "Old Sal," and "Rotten Jimmy." This gives us an idea of their position in the community, which, after all, is usually a pretty fair measure of a man's social worth. And blood tells its story here with the same fidelity that it does in Kings and Queens. Mrs. Finlayson studied carefully 172 out of over 700 descendants of the original pair. Out of these 172 there have been 25 insane, 20 lazy and shiftless, 39 feeble-minded, 34 quarrelsome or bad-tempered, 30 extreme drinkers, 24 thieves. Numerous children not mentioned here were idiotic.

Volumes could be written on these two contrasting marriage dramas, one enacted on thrones and the other in hovels. *Environment may and does alter the expression of all good or bad traits, but it does not create them.* Dr. Woods has found that, throughout hundreds of years, in spite of the best education and culture in all Europe, members of the royal families almost always turned out to be dunces and nincompoops if the marriages of their parents and grandparents and other ancestors indicated the likelihood of such offspring. On the other hand, he found, amid the most corrupt courts of history, that virtue and intelligence bloomed with truly regal glory where heredity would have led us to expect just such traits to appear

THIS may for a moment seem a pessimistic view. Quite the contrary. A thousand generations of "good environment" will never of itself change the inner character of the Dacks. Altho it will immensely help each generation to lead a better, more useful life, the stream of blood remains the same. But heredity gives us a splendid assurance. If we had the social power to induce only the best Dacks of each generation to marry the best Dacks, immediately an immense improvement would set in. Sometimes this amalgamation has occurred by accident, and, in such branches of the family, the effect has been truly startling. The children have become naturally clean, naturally healthy, naturally moral and intelligent; in short, naturally good citizens. No orphans' homes are needed for them because, by their own family energy and character, they take care of their own children. Orphans' homes are mainly filled by the children of stocks too feebly endowed by nature with energy and character to take care of themselves. The work of environment does much, but it has to be done over and over again for every generation. Moreover, it costs untold sums of money. But the work of heredity costs little, and, when done once, is done for all time.

I have thus sought to throw against a background of actual marriages the problems that confront every man before he asks a woman to marry him, and every woman before she is asked to marry. For a moment these problems may appear to be so staggering that the easiest way out seems to be to take Josh Billings's advice: "Don't." But with proper education in selecting a mate can be made the simplest, easiest, and happiest question to decide in all the world. Indeed it will practically decide itself. I say it will become easy with proper education *beforehand*. But what sort of education do our young people receive today about this central drama of earthly existence? May I turn the reader's attention to a few examples?

The other day I talked with a group of college students—the picked youth of the nation. They knew all the records of every baseball- and football-player of prominence in the country. Their knowledge was truly encyclopedic. But when I questioned them about the records and performances in life of their ancestors of two or three generations they knew almost nothing. In a school for young ladies I found the students ranked above the mental requirements for a Brigadier in the United States Army. Yet out of a number whom I questioned not one could tell me even the names of her four great-grandmothers. At another college the young men were studying the pedigrees of farm animals. I was particularly attracted by a large chart showing the pedigree of a famous hog named "His Royal Highness." The achievement of His Highness's ancestors in lard, bacon, hardiness, and all that makes a noble porcine breed justified his regal name. Blue ribbons were scattered all over his pedigree.

Yet when I questioned these young men about the blue ribbons in their own pedigrees they were in utter ignorance. Some did know of one or two rather notable ancestors; but a man is the product of *all* his ancestors. At least twenty should be known to every one. Thus none of these students knew anything about his own inner make-up, his heredity, his blood, the things that make a man largely what he is, and also give him all that he will ever transmit in the blood to his children.

It will be said: "But there is no use talking to young people in love. They are going to follow good old Mother Nature anyhow and pick their own

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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And the handy oval cake wears to a thin wafer without breaking.

*It's white! It's pure! It floats!*

FAIRY SOAP


# *When a Woman Is Asked to Marry*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

husbands and wives to suit themselves They won't pick them out of a pedigree-book."

I hope they will not. No scientist expects people to choose husbands and wives out of pedigree-books. But he does know that sound education about human nature and how it is transmitted with unerring certainty by heredity from parent to child profoundly affects human ideals. *And human ideals make human customs.* And whether a man be a Prince or a pauper, a savage or a philosopher, his notions of human nature, and what will be congenial to live with, immensely sway him in the choice of a wife. The same is true of a woman Part of this is conscious. But it is, as it should be, chiefly unconscious. Ideals and marriage customs have changed greatly many times in human history. In some tribes a woman is chosen because she is extraordinarily fat, and in others "The Slim Princess" is at a premium. Florenz Ziegfeld, perhaps the ablest judge of feminine beauty in America, states that our ideals of womanly beauty have changed radically within the past twenty years. It is an actual fact that styles in wives and husbands change nearly every generation.

The psychologists have been studying this matter of mate-selection. And they find it is not an unfathomable mystery, but as open to study as anything else. Courtship has probably been correctly described as "a man pursuing a woman until she catches him." But what determined one particular man to pursue one particular woman and what led her to decide to catch him is neither in the realm of the occult, nor is it a matter of fate, nor is marriage altogether made in heaven. It is a thing which, mostly without our knowing it, has been immensely influenced by our early education.

After all, the chief thing to impress upon young people is that blood will tell. Induce them to make a study of their ancestry on both sides. The Eugenics Record Office at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., will furnish blank booklets to help young people who will seriously undertake to do this, and will aid them free of charge to interpret the results. Already over four thousand persons in the United States have done this, and we hope in a few years to have the hereditary records of every American family of importance Nothing could be of greater value to social engineering or mean more to future generations. If you can give full details about parents and grandparents, including uncles, aunts, and cousins, it is of the very greatest value.

To show that blood will tell, both in mental and in physical traits, Professor Castle of Harvard crossed wild rats with white, albino rats. As one scientist said, "Albino rats are about as wild as a bag of meal." They are often given to children as pets. But when Professor Castle mated these peaceful animals with wild rats their offspring were so fierce that they would chew a baby to pieces.

BLOOD not only tells, but sometimes it barks. A friend of mine, Mr. Clay Smith, purchased a fine female setter pup for seventy-five dollars. Shortly afterward Mr. Smith scratched a match which went off near the dog's head like a pistol. The animal gave a wild leap through the window, carrying the sash into the yard, ran to the wood-shed, and crawled up under the floor as far as her poor frightened body could wriggle. There she stayed for four days and nights without food or water. "Stung," said Mr. Smith, "with a gun-shy pup. But I shall get even." He mated her with Champion Rodfield of Indianapolis, up to that time the greatest bird-dog the world had ever known. Champion Rodfield sold at one time for fourteen thousand dollars. There had been no gun-shy ancestors in his pedigree since some peace-loving Chinaman invented gunpowder.

But Smith reckoned with blood on only one side. In due time his dog presented him with nine beautiful puppies. These he sold to hunters at seventy-five dollars each. When the quail season opened Smith at once began to receive angry letters from every purchaser of his pups. The moment a gun went off near them they went shooting like meteors for home. In this case gun-shyness proved to be the dominant quality in heredity, as wildness was dominant over tameness in Professor Castle's rats.

Smith is now a poorer and wiser man. So is every man, every woman, every family, and every nation that reckons spiritual and physical assets without taking account of heredity—the power of blood. America's immigration problem is mainly a problem of blood. The notion that saluting the flag, singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," or any process of so-called "Americanization," will transform totally different blood, and the ideals that are the product of blood, into the native stock that founded this nation, gave it its Constitution and ideals, is just as fatuous as the notion that "you can run a dairy with a herd of mules."

OF COURSE many people, including many of our social workers, industrial leaders, and politicians, exclaim: "I don't believe in heredity—it is all bosh. There are Mr. and Mrs. Brown, both fine specimens of humanity, and yet their oldest boy drank himself to death and one of their daughters was a wayward, worthless girl. It is the kind of environment, the way you raise them, that counts." Such uninformed persons fail to note two things that are obvious and one thing not so obvious. First, Mr. and Mrs. Brown did give their children a good environment, as good as that of any children in the neighborhood. Second, this wayward girl had two or three brothers and sisters who, under the very same environment, turned out all right. Third, if they will go back on both sides of the parents' ancestry they will likely find almost exact duplicates of both the wayward and the good children, or else the elements out of which such combinations might easily have been made.

Dr Arthur Estabrook, previously quoted, found one feeble-minded child whose foolishness the mother claimed was due to the fact that when a babe it swallowed a caterpillar! If human depravity could really be accounted for in such a way it would be an easy matter to produce a splendid human race by the simple expedient of shielding children from wayward companions and caterpillars.

To sum up, then, when a woman is asked to marry, three great considerations emerge. First, her parents, her school, and the social standards about her should have long ago prepared her with high ideals of human nature and sound methods of judging human excellence. Her natural sex instinct is an excellent first approximation; but, as I have shown, it can be powerfully influenced for better or worse by right or wrong education

Second, she should look beyond the individual man into his ancestry and into her own. For on the general average, children inherit about half their character, health, and intelligence from their parents and about half from grandparents and other ancestors further back All these things should be known in every family and placed on record as the chief sources of family pride These are the true honor of the family and constitute its only honor. Such records will soon be kept, I believe, by every worth-while family in America.

Third, if there are serious defects within the past two or three generations on either side, such as tuberculosis, insanity, epilepsy, feeble-mindedness, diabetes, cancer, cataract of the eyes in early life, pneumonia, and the like, the advice of the Eugenics Record Office at Cold Spring Harbor should be sought. Some of these defects will show in the children if they come from only one side, while others will show only when they come from both sides. Consequently only expert advice can settle such important questions for individual cases

Finally, as Charles Darwin said, "Man breeds mainly from his worst, but he does not have to." When man comes to learn and realize that the laws of heredity work with the same unerring certainty in the mental, moral, and physical traits of human beings as in the animal kingdom, if he then applies this knowledge it will well-nigh rid the world of its inborn misery, disease, and poverty, and fill it with inborn health, wealth, and beauty For, as Professor Edward L. Thorndike of Columbia has eloquently pointed out, if it is our duty to improve the face of the world so that future men may live amid happier conditions, it is doubly our duty to improve the inborn natures of those men themselves. And I may add that science has already discovered the knowledge by which this great work of human regeneration may now be begun.

*This is the first of a series of articles by Albert Edward Wiggam. The second will appear in the next issue.*

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The slender hand with its tapering fingers and its long almond shaped nails, is easy to keep lovely.

The square type is really lovely when the base is smoothly rounded and the tips are shaped in a slight oval.

The short plump hand is usually soft and white; it brings out the beauty of smooth, well kept nails.

An example of how beautiful the really large hand can be when the nails are exquisitely groomed.

# Tapering or square, short or large

## Each can be made lovely by *the right manicure*

WHICH hands are yours?

From the large, long hand to the tiny, plump one, every woman can have lovely hands. The whole secret is the becoming and fastidious grooming of the nails.

For when the nails are charming, perfect in every detail, the hands are free from embarrassment, confident and poised so that every movement is graceful and expressive. But when they are neglected even the dream hand of the artist is self-conscious and awkward.

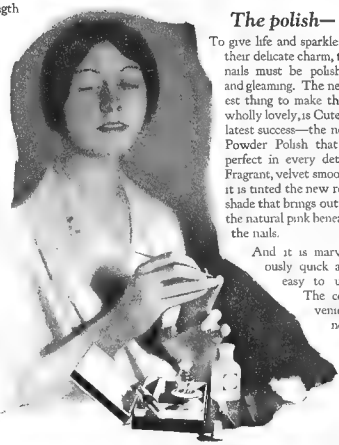
Cutex has taught thousands of women how easy it is to beautify every type of hand by the right manicure.

THE necessary preliminary to the manicure is giving the nail a becoming length and shape. The particular woman will file her nails with big strokes from the edge towards the center to the length that is becoming and yet can be kept scrupulously clean and flawless throughout her most active day. Then with a Cutex emery board she shapes them symmetrically, either round—following the outline of her finger tip or if she is sure of its becomingness, to a delicate point.

Now you are ready for the manicure itself. First the cuticle must be free from the nail and curve around it in a delicate, smooth rim without any ridges or little dry places and of course without any hangnails. Cutex Cuticle Remover gives this lovely rim and banishes the temptation for dangerous cutting no matter how much of a hurry you are in.

WRAP a bit of cotton around the end of a Cutex orange stick and wet it in the bottle of Cutex. Now gently work around the base of each nail, freeing the tiny rim of skin from the nail and rubbing the stick over any little shreds of dead or split skin. Do not force the cuticle back, just press enough to loosen the thin edge of cuticle. Rinse the fingers in water and wipe each nail carefully. All superfluous cuticle wipes away and a fresh smooth rim of skin is left. How lovely the finger tips are. Shapely with the graceful curves of nail tip and smooth cuticle. It took less than five minutes and you never touched the manicure scissors.

Now to make the nails spotless and give them that fragile transparent look, so delicately pink, bleach them by passing the orange stick, still wet with Cutex, beneath each nail tip and over any stains.



### *The polish—*

To give life and sparkle to their delicate charm, the nails must be polished and gleaming. The newest thing to make them wholly lovely, is Cutex's latest success—the new Powder Polish that is perfect in every detail. Fragrant, velvet smooth, it is tinted the new rose shade that brings out all the natural pink beneath the nails.

And it is marvelously quick and easy to use. The convenient new sifter top allows you to shake out just enough powder for one hand. Spread it on the palm or the buffer. Rub the nails over it briskly a few times and they are polished—the delicate glisten, the rosy lights instantly add to the charm of the whole hand, making each curve and line more graceful, more poised.

For the between-manicure care of the nails smooth a little Cutex Cuticle Cream (Comfort) on the base of each nail at night. It will keep the nails and cuticle smooth and healthy.

Give yourself this simple manicure once or twice a week and you will be delighted with the added charm it gives the whole hand. Each type of hand is made lovely by this fastidious grooming.

Cutex has everything for this correct manicure, from the essential Cuticle Remover to emery boards, manicure sticks and a choice of polishes, Liquid, Cake and Paste beside the Powder. Each is only 35c. Or there are charming sets with assortments of every single thing you need for a complete manicure at 60c, $1.00, $1.50, and $3.00. At drug or department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

### *To manicurists—*

Beauty parlors wishing to install the Cutex Service at their manicure tables should write on their letterheads for particulars of the free offer Cutex is making for a short time only.

More and more the most skilful and scientific beauty parlors are relying on Cutex to give the rim of soft, even cuticle that is the basis of a lovely manicure.

**Introductory Set—now only 12c**

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. P3, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

*With Cutex the cuticle is shaped to a smooth oval. Dead skin and little split places wipe away. There is no temptation to cut the cuticle. This practice is dangerous and only makes worse the condition you set out to remedy, for the cuticle grows back coarse and lumpy.*

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. P3
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name _____

Street _____
(or P. O. box)

City _____ State _____

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# Just say "Scot Tissue"

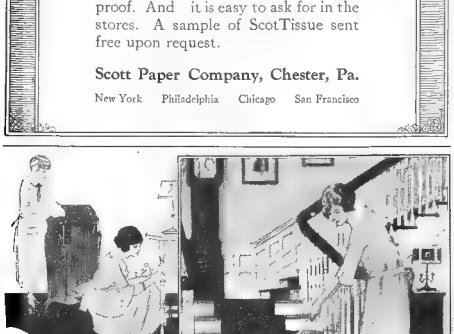
## Saves conversation

The woman of delicate perceptions is quick to recognize in ScotTissue a paper particularly adapted to feminine requirements. It is soft and soothing. It is instantly absorbent. It is white, pure and sanitary. It is wrapped dust-proof. And it is easy to ask for in the stores. A sample of ScotTissue sent free upon request.

**Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.**

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco





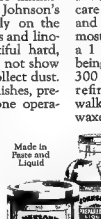
**Enhance the Charm of Your Home with**

# JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

***Paste - Liquid - Powdered***

You can give every room in your home that delightful air of immaculate cleanliness by using Johnson's Polishing Wax occasionally on the furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum. It imparts a beautiful hard, glass-like polish which will not show heel and finger prints or collect dust. Johnson's Wax cleans, polishes, preserves and protects—in one operation.

Johnson's ***Liquid*** Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It covers up surface mars and prevents checking—Takes all drudgery from dusting—Forms a thin, protecting finish coat. Johnson's Wax adds years to the life and beauty of varnish. It is easy to apply and polish.




WAX Your Floors and Linoleum. It will make them beautiful—easy to care for—they won't be slippery—and will not heel print. Wax is the most economical finish for floors—a 1 lb. (85c) can of Johnson's Wax being sufficient for polishing a floor 300 sq. ft. -one coat. Expensive refinishing is never necessary for walked-on places can easily be re-waxed.

To wax floors use a Johnson Weighted Polishing Brush. It ***spreads*** the wax evenly—***polishes*** the wax easily—and is an ideal floor duster. Price $3.50 — (West of Rockies—$4.00). Dealers are authorized to give a qt. bottle of ***Johnson's Kleen Floor FREE*** with each brush.

**Insist upon Johnson's Polishing Wax—There is no substitute. For sale at all good stores.**

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, DEPT. P. R. 3, RACINE, WIS.
(Canadian Factory—Brantford)
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"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## *Jenny the Joyous*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Some women proceed at stated intervals to fall in love with men—just so-so, regardless. The man who stirs up such a flutter in the female heart may never so much as guess that the lady takes notice of the fact that he is alive. And she all the time tearing her hair days and weeping nights and suffering upheavals in her soul enough to drive her to six psychoanalysts at once. There are other women who seem to find it quite impossible to fall in love at all unless the man falls first. The very act of his falling, provided he falls in a way to let the lady know about it, and provided the lady likes him at all and is not already in love with somebody else, produces the effect of causing the lady's heart to become agitated in turn, and before she knows it she is in love herself. Without last week having dreamed of such a thing.

WHEN William Lamar said, "You know, Jenny, more and more I realize that I like being with you better than any one else—in the world!" Jenny's heart started in to palpitate decidedly faster than normal, and she knew her face must be as red as the sophomore banner. And William's agitation having considerably increased through such a declaration, he could not refrain from putting his hand over Jenny's on the railing of the fraternity balcony and leaving it there.

Whereupon he became so wrought up and alarmed at his general condition that he failed to see Jenny again for a week, and when he did appear one evening after seven days of wretchedness, Jenny glared at him.

"Where have you been for a whole week?"

"I say, Jenny, let's take a walk."

After they had walked over to the lake and sat down under a maple-tree by Parson's Cove, William asked her, "Does it make any difference to you if you don't see me for a week?"

"Yes, it does," said Jenny. "I hate it."

A long pause.

"Jenny, I'm going to leave college."

"Billy!"

"Yes, I am. I'm going to work!"

"Billy! What for?"

"I—I want to earn money. I—why, I—I'd like to get married—some day."

Jenny would not have asked him "To whom?" for a thousand dollars, because she knew perfectly well, and hated the idea of sounding—the word which came into her own mind was "kittenish."

"You see, it's this way. If I stay in college four years it would be two years perhaps before I'd be earning enough to get married, and that's too long—if she cares at all. It's too long for me, anyhow."

"Yes, four years is—oh, it's fearfully long! But it seems terrible for you not to graduate!"

"What's the use? Most of it is an awful bore anyhow. I'd rather be out in the world doing something."

"And the tennis team!"

"I know; I hate like anything leaving the tennis team!"

Another long pause.

"Jenny, if you would ever marry me, wouldn't you rather marry me soon—than wait your years?"

"What do you mean by soon, Billy?"

"Well, what do you?"

"Of course—'soon' could mean—tomorrow."

"I wish—oh, I wish it could be tomorrow! Don't I wish I had a lot of money!"

"No, to-morrow wouldn't do anyhow, Billy. Anything as—as wonderful as getting married, people ought to look forward to and plan for and dream about. I don't like the idea of—of sort of jumping in with both feet."

"But how long do you think you'd need to 'look forward'? I've been looking forward, more or less, a whole year, off and on. And the last week it's all I've done at all. As far as this looking forward idea of yours goes, I've had enough already, Jenny, how soon *would* you marry me?"

"Goodness, Billy, I suppose there must be some things a person ought to do and get ahead of time. I suppose really you ought to get a job."

"Yes, of course I'll get a job. How much *do* you suppose I ought to have saved up before—before—"

"I don't suppose we need anything saved up. Just get a job—I suppose you'd better get a job first."

"And a house, Jenny? Ought we to get a house first or afterward?"

"Oh, let's get it together afterward!"

"Well, then, say—say we— Oh, good Heavens, Jenny, I just can hardly say it at all. Say we get married in—in two months!"

"Two months—oh, Billy! And I've promised to get the Dramatic Club out of debt next year and I was to good as promised the lead in the junior play and I did want so to do something worth while in tennis. And I was just elected secretary of the fraternity for next year and treasurer of the History Club, and I was to have charge of 'rushing' at the house— But I surely would much rather get married to you, Billy!"

"Jenny—Jenny—I'll make you happy; I swear to God I'll make you happy!"

Whereupon William Lamar put his arm around Jenny and caught her hands and kissed her long, long, long.

A thousand times Jenny had imagined what it would be like to have a man kiss her—how she would stand, what she would do with her hands, what the man would do with his. And what really, *really*, would the kiss itself be like?

It was very much more wonderful than anything that had ever happened in all her life, so full of wonderful things.

That night in bed she decided that since being kissed was really quite the most glorious thing in all the world, she was very glad indeed that she had not been wasting kisses on any boy who came along, and instead had saved them all, every single one, for Billy Lamar.

*Her* Billy Lamar!

THE next morning Jenny trod the lowly earth with a feeling that she was apart from all creation. The day before, had she happened to think of it, she was one with everybody and everything—her world, her dear, loved world. But now—did not last night place her where no other mortal had ever reached, in a position no other mortal could understand? She was engaged to be married! True, other girls had been and were now engaged to be married—but no one else to Billy Lamar! And besides all of that, *she* knew what it was like to have a man kiss her. True, other girls had been, were being, would be kissed by men—but no one else by Billy Lamar!

Thump! "I—I didn't quite hear."

"I asked you a question concerning the 'Fall of Rome.'"

"I—I didn't quite hear."

"Did the rest of the class have any difficulty in hearing the question? Miss Joslin possibly did not refer early enough last night. Miss Anabelle Browne, why the expression 'Fall of Rome'?"

"He's sacrilegious!" muttered Jenny to herself. "The idea of his referring to last night!"

Such a rebuff to think one was to be done with all this ancient stuff. Instead, to be marrying Billy Lamar!

For the first time since she started college Jenny absented herself from a class. The next hour, instead of attending Natural Science 32, "The Prevention of Citrus Fruit Diseases"—(it was always hard finding a two hour course for Tuesday and Thursday at ten; almost every one took N. S. 32 and read the *Hastings Weekly* Thursdays—it was distributed from nine to ten; Tuesdays Jenny sat next the girl who was assisting her as chairman of the Oriental ball and they discussed plans)—instead of attending Natural Science 32 Jenny walked exactly in the opposite direction, to the library, got out her note-book, and wrote a letter.

HASTINGS LIBRARY, Thursday, 10 A.M.

DEAREST UNCLE ALEC:

I always knew I'd tell you first. It's the most beautiful piece of news in all the world! Guess what—? I'm going to be married in two months! Isn't it grand, grand, *grand?* Oh, Uncle Alec, I always knew the world was the most wonderful place in all creation, but now it's so marvelous I just don't see how I can hold in! I'm *bursting* of joy! You'll be at the wedding! Why, Uncle Alec, I just happened to think —you'll have to be the one to give me away! Oh, oh, oh, Uncle Alec—isn't it *grand?* Write me quickland say "God bless you, my beloved niece!"

Hello, Uncle Alec!

Your loving, loving

JENNY.

P. S.—Of course it's Billy Lamar. Think of it, Uncle Alec—ME—Mrs. William Lamar! !

The very sight of which "Mrs." set Jenny off into a whirl of day-dreams, and before she knew it she was alone in the library because all the wobegone and forlorn, those pitiable souls not engaged to William Lamar, never kissed by William Lamar, had gone home to lunch.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

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**Fruit Salad**

Line a salad bowl with lettuce. Fill with a mixture of fruit, using Sunkist orange sections free from membrane, marshmallows cut in pieces, bananas sliced and pineapple cut in small pieces. Other available fruit, fresh or canned, may be used, and nuts may be added if desired. Serve with Cream Mayonnaise Dressing.

# *Salads*

## For Summer Freshness with Winter Meals

**Orange and Onion Salad**

On a bed of lettuce leaves arrange two very thin slices Bermuda onion, on the onion ¼ inch slice Sunkist orange pared, another slice of Bermuda onion and a second slice Sunkist orange. Garnish with pimola cut in thin slices and a sprig of watercress. Serve with French Dressing.

**Fruit Salad in Sections**

Arrange three lettuce leaves with stems meeting at the center. On one leaf place sections of Sunkist orange free from membrane. On another leaf pile small balls of cream cheese rolled in chopped walnut meats, and on the third leaf canned Royal Anne cherries pitted. Make a nest of heart leaves of lettuce in the center and fill with Golden Salad Dressing.

WOMEN will welcome these delicious salads to serve with the Winter meals.

For they bring a luscious summer freshness to balance the cooked foods which are usually too much in evidence during winter.

Here are tasty, dainty salads—easy to prepare. The whole family will approve them. And they make a vastly better diet for the healthfulness of children and grown-ups alike.

### "More Raw Foods"

"More raw foods" is the warning of the dietitians of today.

More mineral salts and fruit-acids—more vitamines—more foods that will offset those of the acid-forming kind.

Oranges, although known as "acid fruits" produce an *alkaline* reaction in the blood.

So oranges should be eaten plentifully by all whose tendencies are toward "acidity."

The mineral salts and fruit-acids of the orange are natural appetizers and digestants. Thus orange salads increase the efficiency of the other foods you serve with them.

And the fresh vitamines of oranges are particularly desirable where cooked foods are the rule.

Fruit-acids are good for the teeth also, as any dentist will agree.

So there are important benefits as well as luscious flavors to make the frequent use of orange salads well worth while.

Consider them necessities as well as attractions in the menu, and serve them frequently for everybody's good.

A fresh-fruit salad daily the year 'round is a simple dish—quickly and easily prepared—and pays real dividends in better health.

### Try Now

Try one of these recipes every day for five days as a test.

See how your people like them.

The appetizing qualities of oranges make them welcome daily.

The true benefits of fruit come with regularity of use. So form the orange-salad-habit now.

Note our offer of handy recipe card file containing other recipes for dainty orange salads and desserts.

**Chrysanthemum Salad**

Cut through the skin of very small Sunkist oranges three-fourths of the way down and in very fine strips, being careful not to break them apart. Remove pulp and cut in long pieces. Place each orange skin in a bed of lettuce leaves and fill center with orange pulp and long slender pieces of apple. Serve with Coronation Dressing.

**Orange and Grapefruit Salad**

On a bed of lettuce leaves arrange alternate sections of Sunkist orange and grapefruit free from membrane. In the center pile Royal Anne canned cherries pitted. Cover with long strips of green pepper laid crisscross over the top and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

# *California* Sunkist *Oranges*

*Uniformly Good*

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
*A Non-Profit, Co-Operative Organization of 11,000 Growers*
Dept. 403, Los Angeles, California

**Mail This** Send for this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist recipe cards. Each dish pictured in colors. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for recipe-card box.

For 10c we will send the set of Sunkist recipe cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 25 index cards, all prepaid.

This set would cost $1.25 in retail stores.

Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with stamps or coins. Offer is good at these prices in both United States and Canada.

☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards—10c

☐ Complete Box and File—25c (Including above 24 cards)

Address: California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. 403, Los Angeles, California

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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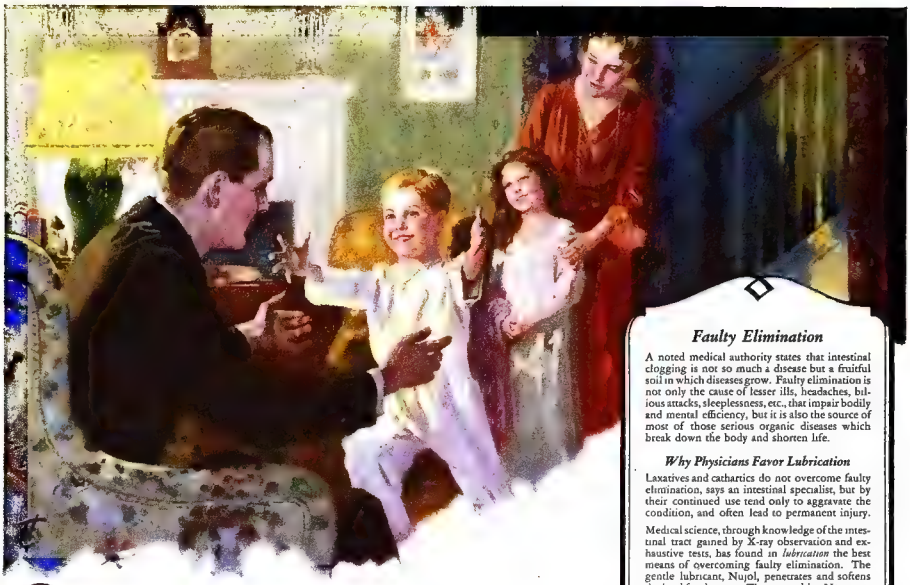

# *Is this health and happiness in your family?*

HAPPY is the mother who sees her family buoyant with health. For health is essential to happiness. The healthy person is promised a life complete in usefulness and enjoyment.

The health of your children, husband and yourself is dependent upon *internal cleanliness*—proper elimination of food waste. From a clogged intestinal system to chronic disease is only a step, says a famous medical authority. There are intermediate periods with minor accompanying disorders. But only a short time carries a person from the first attack of intestinal clogging, with its resultant poisoning of the body, to serious, even vital diseases.

### *Guard Your Children*

The mother must take systematic measures to prevent intestinal clogging in her children. Headache, fretfulness, loss of appetite, coated tongue, etc., all indicate that clogging is present and that poisons are saturating the body. Vital resistance is lowered and the child is prey to contagious diseases.

### *Value of Internal Cleanliness*

Physical and mental well-being are the rewards of internal cleanliness. Parents and children alike can establish sound health by acquiring this priceless habit through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol is not a laxative. Nujol maintains internal cleanliness by *lubrication*. Nujol lubricates and softens the food waste and hastens its passage through and out of the body. It thus prevents the formation of dangerous poisons in the intestine. Physicians recommend Nujol not only as the best method for overcoming intestinal clogging, but as the most effective means of preventing it.

Make health and happiness easy. Have your family take Nujol as regularly as they wash their faces or brush their teeth. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol promotes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world. Keep a bottle of Nujol always in the bathroom cabinet. For sale by all druggists.

## *Faulty Elimination*

A noted medical authority states that intestinal clogging is not so much a disease but a fruitful soil in which diseases grow. Faulty elimination is not only the cause of lesser ills, headaches, bilious attacks, sleeplessness, etc., that impair bodily and mental efficiency, but it is also the source of most of those serious organic diseases which break down the body and shorten life.

### *Why Physicians Favor Lubrication*

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says an intestinal specialist, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition, and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a medicine and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow of the intestinal stream, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

***Complexion Troubles.*** Science now knows that poisons from intestinal sluggishness are the chief cause of personal unattractiveness. Carried by the blood they reach every body cell, the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair and the eyes. No wonder that through faulty elimination the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes. It is not strange that the hair loses its sheen and the eyes become dull.

Nujol should be taken regularly for the complexion. Nujol overcomes and prevents intestinal sluggishness. It thus keeps the body free from poisons which are the principal cause of complexion troubles.

Nujol is woman's most effective aid to a clear, healthy, lovely skin.

***Elderly People.*** In youth and perfect health the intestine supplies a natural lubricating liquid in sufficient quantity to soften the food waste and hasten its movement out of the body. In advanced years this lubricant decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of Nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those in advanced years. Nujol softens the waste, thus enabling the intestinal muscles to move it along and out of the body.

*Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories* — *Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)*

## FREE TRIAL BOTTLE!

Nujol, Room 801A, 7 Hanover Square, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.) Write name and address in margin.

*"Regular as Clockwork"*

# Nujol

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

*For Internal Cleanliness*

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# Jenny the Joyous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

Two days later a freshman called up in a hoarse whisper to Jenny, "Hey, Jen, your uncle's here!"

What in the world—! Oh, joy! And down the stairs two steps at a time flew Jenny and hurled herself into the arms of Uncle Alec.

"What in the world—! Oh, I'm glad to see you!"

"You, Jenny—you! Why, it was only yesterday I fished you out of the lake at home, three years old. You, Jenny!"

"Uncle Alec—you're not going to say I'm too young!"

"Too young? Never, Jenny! Think of it—you're twenty years old! Fact of it is, I'd begun to worry—thought you'd be an old maid. Began to feel sorry for you. And William? Let's see, William must be all of—"

"Oh, he's older still—he's twenty-one!"

"Just think, twenty-one! Poor old Bill. Twenty-one! It's well he found some one at last!"

"Uncle Alec!"

"Come on, Jen; let's take a walk."

SO OUT they went, Uncle Alec more than twice the age of Jenny's William, yet wondering, after all, if it were only yesterday that he and Cynthia Norris were window-shopping for a dining-room table. And then eating lunch together at the little restaurant above Maynard's—pretending they had just decided to eat out for a change instead of going "home." And that afternoon, sitting the whole afternoon in the park—the most perfect afternoon of his life. And that evening, supper in the little basement restaurant at the corner of Broadway and Third Avenue—his and her beloved rendezvous. And that night, by the lake, the most perfect—no, no, every night with her was the most perfect of his life.

And the next day he made up his mind that he should never marry his adored Cynthia Norris until he had money enough to buy her the finest dining-room table in the land, and until, after they were married, he could take her to Maynard's itself to have lunch. Money—he must make money that Cynthia Norris might have only the best!

But Alec Anderson was not born under a moneyed star. It was nothing to Cynthia Norris. He had been born; that was the main thing. They could get along—oh, Alec—on nothing!

Alec Anderson worked too hard and waited too long. He did not meet Cynthia Norris until he and she were twenty-five. At thirty she went to visit Jenny's mother and met Dr. Rawlins and somehow—Alec Anderson could never blame her in the least. He had not at forty-five been able to earn enough to buy Cynthia Norris the finest dining-room table in the land, which was the only kind she deserved.

"Uncle Alec, you will give me away at the wedding, won't you?"

Come back—or rather come ahead, Uncle Alec, those fifteen years and more. Your dream is long ended—ended, except to go on dreaming. And here is Jenny, twenty, in the rosy, glowing midst of the wonderful thing.

"Just as you say, my Jenny!"

And then he decided to come at once to the subject which had brought him to Hastings.

"Jenny, you know, I feel an awful responsibility for you. I never realized how great until I got your letter. You've no mother or father. Of course there's your aunt Em—I know—don't say anything—I know your aunt Em as well as you do. I realize I'm the only grown person you feel very close to, and goodness, it has scared me to think of you being old enough to get married and no mother—no person—to—to talk to or anything."

"But, Uncle Alec——"

"No, don't interrupt me, because it's the darndest hardest job I ever tackled, talking like this to you. I've been rehearsing it all the way on the train. It's *darn* hard. I say, Jenny, you really intend to get married?"

"Why, Uncle Alec, what a question!"

"Yes, yes, of course. It was just that if you *had* changed your mind or anything, I'd—I'd not feel I had to go on with what I had to say. It's just this, Jenny. I do feel so *darn* responsible. It's harder saying it than I thought for. But what I had in mind—I say, Jenny, what do you know about getting married anyhow?"

"How do you mean? I don't understand."

"I mean—I mean— What—do you know what getting married *means*?"

"Why, it means—it means—that you live with the man you love most in all the world."

"Yes, yes, but do you know what that 'living' means?"

"Why, it means—it means—*everything*."

"Jenny, do you realize it means—he's the—the father of your children?"

"Heavens, Uncle Alec—Heavens! Who else would be?"

"Yes, yes, of course. But do you know— My goodness, I wish you had a mother. I wish your aunt Em weren't such a fool. Do you know what being the father of your children means? How much *do* you know, Jenny?"

"Oh—oh— I begin to see what you're driving at. Why, Uncle Alec, if you mean that—I know—I understand—all about where babies come from, and all that."

"*Do* you, tho—everything about it?"

"Well, of course, everything's a big word. But mother told me all about how babies are born when I was ten or eleven years old. And then just before she died she told me some more."

Uncle Alec looked over the lake.

"I wish you had your mother now."

Jenny's eyes filled with tears. "I never wanted her so much as since the night Billy kissed me. A girl just ought to have a mother when she's going to be married. It's so—different, not having a mother then!"

Uncle Alec took the pipe out of his mouth and turned to Jenny. "Jenny Joslin, I'd give everything I possessed if you wouldn't get married so soon."

"Why, Uncle Alec—why?"

"To think of you, just twenty, starting in to have a family, tying yourself down to housework and cooking and scrubbing and mending. How much money has your Billy?"

"None at all."

"So— None at all. Jenny, it *can't* be! A man has no right to marry a woman when he has no money, no right on earth —especially not at twenty-one. A few years of waiting then can't make such a difference. How do you know the very first baby won't wreck your health? You have no money even to get a home started. Heavens, if only I could help you! I'm just no hand at all to earn anything—but all I have is yours. Only wait a year or so, Jenny. Have a little nest-egg stored away against a rainy day. Get some more fun and play out of life before you start in having babies on no money."

"You don't understand! Why, Uncle Alec, there'd be no fun in anything, not married to Billy."

"And it might just be—such things have been known to happen—that with no money and babies, there'd be no fun any more in anything, married to Billy."

"If I were married to Billy everything would be fun!"

Uncle Alec turned back to the lake again, and again puffed his pipe.

"THERE'S just one more point, Jenny. It would have broken your mother's heart not to have you finish college. It was the one thing she was determined on. She married your father so young—she never had a chance to do any of the things she really wanted to do in the world. Over and over she used to say to me, 'Jenny must have four years of college! Must have the foundation of it, the training of it,' and always pretty wistfully she'd add, 'must have the fun of it.'"

"Really, Uncle Alec, really did mother want me to graduate?"

"Very much she wanted it."

"I've tried so hard always to do what mother would want me to."

Again the tears in Jenny's eyes.

Again a long silence.

Again broken by Uncle Alec. "I say, Jen, would you care if I ran over and had a talk with your Billy? He's to be my own nephew—the better acquainted he and I get, the more pleased I'll be. I don't want to give you away to a semi-stranger."

"I'd love it. I'd love to have you and Billy chums!"

As they neared the house where Jenny lived her college days, Uncle Alec looked as if there were still something he wanted very much to say.

"There's something on your mind." Jenny wanted his face to look boyish and quizzical and happy again.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

*You'll like your face better after this luxurious cleansing*

If you ever dread to look in your frank mirror, and remember with pricking envy lovely faces you have seen, if you ever despair because you haven't more time to pamper your beauty,—don't be resigned and decide it doesn't make any difference what your skin is like anyhow.

It does make a difference, in your whole attitude towards life and in every one's attitude towards you. And you can do something about it. Something simple and wholesome that will make you enjoy looking in a mirror.

You can cleanse your skin with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream in a few minutes—no more time than it takes to wash it. Yet this cleaning leaves your face smooth, soft, young-looking, and all of life becomes more interesting.

Cover your face all over with this pure, velvet-soft cold cream. Put it on generously so not one pore escapes its touch. Leave it a few moments to penetrate into the pores and find all of the hidden impurities. Then wipe off the superfluous cream with a clean, soft cloth, and with it comes the harsh dirt that would otherwise coarsen your skin. You smooth away the lines that might turn into wrinkles. You brace up the delicate muscles of your face. You coax dawn-like color into your face.

One cleansing with "D & R" makes you like your face better. But it is regular, daily care with this all-round cold cream that makes it lastingly beautiful.

Begin the care that will make you like your face better today, by sending in the coupon which will bring you a Get-Acquainted tube of "D & R" free.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is on sale everywhere. In tubes 10c, 25c, 50c. In jars 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50.

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# Those Precious Children

**Give them *vital* growth foods, in a form which they love**

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are irresistible to children—they love the airy bubble-like grains so like a confection. To the childish imagination each dainty morsel seems like food from a fairy story.

Yet each crisp, flaky bit is a *whole grain*, with all its essential elements of growth. There is starch for heat and energy, minerals for bone-building, and the needed bran.

Luscious kernels steam exploded to eight times natural size, with every food cell broken to make digestion easy. Quickly assimilated; converted into vitality and energy.

Serve Quaker Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice several times a day and at bed time. Serve with cream or milk, melted butter, with fresh or cooked fruit. The variety is endless, every way a special treat.

***Professor Anderson's Invention***

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the famed inventions of Professor Anderson—food shot from guns, the most thoroughly cooked grain foods known.

QUAKER
**PUFFED WHEAT**

QUAKER
**PUFFED RICE**


## *Jenny the Joyous*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

"Yes, one last thing. I'm not at all sure yet that you know all you ought to know. I just can't tell you. I can't see where to begin. I don't. I can't. No, sir, it's beyond me. 'Way beyond me. I wish you'd promise me one thing. Before you get married I wish you'd go over and have a talk with—Mrs. Rawlins—Cynthia Rawlins. She'd be the most splendid person in all the world for you to have a talk with. I'll write her a little note so she'll understand, and it will be easy for you. Will you promise?"

"Why Mrs. Rawlins? I don't know her so very well. She visited us that time when I was awfully young, and then when she came to live near by, we hardly ever saw her. She came to see mother once, I remember, not long before mother died. She stayed all afternoon, and she cried, and mother cried, and they seemed to hate to say good-by to each other. After she left mother said—I've never forgotten it—'Jenny, Jenny, if each of us could just be sure we had a chance to live our lives over! Then we could manage to get through the terrible mistakes of this one more patiently.' Odd, wasn't it? Mrs. Rawlins started to be lovely to me after mother died, but of course Aunt Emie tried to spoil it all. I'm very fond of Mrs. Rawlins—if she wouldn't think it queer, my coming like that. I don't know. Why Mrs. Rawlins?"

"Because Mrs. Rawlins is the loveliest woman in all the world, and could talk to you about marriage, or anything else, as no other woman on earth could. Promise, Jenny?"

Jenny gave her uncle Alec a look out of the corner of her eye. Since last Wednesday Jenny was very sure she understood very much more about the universe than she had ever understood before.

"I promise," said Jenny obediently.

Uncle Alec felt the weight of the world lifted off his shoulders. Cynthia Rawlins—Cynthia Rawlins would be able to explain anything and everything. Little motherless Jenny—she would be taken care of!

PART of the richness of life is that, whether history repeats itself or not, no single human experience does. Some peculiarity there is to every separate happening which precludes the possibility of ever experiencing exactly the same sensations twice.

When it comes to an event like graduating from college, of course there is nothing else in the span of a single life which even remotely approaches it. How many times in those last delirious ten days did Jenny raise her eyes and throw that heavenward kiss with its "Thank You, God!" How *could* one world hold so much joy? The farewell lunches and teas and dinners and dances, the banquets and speeches, the tears, the rejoicings. The sacred ecstasy of the last formal exercises. Forgotten all the boredom surrounding the "Fall of Rome," the "Extermination of the Peach-tree Borer." Remembered only that four years, filled to overflowing with the good, glad things of life, were drawing to their end—were, indeed, all but ended. The meetings, the committees, the dances, the sports, the plays, serious and frivolous, the bazaars, the games where one cheered and sang till one's throat could cheer and sing no more, the picnics, the initiations, the rallies, and the friends, the friends, the friends!

Yes, and History 38 had been really wonderful, and English 1a and 14b—she did love Professor Selby. And anyway she had gotten through every course, albeit there was no jot of glory to spare. Even that terrible paper on the "Cotton Trade in South America, 1800–1850," was done and handed in.

And there, to the right of the big hall in Dudley, sat Billy, her Billy. To have had those four glorious, throbbing years and, besides, her Billy! "Thank You; oh, *thank* You, God!"

Billy already knew what it meant when she looked at him and then put a finger to her lips and blew a kiss to heaven. She told him, when he once asked, that it made her heart a little lighter. That sometimes she felt so very grateful, so very happy, she just *had* to say, "Thank You; oh, thank You!" to some one, so she blew that little kiss to heaven and said, "Thank You, God!" When she did that just after looking at him, it meant "Thank You for Billy Lamar!"

After the graduating exercises came the senior girls' luncheon, where every soul who had a toast to respond to wept, including the heavy and efficient Anabelle Browne. Why shouldn't Anabelle Browne weep? When, oh, when would she see Jenny Joslin again? Anabelle Browne was not the only one to weep because of Jenny Joslin. Six girls announced their engagements, and everybody wept some more and laughed and laughed and wept and sang songs. Could it really be the end?

The end, all but the very end, which was the reception at President McKenzie's house, bless his dear old tottering heart! Death was mercifully to call him before another commencement—before he had to stand back ever and himself be forced to view a "good business executive." Old executives are indeed pathetic, often ruinous, figures. Only some old executives, students know, stay forever young. Boards of Regents have many things to take into consideration.

That night, as a last solemnity, Jenny wanted to sit again under their maple at Parson's Cove. Alas—or not alas, for why should it not be thus at twenty-two?—that maple and every other maple seemed to be taken in last solemnity by souls either beginning, or in some luckless cases ending, at least for that particular affair, the eternal call of youth to youth.

Is it such a reprehensible thing to be in love at twenty-two that one must therefore doom coeducation?

Girls in women's colleges, boys in men's colleges, have been known to be in love at twenty-two. Usually on a more slender foundation than after four years of seeing just how well or ill the other deports herself or himself in history or biology, French or mathematics, in football practise or on the hockey team, in the editorial room or at committee meetings or at rallies—in the countless details of association of human being with human being in those more than a thousand days.

So Jenny and her Billy walked 'way to the end of the lake, and up beyond the falls, and sat down with their backs against the rocks of Old Forty. Billy's arm was around her, Jenny's head close to his.

"I'm so proud of you, Jenny—so proud! Just think of all you've done!"

"Hush, Billy. I almost flunked every year."

"But all you *did*, Jenny! I'm so proud!"

"Hush! Just love me"

Was there such a place in the world as a university?

"Billy, it was better to wait, wasn't it?"

"Everything you decide is always right, Jenny."

"But you really think it was right, anyhow, don't you?" He thought it was right, anyhow. Mainly because he could not help but realize that it had taken him two whole years to reach one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month and save four hundred dollars. Uncle Alec, after all, was a good scout.

"And now, Billy, there's just a last month to live through!"

WAITING for her at home was a note from Uncle Alec:

I've written to Cynthia Rawlins. Don't forget your promise!

Also was waiting for her a note from Cynthia Rawlins:

DEAR JENNY JOSLIN:

Do come and have a cup of tea with me in the garden Friday afternoon. You promised your uncle Alec, and, anyway, I would so love to see you.

Mrs. Rawlins was very lovely—a good deal like Jenny's mother. Indeed, Jenny felt her whole heart rush out to her as they sat under the wisteria-arbor that warm Summer afternoon. A woman to talk to—a woman who understood her language!

They looked at each other with expressions of complete ease and friendship. Cynthia Rawlins was as grateful for the fact that at last this young thing she loved was coming into her life as Jenny to think that at last she had found an older woman who was all her soul could ask for. One person like that was as much as a body needed in the world. And Billy. And Uncle Alec.

"You do make me think so of your uncle Alec!"

Jenny beamed. "And mother—don't I remind you a little of mother?"

"You remind me a little, perhaps, of every person I ever loved. Tell me about your William."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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# Always a Delightful Surprise!

*Every woman knows—*

That in making her home attractive she has to be something of an actress—that she is at her best when she can give delightful surprise.

When your guests pause between dances, be prepared to refresh them

More often than not she accomplishes the effect she desires with little things—little things which she makes big things of life.

A case that's familiar is one that features many a family dinner. Mother, sitting serene in her place at the foot of the table, appears not to know any more of what's coming than any of the others. And then...!—the first strawberries of spring—or maybe, when it's midsummer, the most luscious peaches you ever tasted—or maybe the first pumpkin pie of fall—or maybe corned beef and cabbage for father. What a delightful surprise!

Or glimpse an ideal party in the afternoon. There is no sign of worry in the hostess over whether things are going right. She is enjoying the party as much as any of her guests. Then the tea cart rolls in—the first announcement that refreshment time has arrived. Again the woman, mistress of the situation and wholly at ease, has triumphed with a delightful surprise. She has made her home the type, familiar to every community, everyone likes to visit.

Delightful surprise is expected from the woman, though most often it means much planning and work. But there is a way that's quick, convenient and easy: Have those in your home Enjoy Thirst!

An afternoon party is an ideal time to serve bottled Coca-Cola

Suppose an occasion with unexpected guests. You wonder what to do for them. Then you think of your ice box and a beverage, long cooled—"delicious and refreshing," ready to serve. Without any trouble you can give delightful surprise.

You see why bottled Coca-Cola is served so often in homes—welcomed at lunch time, at tea time, at times in between, and in the evening when there's dancing or when there's bridge. It's pure and wholesome—the ideal beverage with which to—

Refresh Yourself!

How delightful and convenient to find it ready in your ice box

## Drink Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

## Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

*Order bottled Coca-Cola from your grocer as you order groceries. He delivers it by the case and calls for the empties.*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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# Like Grime on Ivory

## Those film-coats on your teeth

THIS is to offer you a test of a new way of teeth cleaning. Millions now employ it. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show you how much it means.

New beauty, new protection come to users. No woman will ever go without the results when she knows them. Nor will she let her family go without them.

### *To combat the film*

This method combats film on teeth—that viscous film you feel. It clings tenaciously. Unless you combat it, much of it remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. That is why so many teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles.

### *Now ways to combat it daily*

Dental science has found two effective film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

This tooth paste has brought a new dental era to millions of homes the world over. And largely through dental advice.

### *Two other great effects*

Research proved two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

These combined effects are bringing people everywhere a new conception of clean teeth.

### *You cannot doubt*

No one can doubt these benefits. They are quickly seen and felt. One who once knows them will never again go without them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

**Protect the Enamel**

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out this coupon so you don't forget.

**Pepsodent** REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

1481

**10-DAY TUBE FREE**

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 702, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

The scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada

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## *Jenny the Joyous*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

Which was easily done. There was no subject Jenny preferred to talk about more than—as much as—her William.

"And you are to be married in a month!"

"Twenty-eight days now!"

"Your uncle Alec wrote that I was 'to talk to you.' What in the world did he want me to talk to you about, except anything and everything which came into our thoughts?"

Jenny's mind flew back to the afternoon of her sophomore year by the lake.

"He wants you to talk to me about getting married. I don't know just what He seemed to think there must be things I ought to know. I'd always thought mother had told me everything necessary."

"What *do* you know?" Cynthia Rawlins asked her.

Jenny told her all she could think of about having babies.

"But there is more to married life, my dearest Jenny, than having babies. Here I am, married fifteen years, and I've never had any babies. What about that?"

"I don't understand about that," said Jenny. "Did you want babies?"

"With all my heart It was the—the main reason—I got married."

"Is that so?" asked Jenny in amazement. She wanted babies badly enough, but the main reason she was getting married was to live with Billy Lamar. "Then why didn't you have babies?"

"No one seems to know."

A pause in which Jenny's heart hurt her terribly—hurt for Mrs. Rawlins. Imagine wanting babies and not having them.

One way and another there was this and that which Cynthia Rawlins could tell Jenny. She told it as Uncle Alec knew she would—so that when Jenny left the rose-scented garden long after the bees and butterflies were gone, she knew that, while marriage was a good deal more complicated than she had imagined it, there were even more possibilities for beauty and depth of love than she had visioned.

Cynthia Rawlins had not failed Uncle Alec

Jenny could not know that the woman with the soft brown hair, slight streaks of gray here and there, her eyes gazing off beyond the hollyhocks and cosmos into the land of cherished dreams, was painting the picture of married life for Jenny not as she had learned its beauty from experience—far from it. Rather, for two hours, did she let her heart play madly with the golden fancy of what it must have been like had Cynthia Norris waited and married Alec Anderson.

UNCLE ALEC appeared the day before the wedding, "as if," blustered the harassed aunt Emie, "there wasn't enough to do without having a man around the house!" To add to Aunt Emie's concern and dismay, Mrs. Rawlins insisted on helping. "Don't you pay the least attention to Aunt Emie," Jenny had admonished her So she did not pay the least attention to Aunt Emie, and packed, and put wedding presents around on tables, and decorated, and printed name-cards, and arranged for automobiles, and ordered Jenny's bouquet All the last things which from lack of experience or from fluster Aunt Emie or Jenny or William was incapable of performing. Uncle Alec—of course Uncle Alec couldn't be expected to know anything about anything. ("Why such a lot of fuss, Cynthia? As long as the minister and Billy appear, I can't for the life of me see the sense of all this activity I came to have a last quiet visit with Jenny.")

As for Jenny, efficient Jenny, who had as good as run the entire college before she was through—Jenny went off on a blue yellow-rose-green haze with Billy at 9:30 A.M. after extra name-cards and appeared again at four. We draw the curtain on Aunt Emie's reception to the returned lovers They failed to catch more than a tenth of it anyway.

Whereupon, realizing that Aunt Emie was in that mood where Jenny preferred company, and Billy having torn himself away to—to shave or—or do something, Jenny asked where her uncle Alec was.

"Don't ask me where your uncle Alec is!"

"Where's Mrs. Rawlins?"

"How should I know where Mrs. Rawlins is?" And as Aunt Emie went about moving everything one-sixteenth

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

*For every muscular ache*

You get quick relief with this simple treatment. It rouses the natural bodily forces to drive out the cause of pain

AN aching back, an attack of rheumatism, a bad case of lame muscles—such common ailments, and, when they happen to you, how hard to bear!

What wouldn't you give for an unfailing "first aid" to meet these emergencies — something you could have always on hand, ready in the medicine closet!

In about one out of every three homes in the United States you will find Sloan's Liniment. For nearly fifty years it has given just the help needed to so many millions that today it is as widely known, as generally used as the telephone.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep-down in joints and muscles, it *can be reached* if the natural curative powers *inside* the body are only roused.

When you use Sloan's, it first stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, *under* the place where the Liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, up-building powers brings to sick, pain-ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain. It rouses and reinforces all the curative forces of your own body.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists.

Spread it on gently—you don't have to rub it in. Immediately you will feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then freedom from pain. There is no burning, no blistering—only quick, lasting relief.

SLOAN'S Liniment—*Kills pain*

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## Jenny the Joyous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

of an inch right or left from where everything was doing perfectly well in the first place, she sputtered, "Nice way to do, at their age! Go off like that, and she a married woman!"

It was Mrs. Rawlins who, by special invitation, hooked Jenny's wedding-dress, arranged the veil, patted her here and there. It was only because Jenny was the pet she was of the gods that she looked like a presentable bride when she got through. Mrs. Rawlin's cheeks were flaming red, her eyes sparkling almost feverishly, her hands shook so that nothing went exactly right. Jenny's own cheeks were almost as red, her eyes almost as sparkling, her hands shook almost as hard. For Jenny, she was about to step into the beautiful existence—years of glory and wonder and delight with the man she loved. For Cynthia Rawlins, she had snatched one afternoon she was snatching part of one night, from the eternity of afternoons, and of nights of unending boredom and pettiness—that much of glory and wonder and delight with the man she loved. One afternoon, and part of one night—so much of the beautiful existence. So much of a wild surrender to the throbbing pulse of youth and yearning fairly bursting her veins. So much —out of all eternity.

"WE SHALL," Jenny had announced some time in advance, "spend very little on a honeymoon."

"But, Jen," her Billy pleaded, "every one will think I'm a 'cheap skate'—not to give your bride a decent honeymoon! Oh, I say, let's economize on something else!"

"We'll start economizing on the honeymoon. Because, look here, Billy—it's just a matter of cold common sense. How much do you love me?"

"I say, Jen—good Heavens, you don't expect me to be able to tell that!"

"Just so. And I love you the exact same amount in return. Now, when two folks love each other that much, will you tell me what earthly difference it makes where they spend their honeymoon?"

"But, Jen, what'll folks *say*?"

"*Billy!*"

After smoothing over in the traditional way of lovers what came thus perilously near being a disagreement, Billy said, "Just what *is* your idea, then, of a honeymoon?"

"It's this way. You've admitted it doesn't make the least difference where we go or are. Honeymoons—their destination—should of course always be kept secret from every one. That you will admit. Why not keep it secret from ourselves?"

"How in the world can you go some place and not know where you are going?"

To which Jenny replied, with wisdom beyond her years, "That's the way almost everybody goes. You never heard a little song, 'I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way'?"

"Yes, but a honeymoon!"

"That's what we'll sing when we start off, Mr. and Mrs. William Lamar, decorated in white ribbons and new patent-leather shoes—one, two, three! 'We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way!' Don't look like that, as if I talked—or sang—in Greek. See, Billy, what a mistake it would be to spend a lot of money traveling some place far. We shan't have the remotest notion where we are anyhow. So my idea is we'll each put down a dollar on the railroad-station counter—or you put down two—and say, 'We want that much worth of tickets, southern direction.'"

"Jenny! They'll think matrimony has unsettled your mind!"

"It will do them good—break into their every-day routine. They'll have to get out a book or something and look to see just where one gets to, starting south on a dollar. It may be we'd get four cents back, since the train wouldn't necessarily stop at the exact dollar inch, as it were. We'd get off at the nearest station this side of a dollar's worth—nothing more!"

"But I'd feel like an idiot!"

"Then I'll buy the tickets. I think it would be no end of fun and excitement."

"We might land in some dirty old coal-mining town——"

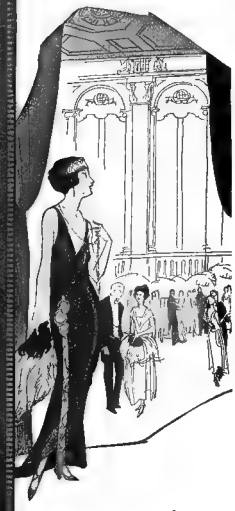
"Or some terrible big city——"

"Or—or a place where there'd be nothing but saloons——"

"Or where there'd be no hotel and we'd have to sleep with the station-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

*The Custom-Corseted Look*



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# Keeping stride with her sons and daughters

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"Lysol" Disinfectant is today the leading antiseptic for this purpose, because it is both *effective and safe*. It is *neutral*. It contains no free alkali nor free acid. Diluted in correct proportions, it does not irritate. No antiseptic could be safer for the delicate internal tissues.

And "Lysol" is economical; one half teaspoonful to one quart of water is all that is required to make the proper antiseptic solution for feminine hygiene.

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For feminine hygiene
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For the bathroom

Use "Lysol" as a disinfecting solution
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## *Jenny the Joyous*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

master on a wooden bench and hear the telegraph thing clicking all night—"

"Really, Jen, no joking—it's an awful risk. And on a honeymoon! It just isn't done!"

"I tell you, Billy, we'll compromise. That's what we'll always do, eh, Billy? The first night, because it would be dark and hard finding our way about a strange—coal-mining town, we'll spend at Forster's over the bridge, where every bride and groom goes year in, year out. Conventional, proper, approved. See how good I am, how yielding. And then the next day we'll start out for our dollar's worth."

"Just as you say, Jenny; just as you say."

NO TWO honeymoons in all the world could ever be alike, even if different pairs of brides and grooms went to the same hotel, in the same town, and stayed the same length of time, and had the same weather. On the average, every young couple bring to their first days together twenty to thirty years of background, each quite unlike the other, if for no other reason than that one is a man, the other a woman. Always a certain separation of personalities continues, the degree of separateness depending on the age of marriage, the mutual interests, the amount of love. For those first days there has been no time to learn a working philosophy of married life, no understanding of the enormous rôle pure technique can play in enabling two separate personalities to live comfortably under one roof. And so much depends on those first days! Perhaps the melody and rhythm of the rest of life catch their motif, their impulse, from the honeymoon.

When the world they have more or less forgotten claims them again after those first experiences together, it may receive them back less of lovers than when they stood, that night of nights, and heard themselves pronounced man and wife. Alas, that so much the world could do to play its part toward combining successfully two lives, never gets done, or gets done wrong! Either the mind, soul, and body receive no preparation whatever for the most potential of all steps taken in life, or such equipment as the world supplies is fashioned of ugly stories, half-truths, direct lies, innuendos. Years of falsehoods, of misinformation, of no information at all—such the foundation, for alas, how many! of the structure on which society itself rests. For in what consideration—racial, industrial, political, religious—can the family be disregarded? In every circle it is the starting-point, the end. In its intangible atmosphere each new generation receives its impetus, its chains. *People*—the throbbing, dynamic cause and effect of every atom of the world's endeavor!

And how often do we conceive them in an agony of misunderstanding, bear them in a spirit of rebellion, give birth to them in a torment of fear, and let them grow in their early years in lies, misinformation, no information, to the act of conception again!

When it can all be so amazingly wonderful.

But with the first of wedded life, as with the middle and the end, it rests on two people together to make it wonderful. Bride alone, wife alone, mother alone, no more than groom alone, husband alone, father alone, can produce the soul which typifies marriage. The union of the wills of man and woman is as essential to the creation of the rich spirit of married life as is their physical union necessary for the creation of human beings. Either mate alone, in either case, is sterile.

Of all the wedding-gifts to start Jenny Joslin on her life with William Lamar, the most precious of all, then, were the beauty and truth she had learned early from her mother; the beauty and truth she learned later from Cynthia Rawlins. Well might those who loved Jenny, those who sent their cherished thoughts to follow after her, have called "Thank You, God!"

IT WAS before ten o'clock the next morning that Jenny and her Billy, Mr. and Mrs. William Lamar, found their way to the ticket-window at the railroad-station. For all Jenny's fine talk, she discovered it was going to be a much more embarrassing performance than she had imagined to put a dollar down on the counter, or furnish William with sufficient support to put two dollars down, and say, "That far, south."

But one couldn't start one's married life backing out of things. It was finally she who took the two dollars, Billy pleading at the last minute to be allowed to do something prosaic and conventional, and demanded their money's worth in mileage. The ticket-man was anything but helpful. It was too much of a departure from his routine. He was used to haziness, but absolute blankness was out of his line. At last he produced two ordinary day-coach tickets to Smedley, price ninety-five cents each.

Jenny was by that time feeling at ease and assured. She dashed for Billy. "Only think—we're going some place you never heard of in all your life!"

"If only God has heard of it!" sighed her William. Himself—no, he had never heard of Smedley.

"And we've lived in these parts all our lives!" grinned Jenny, assured that after all the plan was worth the first embarrassment.

They made their way to the last seat in the car. "Billy, isn't it fun, now *isn't* it, not to have any idea where you're going? Oh, I wouldn't give this scheme up for a thousand dollars!"

"It's all very well for you to talk, Jenny. I've got all the responsibility on my shoulders, and it scares me to think I may be taking my—my wife—to some hick of a town."

"Nonsense! It's not your responsibility at all. I'm entirely to blame, absolutely and alone, for what Smedley turns out to be. But you will be a gentleman and say 'Thank you, Jenny,' if it turns out to be very nice, won't you? It will be the test of your manhood, William Lamar, how many times you say 'I told you so!'"

They didn't believe ninety-five cents' worth was far enough to take off their things and make themselves at home. Better be ready to jump at Smedley.

The conductor came along and took their tickets.

"Flag-station."

"Good Heavens, Jenny!"

"My only fear was that it would turn out to be a bustling city. But it is good we didn't try arriving last night."

In the midst of nothingness the train suddenly stopped. Accident? Cow on the track? The conductor stuck his head in the car-door and called: "SMEDLEY."

"I'll be darned!" said the groom.

A GRAB for suitcases and umbrellas and the kodak; a walk up the entire length of a bewildered and interested car; and Mr. and Mrs. William Lamar stepped out upon a world which presented them with a departing train and a large sign painted "Smedley."

"I'll be darned!" said the groom again.

"Billy, Billy, isn't it glorious and comforting to think women know so much more than men?"

"About what?"

"Honeymoons!"

"How so?"

"Think—we could have spent ninety-five dollars apiece in car-fare and not have reached a place where we could have such privacy. You can kiss me in broad daylight, and at the station!—any place!—and no one to giggle and say, 'Bride and groom!' Just try it, Billy."

He tried it—tried it often. Smedley? Atlantic City? No, it really made no difference.

Until he looked around again at an expanse of low rolling hills and brush- and scrub-oaks, and was overwhelmed with the responsibility of a wife in such a spot.

"But it is *my* responsibility! And I've not so much as begun to regret it! See, adventure never ends! Do we take this road east or west, or that road north or south?"

"Whatever you say."

"No, sir, you've got to share a bit in this performance. I can always hurl it at your head that it was the road we took and not Smedley itself."

"So— I wish you'd say, Jenny!"

"No, sir, it's your honeymoon!"

"Well, then, east, toward those hills."

Sometimes they trudged along the road with the suitcases; sometimes they sat under the oaks and forgot again whether it was Smedley or Atlantic City. And then they took up the baggage again and went on.

"No one ever *will* know where we spent our honeymoon!" declared Jenny. "When they ask us we'll say, 'Smedley,' and when they say, 'Where in the world, what in the world is Smedley?' we'll just say, 'Why, Smedley!'"

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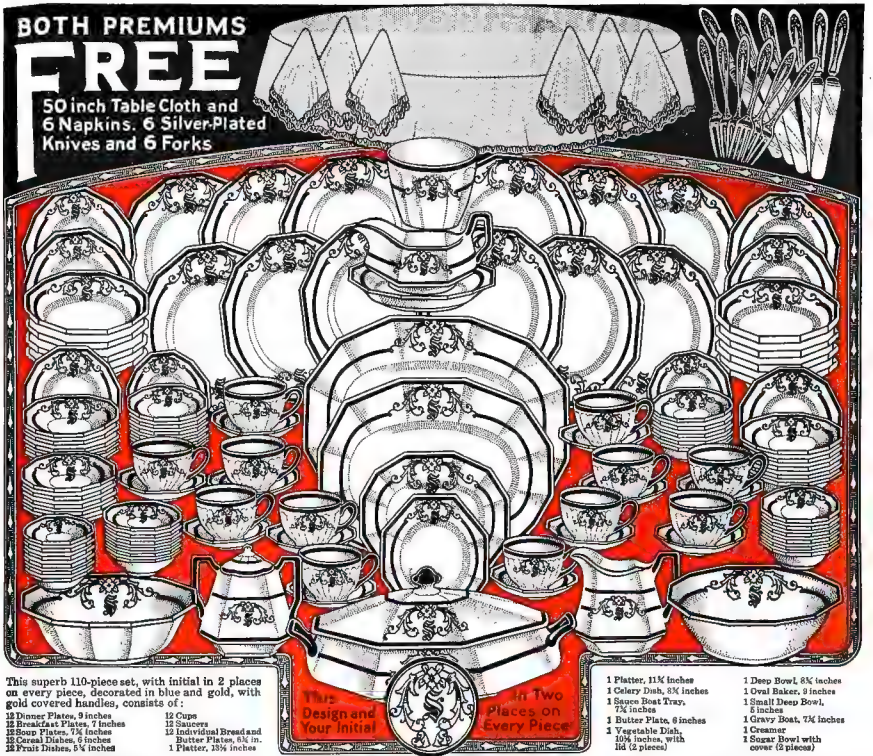


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12 Cups
12 Saucers
12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6¼ in.
1 Platter, 13¾ inches
1 Platter, 11¾ inches
1 Celery Dish, 8¾ inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7¾ inches
1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10¼ inches, with lid (2 pieces)
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## *Jenny the Joyous*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

The sound of a wagon-wheel scraping over a rock, the crack of a whip.

"Billy, don't you love it? Isn't it exciting?"

Around a low hill a large empty farm-wagon came lumbering. On the seat was a weathered, lean man of some forty years. He drew up his horses at sight of the two strangers and their baggage.

"Hello!" called Jenny.

"Hello!" grunted the man.

"Where are we going?" asked Jenny.

"Hunh?"

"Where are we going?"

"Darned if I know!"

"Same here!" Jenny laughed at him. "I say"—William felt his manhood must assert itself in some sort of protection for this woman who belonged to him—"I say, is there a hotel or anything any place around here?"

"Huh! Na!" The man wiped one side of his nose with the thumb of the hand which held the whip. "Hotel? Huh! Na!"

"What is there around here?" What a honeymoon to take a girl on!

"Nothin' much."

"Well, *you* live *some place!*" Jenny ventured.

"Sure, I live some place."

"Well, maybe there's some place else!" Jenny suggested happily.

"Gonna settle?"

"No, not settle—long. We're—we're on our honeymoon!"

"Wall, I never. Ho-ho! Wall, I never. Ya mean ya jus' got married?"

"Mean that."

"Say, whatever— Wall, I'll be durned!

"We're going to stay a week—that's about all the vacation my—Mr.—er—Billy could get."

THE man rubbed his nose again.

"Well, I ain't so old I forgot all I ever knew. Won't do for you chilluns to honeymoon out a whole week under scrub-oaks. Starve to death. Great business, this lovin' and all. Gotta eat. Gotta eat. So— I'll be durned. Well, you're here. Either ya can get in and I'll drive ya to St. George—that's quite a place—movies every night, railroad, hotel, stores and all, or— Want a lot o' company?"

"Goodness, no! None at all!"

"Uh-ha! So— I'll be durned. Smedley. Wall, or ya ken have my house. Ain't much I was plannin' to be gone four or five days. Was goin' to ask Smith Tumpson to tend the chickens. Cow died. I ken jus' as well stay away a week. If ya ken feed the chickens. Ya'll find the feed in the barn. Eat one of 'em now and then if ya want. I ain't so old I forgot everythin' I ever knew. No, sir. There's enough food around, I guess. Y'll find some berries an' one thing 'n' another."

"Oh, Mr.—Mr.—"

"No 'Mister'—jus' plain Muller."

"Honestly, Mr.—I've just got to say Mr. Muller—you're just too good for words! Billy, Billy—didn't I just know it would work out like this?"

"Wall, what'll it be?"

"Oh, your house—don't you say so, Billy?"

"Sure I do. I say, you're kind!"

"Huh! Ya ain't seen the house yet. Ya get happy awful easy. I'll be durned. So, go along—make yourselves at home. Long time since I had anything to do with weddin's an' things. Makes me feel all young again. I'll be durned. It's about two mile on. S'long! Enjoy yaselves! Wish it was all fixed up nice an' all. I declare. Makes me feel all young again."

"I say"—Jenny was in that state where she could scarcely wait to blow her kiss to heaven—"I say, you're the very nicest man we've seen since we've been married! Just think how we'll talk about you and bless you for years and years and years!"

"Huh! Mebbe not. Wall, s'long!"

"Have a grand time at St. George!"

"Huh! St. George! Wall, have a grand time at Smedley!"

He jerked in the reins, grunted to his horses, and turned his head exactly in time to catch the kiss Jenny threw to him just after the one to heaven. "Don't forget the chickens!" he called.

Around the bend behind the hill which hid Mr. Muller from view Jenny tugged the suitcases from Billy's hands and set them plump in the middle of the road. Then she stood square in front of him, threw both her arms about his startled neck, whereupon his hat landed in the dust, and, giving him a kiss which nearly dislocated his face, said, "Did you ever, ever know any one in all the world as lucky as Mr. and Mrs. William Lamar?"

Billy pulled himself together again, held her at arm's length, and looked her straight in the eyes. "You, Jenny—I never knew any one in the world so lucky as Mr. William Lamar!"

Which was nice, and pleased his wife very much.

THEY trudged along through the dust and the sun, and never minded dust or sun. Jenny gurgled and laughed, and they sang songs, and Billy was almost as happy as if it had all been his idea.

"But of course, Jenny, we really haven't seen the house yet. It may be something awful!"

"But it's a house! And we've got it to ourselves! And there are chickens and berries!"

And all of a sudden, around another little turn in the road following a hill, they came upon it. It was very, very small; it was unpainted; it had a little dirty window toward the road, next the door. Billy looked at Jenny, Jenny looked at Billy, and they laughed.

"Jenny, honest, tho, it's an awful-looking place to take a bride."

"Billy! It's our first home. Think of the wide range in improvement it allows for in the second home you prepare for your bride! We shall have such a feeling of increased material prosperity every move we ever make!"

They walked up a little path with a border of old bottles turned upside down. On either side of the border was a scraggly mixture of cabbages, marigolds, turnips, carrots, fuchsias, onions, sweet peas. To the left of the house was a potato-patch. To the right the chickens. The door was unlocked; they stepped wide-open-eyed into the house. It possessed just one room. A stove was in one corner, a bed in another, a table in another, a curtained shelf arrangement in the fourth and last.

"No nook for you to escape from me, William!"

"Jenny, honest, tho, it is a queer-looking place to bring a bride."

"Nonsense—it's Smedley! It's where you live when you live in Smedley. And the first thing of all is you wash the window while I see about food."

If folks aren't too particular they can always find everything they want in the world The great mistake is that too many people are too fastidious.

Within an hour Jenny had fed her man there were canned goods of sorts aplenty. The window was washed. The bedding was out getting more sun than it knew what to do with, and Jenny was washing two old red and white tablecloths she found to do for sheets. They scrubbed, they swept, they dusted. Bottles and tin cans were filled with sweet peas and placed in every conceivable corner. There is small satisfaction in cleaning a place already practically clean. There is complete contentment of the soul in bringing spotless order out of a ten-year collection of dust and dirt. The lamp-chimney had never been washed since it was bought, the stove never polished, the shelves never scrubbed. By seven o'clock Mr. Muller's bachelor quarters fairly blistered with cleanliness, everything smelled of sun and sweet peas, and Mr. and Mrs. William Lamar were eating their supper under the oak-trees between the potato-patch and the house.

"Were you ever in all the world so happy?"

"I was never in all the world so happy."

"Now where is Jenny's good William, who says all gentlemanly-like, 'Thank you, Mrs. Lamar, for Smedley'?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Lamar, for Smedley." And he didn't have to move to kiss her the seven hundred and fifty-third time that day.

LATER, in the door-step of the home they already loved, they watched the moon rise all for them, full, round, yellow, over the low scrub-oak hills

"Our moon, Billy, our home, our world!"

And then a forlorn cock-crow on the still night air.

"Oh, oh—and our chickens, William! We forgot all about our chickens!"

Seven days of contentment. On Saturday they found a stream, and after four hours of effort caught two trout with their hands—two trout, all of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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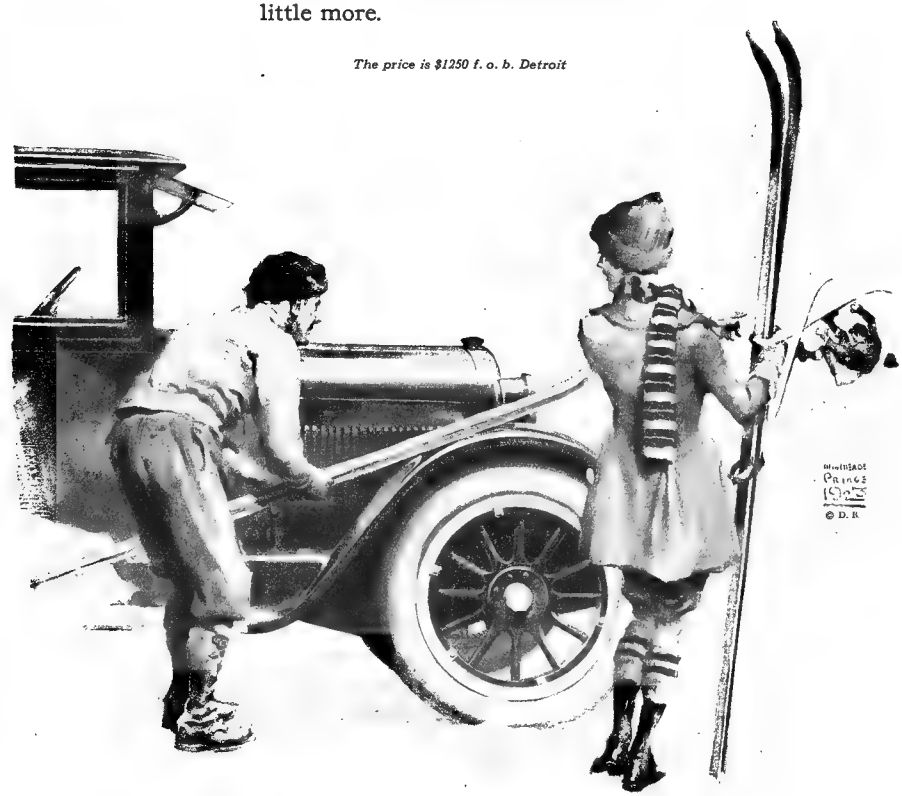
# DODGE BROTHERS
## TYPE-B SEDAN

Probably no closed car has ever been received with equal enthusiasm the nation over.

This is unquestionably due to the fact that in spite of its acknowledged beauty, and exceptional riding comfort, the Type-B Sedan is as sturdy as an open car—and costs but little more.

*The price is $1250 f. o. b. Detroit*



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# "—and one to grow on!"

Yes, sir! All the cream tapioca you want!

Three bowlfuls? Absolutely!
—one because it tastes so good
—one because it's so good for you
—and one to grow on!

Doctors say that tapioca is one of the best foods you can give your children. Even the little ones can digest it easily. And —little and big—they all love it.

Children play so hard and grow so fast that they *must* have plenty of nourishing food. There's real nourishment in tapioca. The following chart shows that tapioca has twice as much energy value as fresh eggs, and five times as much as milk!

| TABLE OF CALORIFIC VALUES | |
|---|---|
| 1 LB. OF MINUTE TAPIOCA | |
| " " " EXPRESS WHEAT FLOUR | |
| " " " HOME MADE BREAD | |
| " " " RUMP STEAK | |
| " " " EGGS | |
| " " " CHICKEN | |
| " " " POTATOES | |
| " " " MILK | |
| " " " SPINACH | |

You know that every day's menu must include milk, eggs, cereals, and fruit juices. But it's hard to think up new and tempting ways to serve them. These important foods can be combined with tapioca in dozens of delicious soups, entrées, and wholesome desserts.

When the youngsters simply won't eat their oatmeal, try adding an equal quantity of tapioca before cooking. The everyday breakfast food seems a new dish.

Of course, any food you serve your children must be the very best. And the best tapioca is Minute Tapioca.

*Here's why*

Minute Tapioca is superior to other tapiocas in three important ways: First, Minute Tapioca *requires no soaking*. Secondly, it cooks in fifteen minutes. Special scientific treatment at the factory brings about these two advantages.

Lastly, Minute Tapioca is clean. It is prepared in a modern American factory as carefully as if you supervised every step of the process yourself.

*Send for the new edition of the Cook Book*

The Minute Tapioca Cook Book (new edition) tells more than thirty ways to serve tapioca. The recipes are clear and full. The dishes are delicious.

One section tells a fascinating travel tale, "The Story of Minute Tapioca." Other sections discuss menu-planning and food values.

Your copy of this helpful book will be sent upon request.

A generous sample of Minute Tapioca will also be sent, if you will enclose two cents in stamps. For convenience—use the coupon.

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY, 43 VAN BUREN STREET, ORANGE, MASSACHUSETTS
*Makers of Minute Tapioca, Minute Gelatine, and Star Brand Pearl Tapioca*

Minute Tapioca Company
43 Van Buren Street, Orange, Massachusetts
(Check one *or both* of the following squares)

☐ Please send me, free of charge, the new edition of the Minute Tapioca Cook Book.

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Name _____

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## *Jenny the Joyous*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

four inches long. Sunday they forgot the chickens again and got up with a candle in the middle of the night to find the feed in the barn. Only the chickens refused to come out at that hour and partake of a moonlight supper. Monday they put up a lunch of bacon between cold hot cakes and walked for miles over rolling scrub-oak and low-brush hills. They waded in brooks, they slept under trees, they read some poems of Service. Tuesday they cleaned the barn, after deciding Saturday they wouldn't, Sunday they'd better not, Monday it really wasn't their barn, and they ought to leave it alone. Wednesday they dammed the creek and experimented with swimming in a foot of water and drying in the sun. "Why, oh, why didn't we think of this Saturday, and every day since?" Thursday they cleaned the house all over again, and raked the garden, and trained up the sweet peas against the house, which had till then grown all in a heap, and hoed perilously among the vegetables, and washed the window again, and spruced up generally, inside and out, that Mr. Muller might stand spellbound at his own gate. All the time Jenny almost in tears to think that the next day was their last.

NOR was it until that last night they realized they had no idea about trains. They must just arrive early at that sign marked "Smedley" and wave. Perhaps only one train a day ran north. Perhaps it would not reach that sign until 6:30 P. M. Perhaps it reached it at 9 A. M. So they made another lunch of bacon between cold hot cakes and filled an empty bottle with water from the well, and were ready for an early start.

The last morning of their honeymoon. They hung over every moment of it—the last time we get breakfast on our beloved stove; the last time we eat under our beloved scrub-oaks (we mustn't forget to put the table back in the house); the last time we wash our beloved dishes. At the door they kissed each other as those kiss who are about to return to the world more lovers than they left it, kissed each other again on the step—and lo, there at the gate was Mr. Muller's wagon, Mr. Muller himself, and—a strange woman next him.

Mr. Muller was one foot from ear to ear. "Ain't it a nice little home, tho?" he was asking the lady. "Ain't them nice sweet peas I fixed that way by the door? I do declare, it all looks even nicer'n I thought it would!"

Then he noticed Mr. and Mrs. William Lamar. "Ho-ho! There we are! How's Smedley? Old Muller's house ain't so bad, eh? I'll be durned."

He jumped down off the wagon, now piled high with provisions of all sorts, then turned and helped heave the stolid, healthy-looking party to the ground.

"Well, I do declare! Guess I surprized you, all right. Ya never 'spected me to be turnin' up here with a Mrs. Henery Muller, I'll bet my bottom dollar. But ya ain't half so surprized as I am! How 'bout yaself, Mrs. Muller—hey? Little surprized yaself, I'll jus' bet my bottom dollar. I say, I don't jus' recollect as I got ya names. Meet m' wife!"

All the world loves lovers. Jenny, bride of twenty-two, found herself embracing Mrs. Muller, bride of forty-five, and Mrs. Muller found herself planting large kisses on Jenny's joyous face.

"Oh, I'm *so* glad, *dear* Mrs. Muller! I'm *so* glad!"

Jenny's neat traveling-hat was all askew. Mrs. Muller's St. George Emporium creation of lavender straw and red roses was all askew. Billy and Mr. Muller were shaking hands and patting each other on the back. Wasn't it a wondrous world?

"I jus' declare," old Muller sputtered, the most excited of all. "Blame if I didn't get thinkin' all the way to St. George. I got thinkin', you ain't so old, Muller, old boy! What's the matter with ya jus' havin' a little honeymoon at Smedley of ya own? see I, and the more I see it the younger I felt, and I sez, sez I, a gal round old Muller's house 'u'd look purty good to me. Gosh—felt just about eighteen, blame if I didn't. An' I looked around St. George an' couldn't see nobody looked like jus' what I was after. Lost four whole days. So I put an ad in the St. *George Mercury*, an' blame if I didn't draw the missus here—jus' *exactly* what I was lookin' for!"

He thumped her gaily on the back, and her face broke into a contented beam under the St. George Emporium's lavender straw and roses, still askew.

"An' so here we are! Purty nice old home—eh, Missus Muller?"

"It's awful nice!" Mrs Muller murmured, still one large smile. Everything about Mrs. Muller, from the roses of St. George's Emporium to the shoes of St. George's Casino Shoe-Parlor, was large.

"No, siree!—couldn't let ya fellas hog all the honeymoonin'!"

Billy began to feel a bit uneasy. Suddenly he realized that he and Jenny had never given a thought to some manner of payment for their week of joy—bed and board at the expense of Mr. Muller. Painfully he began:

"Er—Mr. Muller, we—we owe you a whole lot for this last week. We've eaten up almost all your canned goods. We didn't kill any of the chickens, tho—Jenny just wouldn't have it when it came right down to it—but we—we owe you a whole lot——!"

"Hey, there—you're off on the wrong foot. Good Heavens, young fella, ya don't owe me nothin'! Look here what I got, all 'n account of ya and your little gal!" And again the sturdy Mrs. Muller shook contentedly from his thump.

SO JENNY and William stood there and tried to thank the man as well as mortals can express gratitude for the most glorious days they had ever known. Jenny kissed Mrs. Muller again, and they looked at each other. In even the calm eyes of the sturdy bride of forty-five there were tears. Some happiness in the world is just too much. Jenny was visibly snuffling. She turned to bid Mr. Muller good-by, and because at last all words failed her, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him too.

"Hey, there! I declare. Wall, I'll be durned, blame if I won't! I say, everything does sure happen at once in this world!"

Jenny and her Billy walked slowly to the bend of the road and looked back. Mr. Muller was unloading the provisions from the wagon, whistling at the top of his lungs. Mrs. Muller—Jenny clutched William's arm—Mrs. Muller, already clad in a kitchen apron, singing a Swedish song, was washing—was washing—the window!

*The second instalment of "Jenny the Joyous" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published March 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.*

## *Seven Times Seven*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

workings of her truly great personality. Sick as she was she was still the leading citizen of the county, and her friends still clung to her mantle of charity and justice. In one day I saw her, propped up in bed, summon two elders of her church who had had a fist-to-nose encounter in the bank, and make them come to agreement and shake hands with each other.

Later on as Thanksgiving time approached the news got all over the county that Grandmother was "not doing so well," and thereupon from all directions delegations came in carriage and surrey, buckboard and buggy, wagon and cart, afoot and horseback, to "see about her." And one and all they came bearing gifts. Turkeys, ducks, chickens, geese, and birds were piled on the back porch or turned loose in the pen. Sausage and backbones and ribs and pigs' feet and old hams and new bacons were stacked upon the shelf so high that we had to send to the village butcher and dispose of most of them to him, giving the money to the church.

Roaring fires were kept in the parlor and kitchen to receive the guests and keep them warm while they waited their turn to see Grandmother. And no matter how she was suffering she would have them all come in for a few words.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

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# NO MEAL COMPLETE WITHOUT FRUIT

*Especially now when appetites hunger for the fresh touch of spring*

## Serve it quickly, conveniently and in widest variety under the dependable Del Monte Brand

Fruit!—mellow, mouth-melting, delicious!

Who can resist it?

Who can forget its fine, exquisite flavor—its fresh, tempting appeal?

And yet—even now, at the "tag-end" of winter—how easy to enjoy it! How simple!—if you just say "Del Monte" to your grocer.

For Del Monte—as if by magic—brings you the very pick of the fruits from the world's finest orchards makes them available in endless unique and tempting ways—offers them inexpensively—conveniently—at an instant's notice.

A whole list is waiting for you! Peaches (either halved or sliced), pears, apricots, plums, cherries, berries, pineapple, and many others. On each, the Del Monte label guarantees a quality made possible by over sixty years' experience in the fruit-canning industry. On each, this label insures that dependability so essential for your table.

Today? Why not! Your grocer has them Order from him. Only one caution—*to be sure*, be sure you *say* "Del Monte."

Order by the dozen cans. It will keep your pantry stocked.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

*Buy the size of can to fit your need!*

Most Del Monte Fruits are packed in 3 sizes of cans to meet the needs of various sizes of families. No. 2½ (the large can) contains selected large fruit; No. 2 (the medium can) contains selected medium sized fruit, and No. 1 (the small can) contains selected small fruit. But whatever the size, Del Monte flavor and quality are invariably the same. Ask your grocer for the size you need.

### Pear Salad, Cheese Dressing

Drain Del Monte Pears and arrange on lettuce Mix ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon powdered sugar and 2 tablespoons vinegar, add 4 tablespoons olive oil and 3 tablespoons soft cheese Beat until thoroughly mixed and pour over the pears.

### Bread Pudding with Loganberries

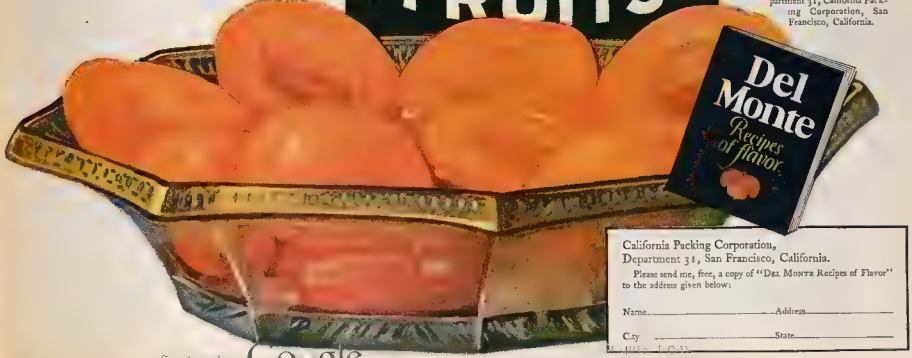
Soak 2 cups bread crumbs in 3 cups hot milk 10 minutes. Add ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 beaten eggs and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into greased custard cups or small individual molds and bake in slow oven until firm. Turn out in glass serving dishes and pour Del Monte Loganberries over them.

### Sliced Peaches and Cream

Serve Del Monte Sliced Peaches, chilled just as they come from the can. They are tempting as a breakfast fruit, and most suitable for a light dessert when topped with whipped cream.

### Send for this Free Book

"Del Monte Recipes of Flavor" contains hundreds of thrifty, appetizing suggestions for the year-round service of Del Monte Canned Fruits, Vegetables and food specialties. Your copy is waiting for you—free! Write today, using the coupon below. Address Department 31, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

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NEW YORK PUBLIC

# Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

She lasted all through the month of December until Christmas, when in the dead of night she laid down her burdens of this life and went, I feel assured, to take up others with a renewed strength. For her funeral the family connections came from far and near, and it was a demonstration like one expects at the death of some great public official.

And it was while my grandmother lay dead in the parlor, so majestic and calm, that a revolution happened to me. One of my aunt's boys who had grown to man's estate, been married and widowered, had come for the funeral. He had arrived the night before the ceremonial, and the duty of giving him his supper had devolved upon me. Doc Thompson—Grandmother's nephew—and I had prepared a lunch that night through, as was the respectful custom in those days. Seeing that a younger man had arrived, Doc had gone upstairs to nurse his sciatica, and thus left us alone.

AFTER Cousin had finished his supper and I had cleared away the dishes I asked him to pile up the dining-room fire. He seemed surprized at the idea of our keeping watch, and asked if it was necessary. Then out of the clear starlit sky came one of my brain cyclones, and what it did to that sleek, sophisticated man from the world was aplenty. Also what it did to me was sufficient, for when I came to myself I was weeping in his arms. And he held me close as we crouched before the fire and let me cry it all out—everything that had happened to me since I had seen him back in the golden Reel of Seven Times One and our circus act on the red-coated horse. I seemed to have been waiting for that haven to heal myself of my orphaning and my lonesomeness, and we also took in the tragedy of his marriage and its results along with my threnody.

At daylight I emerged from the embrace completely and thoroughly enamored of a man for the first time in all my twenty-four years. To me it seemed colossal, and I did not at all like it. I had lost myself in somebody else and I felt an uncertainty of poise that I detested—but it was there and larger than I. I could not breathe or eat or think, and I blazed all over if he so much as glanced at me, which he seemed to be continually doing. I don't know how I got through with the many duties of that long day of burial and the next of getting the house in order, but I know I did my part.

Then Cousin bundled me into a buggy and drove me out to the country home of a relative, where he wanted to spend the rest of his week's vacation shooting. The household consisted of an old gentleman, his grandson and his wife and babies. The men hunted all day, came home to a prodigious supper, and the household retired, leaving Cousin and me to camp before the log fire in the living-room—until dawn if we chose—which we practically did. Cousin was an experienced man from the big world and possessed of a deadly amount of the kind of charm one meets only once or twice in a lifetime. That week accounts for my joyous spinsterhood, for I know that I have had a communion that ninety-nine out of a hundred other women, even tho wooed and wedded, have never had, and it was difficult for me to see that anything else would be anything more than an anticlimax.

AFTER I had been back in Nashville for ten days Cousin came to see me, but in the mail on the same train with him came a special-delivery masterpiece of a letter from my aunt, his mother, in which she told me that eighty-six per cent. of the children of first cousins are defective and of that eighty-six per cent. over seventy per cent. of the defects are mental. Out of a fog I saw peering at me a little idiot face. We had it out, and he went home, he said, to let me think it over. Two weeks later he was dead after a six-hour illness of spinal meningitis from infected wisdom teeth.

I had to keep busy, and the next Summer handed me out a full life. It was one of anxiety. The panic of 1897 had caught Uncle Joe in the midst of a legitimate real-estate speculation, and before he could get straight he had lost all his own money, most of what the rest of the family had put into the scheme, and even his prosperous manufacturing business. When he saw how things were he promptly liquidated and came out without debt, but stone-broke. Did he go through a grueling period of anxiety and deprivation? He did not. Almost at the very date of his assignment the treasurership of the board of missions of his church was made vacant and they were only too glad to elect him to the vacancy with a small salary.

But his handsome home at Rokeby Place, opposite Vanderbilt University, had to be sold, and we were moved bag and trunk out to an old house on Aunt Mary Thompson's farm, ten miles from town. I am glad this day of that failure, tho it took some thousands of my small fortune, for instead of making his living toiling as a manufacturer Uncle Joe has lived his life for his church and to-day is its big little man.

At that date I was glad to be moving, for I had never liked the Rokeby Place from Reel Seven Times Ago, and the Glendale farm ramshackle was a joy to me. It faced a brawling creek and a gnarled old honey-locust grove, backed out into a rolling wheat-field, and sided toward the blue Harpeth Hills. An accommodating interurban ran into Nashville and bridged my separation from my Nashville friends.

Then again I find myself in a hive of workers, for that School of Art at the Peabody College stood square on all fours and went in for business. I got up, literally, by candle-light out at Glendale, ate a hurried breakfast with Uncle Joe, grabbed a lunch from Aunt Emmie and ran across the wheat-field to catch the interurban car into town. And I got back to Uncle Joe's, my home port, at night, a smudge of charcoal from head to foot and not caring a whit for anything but supper, which consisted of everything Little Aunty could think of. Then bed, and do it all over again next day.

IN THE very midst of the glorious recording of the vigor of those Peabody student days they have made me stop to take the rheumatic serum. I don't want to do it, but my arms and hands are developing pain and getting too stiff to run the typewriter—and I am so weak. I want to die. I want to go on out of this weakness of body into what I know will be certain renewed strength without any body at all, but I don't want to leave this book. It may not be worth anything to anybody, but I love it. I love it enough to take a terrible risk and certain suffering just for the chance of gaining strength enough to go on with it and make it better. If I lose—well, I took it!

Six weeks have gone by, and again I can struggle up and over by the window. There are no words to use to write the suffering I have been through, but I am less stiff than I was six weeks ago a year. It is March and Spring is in the air, and I think I can write a little now each day.

OF COURSE the use of about ten horse-power energy out at Peabody College had its ordained results, and I took the prize for water-color flower-paintings in June after I had painted every flower that blew from the earliest crocus to the June Dorothy Perkins.

But the weeks were not all paint-brush and charcoal as they were by. On Friday I went to Aunt Susie's instead of Glendale, got a gay frock or two from the old mahogany chest, and went to a dinner or matinée or card-party or tea, had a long talk on the affairs of the day with Uncle Ed, a heart-to-heart with Aunt Susie, bear-hugged and frolicked with the children, and went back to Glendale Sunday afternoon.

Also some noontimes Anne descended upon me at the Peabody College with a box of candy or fruit to augment my country luncheon, and we feasted on gossip and nut-meats. At such times the other students sat at a distance and made furtive sketches of her long Burne-Jones lines and brilliant rose-and-gold coloring. For several months the beauty of her wrought upon me deeper and deeper, and then one morning when she paid me a visit I borrowed a lump of wet clay from a fellow student, flattened it on a piece of wide, smooth kindling-wood I found over by the stove and made a small bas-relief of her which got me the Theodore Cooley prize for work from life. It was the first time I had worked in clay since the pigeons of my third year, and it sent me on a long journey across the Atlantic Ocean to the Quartier Latin in gay Paris.

The day after commencement, which marked the twelfth month, or session

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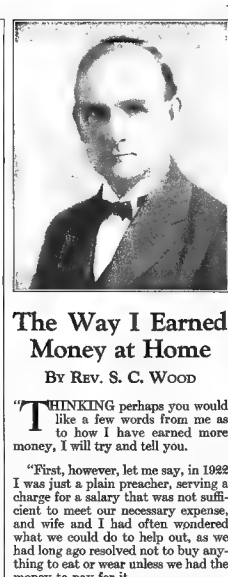

# The Way I Earned Money at Home

By Rev. S. C. Wood

"THINKING perhaps you would like a few words from me as to how I have earned more money, I will try and tell you.

"First, however, let me say, in 1922 I was just a plain preacher, serving a charge for a salary that was not sufficient to meet our necessary expense, and wife and I had often wondered what we could do to help out, as we had long ago resolved not to buy anything to eat or wear unless we had the money to pay for it.

"So with this thought in my mind one day I was looking through one of the magazines, there was the Gearhart advertisement. We talked about it and then wrote for full particulars. After receiving them we decided to buy as soon as we could. Well, the day came at last when we had enough to send for a machine. We sent for it and in due time we received it.

"Now we had the machine the next thing was to learn to operate it. After some examinations, wife said she believed she could work it, and sure enough in a short time, probably an hour, she had knit a sock, and after a little practice she could operate it fine. I then went to work with it and with wife's help soon was able to operate it too. After sending in the second pair the work was OK'd by the Gearhart Company, and soon I began receiving my Gearhart checks, running from $3.00 to $21.00 each. So that from February 21, 1923, to October 25, 1923, I have received nineteen checks with a total of $315.00, and I must say I find the machine all that it is claimed to be, it certainly does good work.

"I sold quite a number of pairs of men's hose last winter to private parties, also a number of pair of ladies' hose and every one spoke in the highest terms both of the work and quality of the hose. I received $1.00 per pair for men's hose and $1.50 per pair for ladies' hose, and I was told by one lady that she had been to two of the local stores the day before to purchase hose, but they asked her $1.90 and $2.40 per pair, and she said that Allwear Hose was better than those for which they asked her $2.40 at the store, the day before. It is needless to say I sold her two pair ladies' hose and two pair men's hose, and also two pair ladies' hose to a neighbor who happened to be calling on her at the time.

"I would say to anyone who has spare time that they would like to turn into money I do not know of anything that would pay them better than a Gearhart Knitting Machine, whether they want to sell at home or ship to the Gearhart Company, or both. And as for the Company, I do not believe they will find a better Company to deal with anywhere, perfectly reliable in every way."

The Gearhart Knitting Machine Co. will be glad to mail to you, without charge, their Guide Book containing full particulars of their wonderful plan, and samples of knitting, if you address them at 321 West 4th St., Clearfield, Pa. The Gearhart way of knitting does not require any previous experience on your part to turn your spare time, your wasted hours, into extra dollars!


# Don't You Want to Earn Money at Home the Gearhart Guaranteed Way?

**Gearhart's New Plan Gives Bigger Earnings** The new Gearhart Plan enables the home earner to make more than ever before. First, Gearhart pays more money for knitting hose—more than ever before. Next, the new improved Gearhart Standard ALL-WEAR Outfit enables you to make all classes of knit-wear. Then, the Gearhart Company's still more liberal supply of knitting yarn gives you *all* the material you need to knit with, a high-grade, long-staple worsted yarn of virgin wool. It requires a large amount of yarn to meet the knitting needs of your home industry; so we send you at least $25 worth of yarn—more if found necessary—at our expense.

**Guaranteed Way to Earn Money at Home** Finally, there is the Gearhart money-back guarantee. In fact, we guarantee to teach you to operate the Gearhart Knitter—guarantee that you will be enabled to master the machine or you may have your money back in cash.

**Start at Once With Our Easy "Instructor"** The Gearhart Knitter is very simple to operate. The Instruction Book sent with the machine, carries you quickly through the necessary steps. Soon you are making beautiful Allwear Hosiery, from yarn furnished by Gearhart, and Gearhart pays you generously, under a definite contract, for any quantity you have time to make. You mail the socks in to Gearhart. Soon your check comes to you; also new yarn in the exact quantity to replace the socks you sent.

**Extra Money for Your Idle Time** You want to add to your income. Isn't there something you want, that your regular income can't afford? A new fur coat, some extra furniture, or other luxuries? You can have them by knitting Standard Allwear Hosiery on the Gearhart Knitter—permanent profitable investment. For years, the home earners have been finding contentment and happiness in the generous incomes they made out of the Gearhart Knitter. Here is a plan of earning the cash you want in an easy, genteel, private way, in regular Gearhart Pay Checks.

**Secure Simplest, Fastest Knitter** The Gearhart is the "Original" home knitter, best and fastest of all, guaranteed for 10 years. For 35 years the Gearhart Company has stood far out in front of all others, and the Gearhart is the acknowledged supreme achievement of simplicity, durability, and accuracy. Now, it is still further perfected —an even better machine than ever.

**You Should Get Complete Details** We will gladly send you complete information about the knitter, with free samples of the knitting it does, and our booklet "The Guide Book to Home earnings"; also letters —convincing evidence—from Gearhart home earners. This is all sent FREE.

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*Begin at once to turn your spare time into money. Write your name on this coupon and mail it now.*

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**Does your romance hang by a hair?**

IT IS thrilling to have so handsome an escort. And he is proud of you—from your fragrant tresses to the sole of your pretty slippers.

But *if* he were bald—and *if* your hair were faded and lifeless—would that romance thrive, or would it wane and die?

Oh, but he *is* handsome and you *are* beautiful. True—but Time will work its havoc on both of you, unless you both take care.

If he neglects his hair, he may become bald. And nothing will bring back his hair once it goes. He may not *realize* this—unless you tell him.

But *you* clearly understand that much of your charm depends upon the attractiveness of *your* hair. And like millions of other women, you know that Wildroot Hair Tonic will keep the scalp healthy and lend a lustrous lure to the hair itself.

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Wildroot Hair Tonic is so mild it cannot irritate even a baby's tender scalp. You will want to use it regularly on yourself and your children to keep hair lovely. And you will want your husband to use it to *keep* his hair. Ask your druggist today. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

**WILDROOT HAIR TONIC**


## *Seven Times Seven*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

and a half, of my work at Peabody College, I sat down with my instructor, Miss Gattinger, director of the School of Art, and made plans for my flight into France.

A week before Uncle Joe had put into bank for me sixteen hundred dollars, the last possible remnant of my patrimony that could be collected from the unbonded cousin to whose mercies my father had left his little family. Along with that remnant he had presented a sheath of vouchers signed by my mother and me which showed the administrator had allowed us to fritter away about twenty-five thousand dollars on doing and having what we wanted. I am glad of those vouchers. I had rather have had them than the money, for they are visible proof that my mother had what she wanted and was never troubled by the wolf.

After a settlement with my brother, who had been going his own gait, I had just eleven hundred, and I knew just how small it was. And because I was seeing the dregs did I bury it for a rainy day and sit on it? I did not. I decided that rather than teach art with a domestic bread at fifty dollars a month I would take my all, go to Paris, get a French stamp on my knowledge, which could then command seventy per month and up, as far as any art teacher would go. Then I went home and told the folks that I was off for France! Whe-ew!

But Uncle Joe looked me straight in the eyes and said: "Go ahead. You've got it in you."

I asked no further advice.

Thirty-three of my friends and relatives, bearing gifts from champagne to a steamer-cap, saw me off at seven o'clock in the morning, and at the gangplank of a White Star liner ends my Roundelay of Seven Times Four.

I have read over this real and then read it again. I feel sure that every autobiographer is assailed with a sickened sense of his or her egotism by the time he or she has recorded about thirty years of life, and would like to destroy the manuscript and write about somebody else who does not exist except in his or her brain—but I dare not; I must go on. If I have radium I must try my best to grind it out. And after all I can only write the truth as I see it about myself, for who knows what has really happened to his brother? However, I crave pardon for the companies, regiments, and battalions of "I's" which march through these pages.

In Reel Seven Times Four I have been sheltered securely and warmly under the rooftrees of fostering kindred for the most part, and I am grateful for the affection that has so cherished me—but I find that through my twenties I have ceaselessly hungered and thirsted for my own home. I wanted not to be obliged to make myself a part of my surroundings, but longed to render my surroundings a part of me. I am humiliated at the four years following my mother's death that I spent unawakened to the fact that I was a clinger and not a scratcher in the open. I have paid, and paid bitterly, for it.

AS I analyze this intense "homesickness" I am surprized that I do not find it directly related to and inspired by the mating instinct, but such is absolutely not the case. I wanted a home, but I distinctly wanted it alone, and alone I wanted to arrange and shine in it. Even in my day-dreams of it I distinctly negated the idea of the absorber of husband and children with their drain on personal power which I was beginning to observe in other women's married lives. During my brief but violent obsession for Cousin I resented the fact that my longing for and occupation in him upset me and made me uninterested in my own pursuits, which at that date were trifling enough. Also something in me fairly raged at the idea of the responsibility of being the first consideration in anybody's life, and I revolted at the thought of being tied down to a course of limited action which, being "all in all" to any human being, would, in honor, entail upon me. I have never been jealous in my whole life because I have always realized that being jealous meant that you wanted to be first in the affections of some one, and the gratification of such a desire would mean that you would be in a way anchored to and by them.

I am wondering if this weird revolt against the normal attitude of a woman in the full of her mating season was not founded on those bitter months in which I felt the terrible responsibility of being tied to the job of being everything to and keeping hold of my mother, in dread of I knew not what. Something within me has always urged me to be about my own business and not to connect it with any other person's engagements. An old negro mammy was telling fortunes one day and I asked her if I would ever marry. She peered in my face a second, then said:

"It don't concern you—let it alone."

Thus perfectly sufficient to myself and with an enormous confidence in myself I took ship for Europe. It is a wonder a whale didn't gulp me before I got beyond the three-mile limit. But unharmed I sailed into Reel Seven Times Five.

MY VOYAGE from America to Europe was practically without interest. I had taken the cheapest passage I could find on a little ship in which all passengers were of the same class and also no class. It was September, but the sea was both calm and interesting all the way over, and the only human beings of whom I have any recollection whatsoever are the shy old captain, next to whom I sat at table, and a smug young Englishman, an under-gardener on some one of the great English estates, who had been sent over to New Mexico by the head gardener to study something about cacti. I spent hours and hours listening to that cockney talk about flowers, and to this day I am surprized that I did not turn back at Liverpool and sink my fortune remnant in flower-farming. That impetus toward horticulture seethed and simmered in my depths for twenty years until I began to pour it out here at Sweetbriar Farm.

I must get strong enough to gather my own lilacs and peonies this Spring. I must! Goddaughter has just brought in the first adventurous jonquil, stem snapped, one-half inch long. There is much to teach Goddaughter.

HOWEVER, from Liverpool I went on up to London and to a cheap little hotel very near Westminster Abbey. I was ravenous when I arrived at dinner-time, and ordered chops and peas and potatoes from a pretty, starchy, rosy waitress.

"A chop, Miss?" she asked.

"No, two chops: I'm hungry," I answered. And I got them—each specimen weighing about a pound and a half and resembling a T-bone steak. I could have killed that smug maid, but I ate the tenderloin out of both chops, and all mutton has been as an imitation to me since that hour.

And directly upon the chops I went to bed—but not to sleep, tired as I was. Before I had well stretched me out an agonizing sense of distance awoke in me that I had never seemed to have had before. I felt all those miles between me and my bare-post bed in the big old room at Uncle Joe's at Glendale as an actual tight-stretched string that I was afraid would break. I suffered well into the dawn, slept an hour or so, dressed, breakfasted, this time with and not against the advice of the waitress, and rushed around to Westminster—to find it closed on account of some scaffolding being taken down.

Thereupon I put in a few hours going some place, I didn't know where, except that I crossed Piccadilly Circus on the top of a bus and started for Paris at three o'clock. I had a rough crossing, but was not at all seasick, tho the sight and sound of all the other women were hard to bear.

I had raved internally over the clipped, smooth, deep, green-hedged, flower-boxed cottaged rural England I had seen on my way from Liverpool to London, but I went inwardly mad over the French countryside, with its thin, trimmed-up trees, rows of vegetables growing under glass globes, and nurse-maids, with long plaid ribbons streaming down their backs, pushing baby-buggies backward around the little ornamental parks.

I arrived at Paris in the dusk, and at the American Students' Club, over in the Quartier Latin, in the dark in a pouring rain. The cabman was smashing off my trunk when a small, violent, black-mustached Frenchman hurled himself out of a door, and I found myself involved in a battle of unintelligible words. At last, however, I was ushered in by the miniature fury who afterward

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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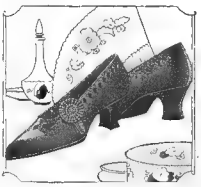

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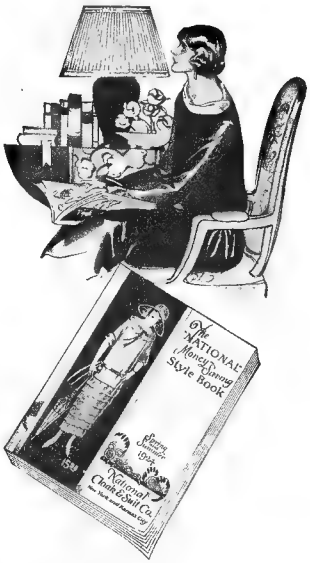


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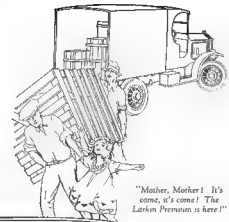
# A Red-Letter Day



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## *Seven Times Seven*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

I found to be Amboise, the concierge who was protecting me from an extra charge for lifting off my baggage.

He led me across a court, up a little winding stairway, and into a perfectly cold and dark room, banged down my suitcase, said something that sounded like dinner, and left me.

I collapsed in a chair with a sense of relief at the ending of my long journey, but I had had only about a dozen deep breaths when the clang of a dinner-bell came from across the court. The concierge led me through the black rain toward a light, and I stepped into a long bright dining-room, and was seated opposite a female in the warmest and sweetest corner. I kept my eyes on my plate for a few seconds and then was about to look timidly up at the foreign creature, when I got a greeting from her in the tongue of my own country, nay, my own land, for Miss Woodford had been born not forty miles from me, not forty hours earlier, and spoke Bluegrass as cronishly as I did myself.

She had been in Paris many times, and had been there at the American Students' Club a week and would be there many weeks. By bedtime we had talked it all out, and I felt as if she had just been waiting to lead me about among all the nine wonders of the world and their corollaries. And she did it.

But there was one thing I didn't intend to have anybody show me. I considered it my journey's end, and I was going to finish there as I had started alone—at the feet of the Venus of Milo. Next morning before Miss Woodford was up and could nab me I started out for the Louvre. Borne up by the traditional courtesy of the Paris gendarmes and bus-drivers, I was safely landed before Milo, after waiting an hour for the Louvre to open its doors for the feeding of the army of the beauty-hungered.

No human soul which has been allowed to so fill itself up with beauty as it was given to me to fill myself with in Paris can ever be unhappy without at the same time being ungrateful. I make my acknowledgments to God and the French Government.

And at the end of Miss Woodford's leading-string for the next two weeks I saw sights and then more sights. As any guide-book will tell just what I beheld I will only have to record the reaction. I got a wonderful one when I pulled myself up by an old apple-tree trained against the outside of the wall of Rosa Bonheur's little chateau at By and snatched just a glimpse of her in her garden. She had been ill and was pottering about among the flowers and vegetables, her heart beating with reverence I only peeped a second, and it was a love-peep.

BEING entirely in earnest about my work, I went the first Monday over to the Delecluse Studio, where all beginning American and English girl art students go because it is so emotely staid and proper, bought my easel, board, paper, and crayons, set them up, and sat myself down to begin my art career in dead solemnity. I see myself glancing around at the other students timidly, finding a couple of coarse German girls, a half dozen dowdy but fine-lined English women, a Japanese, several smart French girls, a few Americans, and what I afterward learned were two terrifically high-class Russian women.

The fat studio director comes in, claps her hands, and says: "*C'est l'heur.*"

We wait a second. Then from behind a screen in the corner steps the first entirely nude adult figure I had ever beheld and the most beautiful I was ever to behold. She is Lizzette, and is long and slender and lissom and pink and pearly, with green and blue lights under her skin in the half-tones. She has copper hair bound with a black-velvet band, and a piece of black plaster two inches long and a half inch wide on her left flank. She melts and molds herself into pose after pose, each one more beautiful than the other, amid guttural, shrill, drawled, and cutting comment in five languages, until everybody is satisfied. She then settles herself into the pose—and holds it for an hour, a day, and a week.

In the two years that followed that day I often drew, smudged, crayoned, pasteled, and painted Lizzette. The last time I used her for a model I had her in my studio alone and did a water-color of her in my sketch-book which almost satisfied me. It was stolen from me on the ship coming home, and I have always wanted it. I see her that last day perched on the edge of the model-stand in all her unconscious loveliness. She tells me she is to marry a poilu, tho she is only sixteen. Since that day eighteen years have passed. I pray that Lizzette has that poilu safe and sound!

It is hard to select incidents of that first Autumn in Paris—they descend upon me like a rose-colored cloud. Miss Woodford's time in France is cut short, and the best Pal ever arrives upon the scene of action, takes complete possession of me, and begins vigorously to polish off the moss which she considered I had collected on my thirty-year-old surface. She is a Smith College graduate from a New York up-State small city and so handsome she is startling. She looks rather like the Venus of Milo come true in a black-velvet coat and ermine stole and muff. She has had a pleasant abundance of money all her life, and has been sent over to Paris with a chaperon to forget a detrimental. By an exhausted chaperon she has been incarcerated in the one-time convent walls of the Students' Club and left to work off her energy with a very clever pencil and sketch-book. She picks on me as a companion-at-arms, and I find her Ellee of the Hill School underscored in red ink.

Somehow to this day I have a guilty feeling that Paris was hardly the same after best Pal and I got through with her that Autumn.

TO MAKE matters worse, Pal's beauty had brought down a violent case of glamour upon me, and I strove prodigiously to go everything she did one better. She positively inflamed my imagination, and the bend the flame took was to unearth weird things to do and then make her do them in defiance of the rules of proper society conduct laid down by recuperating chaperon.

We neither of us had spoken to any man in Paris save Amboise, the concierge, and the young Episcopal minister who had Sunday prayers in the tea-room, so when we hunted we did it joyously unprotected. And we did things. We took a calendar and went over the Seine and bought tickets for everything in the theaters of Paris. Then we dressed ourselves quietly and went by tram and bus and sub to sit in the seats we had engaged. We saw Bernhardt and Réjane and Guitry, who acted an impassioned love scene magnificently in brown-kid gloves. We heard Calvé and Jean de Reszké and Renaud and a lot of others—but greatest of all we saw Coquelin play "Cyrano," and were so uplifted that we extravagantly engaged a cab with a driver to bring us both to the club. Cabby took us out of our route, we never knew exactly where, and it was only Pal's quickness in scenting the wrong direction and my stream of African vituperation that frightened that wicked creature into changing his designs and taking us home. It was a narrow squeak.

Slightly and temporarily subdued, we stayed at the club the next night and darned two pairs of silk stockings and mended a braid on my skirt; but the next night we were out and down over at the Quai de la Tournelle at the Tour d'Argent, eating a duck hot from the hands of old Frederic himself and having things said to us in French that were as spicy as the sauce the old food-artist crushed out of the bones of the fowl and stewed in a chafing-dish before our eyes.

It was after these adventures that we resolved upon a course of conduct. We unblushingly acknowledged to each other that we were good to look at and appeared to be about ten years younger than we were, making Pal look sixteen and me twenty; that we were doing a thing that young girls never did in Paris in running around at night alone, and the only way to get away with it was to stay in the bright light, keep out of cabs, appear to be entirely deaf when any masculine citizen of the French nation addressed or looked at us, and keep on our way. It worked. We both got back to America safe and sane; but what indefatigable women-chasers Frenchmen are!

As the Fall ripened we began to hunt junk, and went up and down the gay city searching treasures in brass and copper and tapestry and print. We went into little shops that looked so squalid and evil that we doubted coming out alive, but always did come out and often with finds that made some of the seasoned

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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## *for* mirrors, etc.

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**Cake or Powder**
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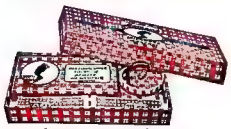

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# *Seven Times Seven*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

collectors in the Quartier hold up their hands in salaams.

Pal's method with the antiquarians was to speak to them gently in halting and correct Smith-College French and say it over and over until they gave her of their treasure rather than listen further to her struggles. I knew so little of their verbs and tenses that I did not try conversation with them, but relied on an understanding of their moods. I would take all my money and stick it in my blouse, leaving in my purse some small change, say about three francs—fifty or seventy cents. Then I would pick out something I wanted and wistfully demand the price. If they said less than I had in my purse I would take the coveted object and pay for it like a lady, but if they said more I would shake my head mournfully and open my purse to let them see that there was not enough money in it. No Frenchman of that class can resist the glitter of coin, and I generally made off with the gem in place of my coin, despising myself for a beggar, especially if they generously left me a few sous for bus-fare. My collection of brass and copper is worth perhaps five hundred dollars. I paid about fifty for it—and had a thousand worth of joy collecting it.

IF WE were ahungered Pal stood still, pointed food with her high-bred nose, and there we ate. One night for dinner we went into a little joint called "The Dancing Bear," where we found several cab-drivers dining off the scrubbed wooden tables and spilling their wine in the sand on the floor. A whiff of their leg of mutton, with barley and garlic, had led us thither. We consumed a thick slice of the lower leg of sheep placed on top of a towering pile of delicious barley-grains, about ten inches apiece of the yard and a half of bread confidingly placed on the table in front of us, and a bunch of watercress wilted in spiced olive-oil, and paid fifteen cents for the dinner. Then munificently we called for a cordial. They brought us, instead of a thimbleful of something mildly sweet and hot, a third of a tumblerful of a liquid that tasted like paregoric. I had hardly gulped mine when a flame ran out under my ribs like a knife and I knew that I must get away from there with Pal—who had downed hers as I had mine in a gulp—then or never. I slammed down a five-franc piece and we staggered out, hailed a passing closed cab, thickly gave the club number, and fell in and fell dead against each other. Amboise helped us out at the club and told us that we had gone up against the working man's crude absinth—probably a double dose given us for pure wickedness. He made us feel that we had escaped with our lives, and when we told him where it happened he threw up his hands and walked long and loud.

The next day we were summoned and reproved by the president of the club, who reminded me strongly of my college president. The American Students' Club was housed in an old high-walled, narrow, dark-corridored convent, built around a quaint court, and the director seemed to think she had to conduct the club according to the traditions of the convent; but neither Pal nor I was much of a success in the rôle of the cloistered nun.

Again my birthday fell on Thanksgiving Day. Good old Pal bought me a large bunch of double blue violets and took me over to Colombine's to tea. We poked about among the specimens of real French society, who were there in all their shabby grandeur, and ate up a fortune invested in weird and delicious little cakes which only whetted our appetites. We decided that dine we must soon and well. We declared unanimously for Voison's, but for such a carouse we felt we must have escorts. Pal was helpless! But for Pal I could and would do and dare. It had to be that inoffensive little minister. We rushed back to the Quartier and caught little minister hungrily at tea at the club. He could and would collect another man as turkey-hungry as himself and meet us at Voison's. Immediately upon his arrival I slipped two twenty-five-franc notes into the pocket of the evening coat I am sure that he had borrowed. He and his pal proved themselves choice spirits, and we feasted on our native bird as all good but expatriated Americans should be thankful to do. I would never have been bold and unmaidenly for myself, but for Pal it was possible.

On Christmas day we helped the president serve tea in the long-beam-roofed, warm, old tea-room where for many years any American girl or man who found herself or himself hungry for tea and companionship could come and be the guest of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and get bodily refreshment seven days in the week for fifty-two weeks in every year Mrs. Reid's orders were that the samovar was never to go out and the bread-plates never to go empty as long as there was a guest in the room. I wish she might know of half the crises over which she tided her guests.

Very soon after Christmas Pal went home to America and the detrimental. When I came back from the station after seeing her off I observed that gay-colored Paris had gone suddenly gray and drear. I suffered. I dragged dewinged feet up to my sky parlor, crawled into bed, and pathetically sniffed myself to sleep. That was eighteen years ago, and I yet sniff every time I have been with Pal and am separated from her. I'm sniffing for her this minute!

And yet it interests me to record a kind of secondary reaction at the departure of Pal. It was not relief, but something akin to it. Under her glamour I seemed able to conceive and accomplish but not to have the ability to plod effectively at anything. I could soar and sing, but I could not settle down and run scales. I had a sensation of being possessed rather than possessing myself which I did not exactly relish. I wanted to hit serenely six cylinders and not excitedly on five or seven, if I was to do the work I had planned.

The next morning when I awoke I solemnly adopted work as a substitute for Pal. I slid from my blankets, broke the ice in the tub beside my bed, hustled glowingly into my clothes, ate my lonely roll and drank my lonely coffee, and was in my place at the studio when the model fell into pose. And thereafter for four solid months I worked—sixteen hours a day. My schedule ran about like this: Seven o'clock—out of bed into tub and into clothes in practically one gesture. Breakfast. Eight to twelve—work at Delecluse's. Twelve to one—luncheon at the club and letters read and written. One to four—work at Vitti's on the model. Four to six—sketch class anywhere I found a model indoors or out under lamplight or moon or stars. Six o'clock to midnight—adventure.

Now, this sort of sixteen-horse-power endeavor had the same result I had got at the Peabody College for Teachers, and in the four months, the often heartsick with discouragement, I learned to get all the model's feet, legs, hands, arms, and head on the paper in proper place, and gradually the drawings came to resemble human beings, with muscles and bones in the place where muscles and bones belong, and even the envelop of skin properly inside.

Then of a Friday in came L'Hermite, looked at my drawing of Old Shylock, looked me up and down, and said in French: "It is good that. It is necessary that you paint now."

At which kind words I left my board out of place, ran around to Zander's studio, stopped him singing a cycle of Norse songs he had dug out of an old book, took him to lunch over at Boudet's, and went guardedly wild.

BUT I must go back and introduce Zander properly; not that he was ever introduced properly to me. It came about through the Beat in this wise: When I had found long evenings empty of my good Pal on my hands I had been picked up by Beatrice, who is properly named the Beat—she could "beat" all the women and almost all the men in the Quartier painting, and she "beat" her way in any fashion she could manage. She was a little red-headed gamin from Minneapolis or thereabout, and she had not one sou ahead of her day's living. On Monday mornings she put on her old corduroy blouse and skirt, that were stiff with streaks of paint, which she had taken off the night before, and went in quest of a week's work at somebody else's expense. She would saunter into some private studio, take a critical look at the model, and, if she did not like either model or pose, saunter out.

Or if she did like model and pose she would fling off her old woolen tam, run her hands through her shock of bobbed hair, pick up any piece of canvas handy, pin it onto a board with pins out of her bodice and belt, thus leaving

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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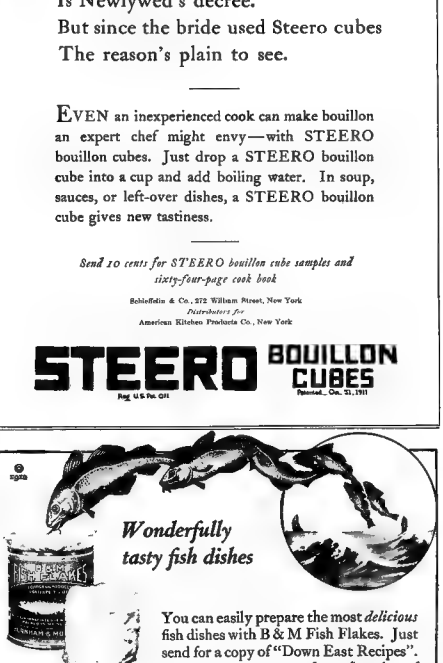


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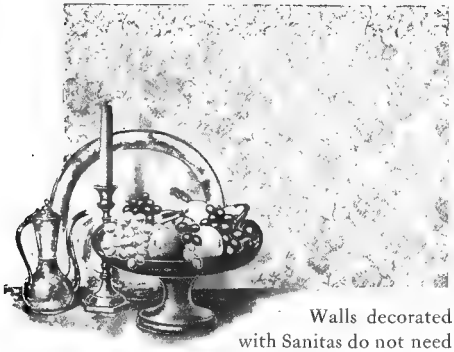

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## *Seven Times Seven*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

herself at loose ends; select about two brushes from a jar, borrow and squeeze huge dabs of a few primary colors on the edge of her board, never by any chance using a palet; take a rag from her pocket which was stiff from the paint of the week before, and proceed to make a painting, before the failing of that day's light, that was the envy and despair of all beholders. She would leave the painting just where she had found the board in the morning and move on to some other studio the next day. After her day of achievement she would rub her hands on the unspeakable rag, pocket it, and go over to tea at the club, where she would eat a whole plate of bread and butter, half a box of cake, and drink about three cups of tea.

THE first day I saw her with a plate of bread in her hand became the day of a momentous decision for me. Beat asked me to "come along" with her that night to hear some music over at a man's studio the other side of Montparnasse. I had been in Paris about five months, and while I had run some routes with Pal I had remained as ignorant of the student life of the Quartier Latin as I would have been if I had stayed and been guardedly graduated at college. The Beat looked like the real thing to me, and I felt that I had better grab it when offered—and I grabbed.

I see myself sauntering forth from my thirty years of sheltered life with that Franco-American apache, and I almost stretch out a detaining hand to myself from my ingle-nook by the stone fireplace on Sweetbriar Farm in Madison, Tenn.—but I don't.

The five hours that followed the closing of the club door behind me were typical of the evenings I spent in that Winter and Spring, and I record them as realistically as I remember them.

It was about seven o'clock when we left the club, Beat almost quitting me when I insisted on putting on a clean blouse and washing my face and hands before setting out. We went on up Montparnasse almost as far as the Gare and stopped at the little Hole in the Wall, where she directed me to purchase a half dozen small rolls of soft cream cheese, a large bottle of cherry preserves, about three-quarters of a yard of black bread as hard as a brickbat, all coming to about three francs, or sixty cents. She pocketed the cherries and left me with the cheese and bread, unwrapped, on my hands. Then we turned off Montparnasse into a byway, turned again and then again, climbed up about five long, dark, dirty flights of stairs, and broke in upon the circle at 'Zander's. I will put down just exactly what I saw at that first staggering glance, and which is just about what I beheld evening after evening.

Gertie, wide of mouth, wide of eye, and wide of bosom, sat on the floor before the open stove in which the coals were glowing, making all the light in the long, high studio save what was cast by a little hooded lamp that stood on the piano, with its rays trained on the music on the rack, and a lad from old England lay sprawled beside her with his head on her knee while she tried to keep him covered with a very ragged and soiled strip of bagdad. He was coughing sepulchrally, and she had his painter's handkerchief pressed from his chest and was greasing his throat and lungs from a lump in her hand whose odor proclaimed it to be that of the goose. In his moments of rebellion at her hovering he revealed himself as a slim little chap with flaring gray eyes, a shock of tow hair, and bare feet strapped into some hand-made sandals of soft brown leather. Something about him at that first glance made me think of Little Lord Fauntleroy, and I afterward found him to be akin to that young Earl in nationality, class, and nature.

In a deep chair on the other side of the stove sat tall, lanky New Jersey, and against him lolled trig Bronx of upper New York with an aboriginal pipe of clay in his mouth.

Between the stove and the piano, on a carved wooden bench, sat a broad-shouldered man with curly hair and russet beard, under which was tied a long scarf of soft silk of a limpid Chinese blue the like of which and the beauty of which I had never met with before or since. A longing for that scarf has been to me for twenty years a suppressed desire. On the floor at his feet sat Rosette, one of my favorite models, and she was engaged in sewing up gaping and gigantic holes in his thick woolen socks.

'Zander, whom I found to be Alexander, the host, sat at the piano, humming and thumbing over some music from a very old and yellowed manuscript.

They one and all greeted the Beat with evident pleasure and affection. She handed over the cherries, also the bread and cheese, to my great relief, and at the same time handed me to the circle. The cherries, cheese, black bread, and I were received with enthusiasm, and Russet made a place for me on the bench beside him. When Rosette had finished sewing up his socks and put his foot out of her lap with a tender pat, she turned and took a few stitches on the skirt-braid which had troubled me all Fall on account of the faithless sewing of a negro girl in Aunt Susie's sewing-room in Nashville, Tenn. a far cry away.

Then followed about four hours of real talk, out into which I swam with a timid stroke but a high-beating heart. As the moments passed I discovered Cedric Fauntleroy to be not only a near-Baronet from across the Channel, but an etcher with a budding reputation. Being a younger son, too tiny to be placed in the army and too haphazard for the church, he had run to hole in the Quartier and was independently supporting himself with making marvelous book-plates for a fashionable stationer.

Bronx was such a trim, well-groomed, nice-voiced and -mannered youngster that it puzzled me to place him there, but Gertie disclosed the fact that he was a New York photographer who had given himself a couple of years' leave of absence from a fashionable clientele to come over to the Parisian studios to see what he could do to bring the old art and the new into closer proximity.

Russet in an undertumble of voice announced himself to me as Russian, socialistic, and flutist. His clothes were of such exquisite materials, the outlandish in cut, that I felt sure he was of a very high degree, the I never really knew. Rosette suffered for him the wildest infatuation I have ever witnessed of woman for man, and I pitied her. Nobody in the Quartier Latin knew what there was to know of Russet, and I've always wondered

'Zander I found to be a composer with a sure, beautiful but small young voice for which he had a perfect contempt. He was from a small town in Ohio, was writing an opera, and had a dangerously adequate income from some bottling-works in the home town. Most of that evening he worked over deciphering a Norse manuscript score, but he played while Gertie, who had at last got Cedric greased to her satisfaction and stationed him toasting before the fire, sang bits that he had picked out. For a few bars he would correct her slurry, gorgeous notes with his faint, true tenor. That near-voice of 'Zander's was one of the realest tragedies I have ever met in all my reels. It made him bitter and wicked.

AND as I have recorded these new friends, by eleven o'clock that first night I knew them when 'Zander banged down the top of his grand piano and closed the hour for feasting. And that very first night I found myself engineering the food from the little kitchenette over behind a screen beyond the piano. Led thither by him, I quickly took in the situation, took up a casserole and spoon, and made the stew of my life.

I served my masterpiece hot in various and assorted vessels of brass and copper and luster and glass, and while my praises were being sung I spread the creamy cheese on thin slices of brown bread and topped it with the crimson cherries, then went back to my bench beside Russet to be received with congratulations—and an extra spoon by means of which I had to feast with him from a brass Alsatian dipper in which he had captured both his and my portion of the stew.

As the last black sops from the other dishes were disappearing and the last tossed of white wine produced from under his piano by 'Zander were being downed, the bell on Notre Dame des Champs struck for midnight, which meant to Beat the beginning of the new day of work. And in the twinkling of 'Zander's eye the rest of the crowd had slid out, leaving me alone with him. Was I at all afraid of that evil and depressed American boy with his long hair and butterfly tie? I was not. I looked him straight in the eye and asked him to

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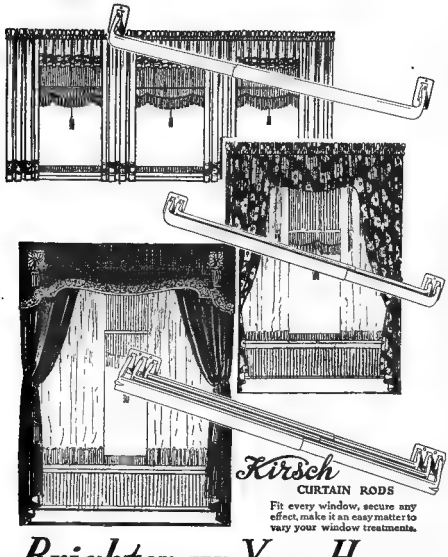

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## *Seven Times Seven*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

come down to the street with me and turn me toward home. He flared his big black eyes at me for a second, then did as I asked him—nay, more, walked on the way to the club jail door with me.

After that evening for months I mostly ran with that particular Zander pack, and we coursed far and wide. Sometimes at dusk we assembled at Gare Montparnasse, mounted a bus, and rode across the city to dine in some dive over on Montmartre.

And as we careened along on the old street ship we watched Paris get up and shake itself and open its myriad eyes of yellow light for the night chase.

I LIKE to peer back and unreel those months in Zander's circle. They were very unlike anything that happened to me in the rest of my Seven Times Seven reels and I cherish them. I have run this one often for choice friends, and it always makes a hit. One day I sat hard at work at Delestone's trying to indicate hip-sockets on my drawing of a fat Viennese when I heard about two notes of our Zander's circle whistle sounded from just outside the studio, so I laid down my crayon and slipped out to answer. There stood Cedric, his shock of tow hair bare and on end, his blue eyes wide with excitement, his butterfly tie at loose ends over his white-wool, wide-collared shirt, and his gray-corduroy trousers rolled up above his bare ankles and feet, bare except for the slit sandals.

As I stepped from the door of the studio he seized my hand and forced me to run with him while he told me where to and for what.

He had just had a letter from his mother in England telling him that the Empress Eugénie would be in Paris that day to hear high mass for the repose of the soul of Napoleon III., celebrated at one of the great churches over the Seine. Mother had sent Cedric two invitation tickets, and Vidor was to preside at the greatest organ in France. We had just time to get there on the bus as Cedric hadn't the price of a cab, and he'd run for me because he felt me more in place with Eugénie than any of the others

And right here I want to record something of which I am desperately ashamed and which brings long-distance blushes to my cheeks. I paused in our sprint down the Villa des Dames and gasped over the attire in which he was rushing me into the presence of royalty. My costume is photographed in sharp focus in my memory. Behold it! I had on a black-corduroy skirt, white tennis-shoes, unbleached wool stockings with a thrifty darn in white cotton on the instep of one, an old gray-flannel shirt, whose skirt I had hemmed up and wore outside, Russian-blouse fashion, with a black belt, and on my head was the steamer-cap Bruce had given me at the station in Nashville with a blue veil pinned on it. I also wore large smudges of charcoal on my face and hands. Did Cedric allow any feminine quibbles? He did not. He dragged me along and flung me on a bus down at Montparnasse.

"Nobody will look at you with Eugénie around, eh, what?" were the gentle words he used to make me see myself as small as I really was.

We tumbled off the bus, trotted hand in hand down two blocks and into the old church, and found we were the very first to present our tickets of admission. The French nation is composed of four-fifths natives and one-fifth courtesy, and we were admitted in spite of our clothes, with not a trace of reproach in glance or tone of voice of the admitter. Hand in hand we tiptoed up the side aisle and seated ourselves in a little block of pews that faced the altar as the amen corner faces the pulpit in a regulation Methodist church of the old American school. It was a coign of vantage, and we looked into the faces of the assemblage.

Vidor was at the organ, and for a half-hour we all sat in a silence that throbbed and sobbed, was hushed, and then trumpeted as he began the "Dead March from Saul." Then she came!

She entered from behind the altar attended on one side by the tottering old *prêtet de police*, who had aided her flight in the hour of danger, and on the other by a tall English attendant. Like heavy, drooping, overripened grain is blown erect by a wind, the entire company arose and stood until she dropped to her knees before the prie-dieu set for her in front of the altar, and then it rippled to its knees so that the bowed white heads seemed like sun-bleached swirls on a wind-swept field.

For two hours I sat not more than twenty feet away from that grand old woman of many sorrows, and step by step I seemed to be going back over the cruel path with her.

On the bus going home to the Quartier, Cedric wiped the tears from both his and my eyes with a handkerchief he had lent me to demolish my smudges on the way over. I know that an Englishman is never supposed to cry, but small Cedric did that day and gained size in my estimation thereby.

Then, while we all worked and played, as the case happened to be, suddenly a faint murmur arose in the whole Quartier which sounded like a sigh in the breath of Spring. It was "Italia! Italia!" All the Italian models in the schools and studios were getting ready to make their Easter pilgrimage home, and everybody wanted to go with them away from the dampness and chill into the sunshine. The longing flowed into me like a mighty river and I felt as if I must go.

Without a word to anybody I journeyed over to an agency and demanded the price of the cheapest April in Italy it had in stock. Then I came dejectedly back to the Quartier. It couldn't be. I hadn't the money. When I got back to my sky parlor I found the Beat huddled over my little stove. Not noticing her gloom, I poured mine out upon her. I told her how little money I had and how already I had spent a hundred extra dollars in riotous living with Pal and that I must stay long enough to land a picture on the line of the Salon des Beaux Arts. To do that I felt sure I would be obliged to study in Paris all the next Winter, and how was I going to do it on the money I had? I wanted to take what was left, see Italy, a little of France, and go on home in the Midsummer defeated—but I didn't intend to do it—I was going to fight.

And right there I found the real Beat. She took hold of the figures of my small wad, seven hundred and some dollars, and budgeted it in such a manner that she presented me with a month in Italy—some other side jaunts, a studio of my own all the next Winter in Paris, June in England, and home in July, with the price of her trip with me to Italy thrown in. I saw it all, and I committed myself to what I felt sure was abject but possible and fruitful poverty. Thereupon Beat arose and became busy.

First she went out and got together seven other American and English girls who were as Italy-obsessed as were we, and she signed us up with a carload to shoot directly through Europe down to Rome on the Roman train for Italian models, which would be on the journey two nights and three days—for one-fourth the regular fare.

Two days later Beat took me over to the Gare de Lyon and let me watch her beat the agent into giving us the ten seats in a third-class car for the price of nine on the model excursion-train to Rome and third class. The tickets back home were third class, with innumerable stopovers, at only half price more than the through passage down.

HAVING got us our wings, Beat next turned to settling me for the rest of my European stay as per contract. She rented for me for the next year, beginning September first, the most tumble-down and alluring old studio in Paris, up four flights, with a winding stair that led up to a balcony upon which were two small sleeping-closets, each one with a window that looked off over all of Paris. By paying for the whole year in advance she got it all, with the water privilege from a spigot in the hall, for eighteen dollars a month, and made the concierge agree to take care of my trunk and luggage until the next Fall for nothing. She then instructed me to find and take in two new and wealthy American art students for the next Winter and charge them twelve and a half dollars a month each for the bedrooms and studio privileges, sleeping on a couch in the studio myself, so making my rent free.

So far so good; but when Beat began to pack me up for life during the next five months our ways almost divided—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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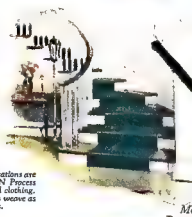

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# Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

—but I at last went hers. After she had locked, sealed, and strapped my trunk and two boxes, which contained only what I had been trained to consider were the necessities to the life of a lady, I realized she had left me one heavy cotton union-suit on my back and one on a chair, one pair of natural wool stockings on my feet and one on the chair, one shabby tailored suit and silk blouse on my back and a smart black crêpe de Chine gown on the chair, one gingham petticoat on my legs and a silk one on the chair, a pair of heavy shoes on my feet and my other one on the chair, with a pair of black-satin slippers, a corset upon my back covered with a stout net cover and a cover on the chair, a white embroidered collar on my neck and another on the chair, six handkerchiefs in my pocket and six on the chair, my soft white-felt hat on my head, and a tooth-brush, an envelop of soda, a thimble, needles, and spool of half black and half white thread and a box of flea-powder on the chair. That is all.

My steamer-blanket lay on the floor neatly folded above a heavy brown-linen case with pockets and stout leather straps, and on the bed lay a soft wool coat of Oxford gray with gigantic patch-pockets. In one of which I had a medium-sized sketch-book, and a small box in which were red, blue, green, and yellow water-color paints, with a big and a little sable brush. In another pocket I had a package of stamped envelops, a small tablet, a pencil, and a fountain pen. A perfectly glorious ivory-handled umbrella, given me by Aunt Mary Thompson on our parting back in Tennessee, leaned against the chair, and I leaned against the wall.

"Oh, please, let me have a nightgown," I pleaded as the Beat started to strap up my steamer-blanket over the alarmingly meager outfit.

The Beat looked at me with contempt in every feature, but seemed to feel that she had gone far enough with me. She said: "I haven't had one for five years, but you can buy a crêpe one that you can wash out and dry over the day."

The pilgrimage was scheduled to start from the Gare de Lyon that night at nine o'clock. So we had our farewell dinner over at Zander's. I concocted a large brass kettle of duck and macaroni with onions, set it on a stool, and we all sat on the floor around it, ladled out portions into junk, and supped it with black bread, washed down with red wine and tears. I think we knew that it was all over between all of us, and as we felt it slipping from us we wanted to cry out.

After this ceremony the procession started. On his shoulder Russet carried my all rolled into the steamer-rug, and Cedric supported my umbrella gun-fashion across his shoulder. New Jersey carried the basket of provender on his shoulder, and Gertie walked with the Beat's brand-new sketch-box and easel in her hand and with her arm around Beat's shoulder.

As for Beat she went as she was. When her clothes became unwearable she washed them, then herself, and went to bed until both she and they dried out. And at that she got along all right and was distinctly endurable. I have always wished I had tried to live for a whole month as is—that was the only chance I ever had or will have. Bronx and Rosette brought up the rear. We were as gay as a flock of larks, and of them all I only saw Cedric again. When I got back to Paris they had scattered.

When we reached the train it seemed that the whole Quartier Latin was moving south with us, at least all the professional side of the model-stands, and they were taking their entire fortunes in gay-colored bundles. The guard patched them into the little tenseated cars like cattle, but when he came to our party he only put nine of us in as the Beat had directed him, with the station agent's agreement in her hand.

*The fourth instalment of "Seven Times Seven" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published March 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.*

# Paint: By Clement Wood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

begin with. Better dancer. To-day, she was a little nervous——"

"Yeah. I noticed it. You're better."

"Oh, but I'm not!" The fervor of her partizanship was new to her. She had always been proud of her sister; but, with the mother's hat whispered words, had come an assumption of protection—almost of motherhood—over the younger girl.

There was no greed in her planning; her own distinctive position, she was sure, would gradually grow more and more certain, until she could easily support the two of them. But there was an aggressive protection, a fighting pride for the other's sake, that interjected itself in the present ambition on her behalf. Mollie must make good—no matter what it might cost her herself.

"Why, she could dance rings around me, Mr. Greene!"

"Or around herself, I s'pose. Anyway, I'll call her good. I'll put you on."

"Oh! That's splendid. And—we get the salary I said?"

"Oh, yes! I'll take a chance. Keep after her, tho, dearie. Make her do her best!"

And Mollie did. They were to start at Heath's New Utrecht. They reported the next Monday morning for the first dress rehearsal. If the friendly words of the other performers were straws to point the wind, the set was pure to go big. The position on the program was a choice one—second after the intermission, in a twice-a-day house.

The thrilling moment came. The orchestra voomped into the opening chords, and those two breathing embodiments of grace danced lightly out of the wings.

Their entrance earned a wonderful hand Millie was beautiful enough, but Mollie was whitely dazzling. The still glory of her hair, the perfect chiseling of her face—these were things that a theatergoer sees once in a generation. The opening dance was a stately, gliding thing; those two exquisite doll-like creatures had on the vastness up-stage. No wonder the audience hurt their hands at the end!

MILLIE swayed back for a syncopated solo; this won a second encore. Then it was Mollie's turn for her single dance, before the joint finale. Millie stood panting from the happy exertion, just beside the younger girl. The music cue came insistently; but still she hesitated.

"Little darling!" Millie patted her reassuringly on the shoulder. A look of uncomprehension crossed the other's face, as if she had forgotten where she was, and what she was to do. The sister gave her a firm gentle push, from the protection of the painted scenery, and before the audience.

It may have been that final push; it may have been the weak heart; it may have been due just about then. Mollie reached the spotlit center of the stage, with that yawning gulf of gray faces floating before her, and the racking patter of gloating applause beating faintly against her ears.

She stood tense for a moment, her right foot fumbling in vain to lead off into the opening step. She trembled—Millie, in the wings, could see the first faint shiver. Then, without further warning, she stumbled to her knees, and fainted flat.

They rang down the asbestos in a hurry. The stage-manager helped carry her into the crowded dressing-room, and pulled out a pocket flask. He had a right to see that the next act went ahead. When he returned to the room all was serene. There was Mollie, smiling wanly out of a fluffy lounging-robe bundled around her, deeply ashamed of her exhibition.

Millie was plainly worried. "If you're going to cut up like that, little darling, I see where little Millie's single is revived. Really, child——"

Weakly a white hand went up. "No, Milli! It'll be all right to-night—I give you my word. Just watch me!"

THAT night she seemed to have lost all embarrassment from then on, the act went sensationally—it was the peak of the bill.

It became clearer to the producer, however, that it was mainly Millie; she kept her head, no matter where Mollie forgot hers; the younger girl was acting with nervousness, would miss cues, miss steps, miss her thin part in the song they worked into the combination; she was as fidgety as a leopard in a cat act. But Millie's cool-headedness kept the best spot for them; and all the while she was at Moe Greene, who kept his eyes on this part of the bill, bluffing and cajoling him so well, that he came to believe that after all the sister was the attraction.

At the end of the week the stage-manager stopped her, pudgy hand extended, face grinning. "I've just heard the good news, Millie. Congrats!"

"Thanks. Just what did you hear?"

"A second week—! Held Over by Public Request.' It's so, too. They say old Moe doubled the sette. That straight? Gee, you're in luck!"

Millie toyed with a recalcitrant glove. "He offered me that, too."

"Good news for us."

"But——" her words were unhurried. "I didn't accept."

"You—— you—— you didn't? Goin' on with the rest?"

"No." She was tantalizingly uncommunicative.

His eyes grew bigger. "Another offer?" Her head bobbed up and down; she could

CONTINUED PAGE 92

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## *Paint*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

not keep the pride out of her eyes this time.

"Come on—out with it!"

"You know, 'The Maid of Ispahan's' opening week after next. We're in."

"Boy! That is a step-up!"

"That's not all. Mollie's to understudy the leading lady—the one who does the big waltz."

"You don't say it!" A shrewd look creased his brows. "I'll bet they wanted you—an' you switched it to the kid."

"Well, I was better known. How did you guess that, anyhow?"

"Well, it's big time, all right. Hope I can get a night off, an' see the stunt Reckon you could slip me an O. K.-z?"

"Of course I will. It's fine of you to want to come. I'll fix it for the opening."

AT THE road tryout in Bridgeport the performance caught the gallery fancy, everything promised steady success.

Then it was that the impossible happened. The temperamental star, imported all the way from Paris, reported that she had sprained her disposition, or fractured her upper register; she simply refused to go on. Mollie Ray received three hours' notice from the agitated manager that she was to go on in the title rôle on the first night on Broadway. The two girls taxied back to the theater with the man. Mollie apparently calm and collected, Millie as delightfully excited as if she herself were the lucky one. In her proud heart she knew that she was.

She became businesslike, however, once she was inside the building. She saw to it that her things and Mollie's were moved from their small cubby to the elaborate dressing-room of the vanished star. The two girls sat down, with unbelieving faces, to take in the grandeur that surrounded them. The gaudy walls were lined with cabinets of the stars who had once owned the room. There were Mansfield as *Iron the Terrible*, Maude Adams as *Lady Babbie*, Ada Rehan, the Rogers Brothers, *The Scarecrow* and the *Tin Woodman* from the "Wizard of Oz"—a "Who Was Who" on the boards. To think that they were rightful heirs to all this glory! The younger girl's gorgeous kaleidoscope of gauzy robes upholstered the chairs and draped the walls; to their delight they discovered that the gowns fitted her as if they had been tailored to.

Carefully Millie dressed the girl, and gave her hair the elaborate coiffure required for the opening scene.

"Hello, chickens!" A beaming face swung in the half-opened door.

"I'll declare! It's Moe Greene, honoring us with his presence!"

"Thought I'd drop by for a moment—I got passes."

She gave him a disengaged elbow to wag as she busied herself over the other's make-up. Mollie was too upset to fix herself, she allowed her sister to touch her, when the hand of an outsider would have made her shrink away in nervous terror.

At length Millie came around in front of her masterpiece, hands stained futuristically with the grease-paint. She stood away for a careful inspection. "And how does our little Pavlowa look, Moe?"

"That Bolshevik hadn't even get a booby prize with little Mollie in the cast," he beamed. "How d'you feel, kid?"

She turned pitiful, scared eyes at him. "Like—like——"

"Like hell!" Millie supplied for her briefly. "Always feels that way before opening. But it'll be over soon, little darling."

"Yes," Mollie repeated uncertainly. The excitement had dazed her.

Greene sprawled back against a costume-box, determined to joke her into self-possession. "You built-a-nest box of temperament, here you've got a chance that Millie here, or a coupla hundred I know of, would jump-a-t'rough-a-hoop for. You're trembling like the collar on soda-water!"

She attempted a wan smile. The inner panic seemed to grow more and more held herself in check. She did not break down and cry; the tense lines on her face said that she would give anything in the world to be able to.

It would never do to spoil the make-up.

THERE she sat, watching her blurred image in the mirror through dewed eyelids while Millie made those women cheeks bloom more and more bravely with the rouge. Mollie's voice came to them at last through half-clenched teeth.

"O God," she said two or three times, like a dry little prayer from a drought hidden within. "O God, if only Millie could go through this for me!"

The manager pulled out a swollen cigar, and stuck it in his lips unlighted, gold band and all. "You'll knock 'em cold, dearie! They're yours already. You'll simply slaughter 'em!"

"You bet she will!" Millie patted the bare shoulder nearest her. The sister did not seem to feel the touch.

The elder stood back at last, satisfied with her work. "How does that look, little darling? You've got more color than I ever dared to wear!"

Moe Greene encountered the manager from the New Utrecht house.

"How are the girls?" asked the latter.

"Fine as fawn," he remarked casually.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93


# betrayed

*Their first conversation betrayed the fact that she was not fastidious.*

AT a distance she had appeared unusually neat, immaculate. But upon their first face-to-face meeting he discovered that her teeth were not clean. And he soon lost interest.

So many people overlook this one matter of fastidiousness. And do so in spite of the fact that in conversation the teeth are the one most noticeable thing about you.

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## Paint

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

A more uncertain look blew across his face. "Mollie—up in an airplane, as usual."

"Remember how she muffed that second dance at our place? Got no kick. Hope she doesn't fluff the show."

"Millie'll keep her on the job."

"I hope so. See you later."

They passed to their seats, impressed in a professional way with the size of the house. Of course, part of it was paper; but there must be a drawerful of real money as well. All of the regular first-nighters were in sight, as chattery and thrilled as if this were the first musical comedy ever played. They kept rustling in, long after the overture had started. There were many sour glances at their fluttery noisiness; the music was evidently worth listening to.

Then—curtain! The audience sat forward in their seats, toughened old stage-birds as most of them were. The opening set was magnificent, the voices were well trained, the chorus graceful and really young. Millie, there in the first row, was just one among beauties. There was not a thing that jarred; the audience narrowed and widened their eyes in awed delight.

A little comedy, to introduce the plot, was next. Then the lights dimmed for the first waltz dance with the hero—and Mollie's entrance. The partner edged down left, on the emptied stage. The calcium stole from the darkness above. Then—there—the girl's slender form, poised on tiptoes in the breathless center of the stage. It was a gripping picture; the immense black cavity of the audience in front, with its thousands of unseen eyes turned in one direction; the converging lines of the dim stage; and, bright as a sudden glimpse of the full moon, the little dancer, a vision in pale ivory, a vision made by the gods who love. Those bored first-nighters just gasped. No wonder! The girl looked like all the wild, misty sunrises ever seen; like cloudy hillsides of dogwood and cherry bloom; like everything beautiful man dreams of when all goes well with the young world.

The house woke to a thunderous hand. A faint excuse of a smile shone timidly on her cheeks. Then she wavered a bit, as if the applause were a wind setting her to trembling. The orchestra held the loud, slow, golden notes of the prelude to the dance; her prince took three gliding steps toward her, arms spread wide in invitation; she leaned forward toward him.

Then the house gasped again—a different, different sound. Before his outstretched arms could reach her, she tottered—collapsed to the floor—lay there, a huddled, broken dream. Moe Greene, strangely moved, half rose out of his seat; he wanted to cry out—his throat pained him.

The curtain slid smoothly down, as the prince—the poor, fluffy dancer in his arms—started for the wings.

WHEN the producer reached the stage it was clear; the frantic manager, hands sawing the air, was trying to swear the curtain up again. Greene pushed between two tall sets for the star's dressing-room, where the sisters would be. Two or three girls from the chorus stood shivering in the way; he wasted no ceremony on them. Right ahead of him was a man carrying a black bag—evidently a doctor, who had materialized from somewhere. The doctor pushed on into the room; he followed.

The big room was stuffy with the crowd, every one standing around as if plastered to the wall. Every one, that is, except Millie; she was on her knees on the floor beside the little dancer's body, fumbling around the waist, trying to win the breath back. The girl's head was propped up on a sparkling ballroom gown; there was a pool of water beneath it, dampening the dress and the carpet, where somebody had tried to bring her to that way. One of the character women was calling for somebody to get whiskey. A flask was reached out to the doctor; he would not look at it, even when it was pushed under his nose.

He knelt down on one side; Millie was on her knees on the other. Then he started on the patient with professional stoicness. He lifted his head with a quick gesture. "Clear those people out." The manager, who had sidled awkwardly in, proceeded to herd them out, assisted by Greene. The girl needed air; all that they were doing was to stand in the way and sniffle. "The poor little girl!" Greene felt that he could murder a dozen of them.

He turned to the doctor, unwonted deference in his voice. "It's just a fainting-spell—she's had 'em before."

There was no response from the doctor.

"She fainted the same little stunt," he confided to the worried manager at his side, "down in a New Utrecht house only three weeks ago. Doesn't take her long to come 'round."

A twist of sudden wrath crossed the manager's face; this awkward break in the performance set him on edge. "I'll show 'em—fainting in my first act!"

He thrashed out, swearing at anybody who was doing anything, or who was not. As he left, Greene pulled the door shut to keep out the curious faces, and the bright lilt of the next song, which the orchestra was playing more loudly than usual, to compensate somehow for the interruption. The room grew quiet, except for Millie's staccato breathing and the doctor's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94


# Stout Women

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## *Paint:* By *Clement Wood*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

insistent movements. Greene watched him for a few minutes, and then tiptoed around the wall, figuring out the names and engagements scrawled on the flowered paper, and the autographed celebrities on every side. Pile of money there! He would be handy here if he were needed Montgomery and Stone again. *The Scarecrow* and the *Tin Woodman*. What a wonderful make-up!

At last he came back to the place where Mollie lay. The sister was further back now, as if her fear had slowly pushed her away from the still figure on the carpet. He stood looking down at Mollie. Poor little baby!

She had beauty, if ever woman had it. That dazzling make-up still shone on her cheeks; she lay there like health in bloom A strange wind of desire blew from some hidden corner, that seemed to press him to fall on his knees beside her and do something desperate to make her hurry back. He ached to lift those perfect shoulders, and—just once—to print a kiss on those rosebow lips; that would bring her back, if anything would! They were made for it. He knelt down, bringing his head closer, watching for the breath to return.

The doctor grunted, once or twice, as he tinkered with the various instruments in his satchel. He uncorked several bottles There was a sharp, penetrating odor, that made the tears burn in the intent eyes The doctor watched her closely for a few moments, relief in his eyes; then shook his head in bewilderment

"She—she recovers very quickly," Greene said encouragingly. The doctor did not seem to hear him

He kept at it for what seemed, to the watchers within the room, a full hour. It was hardly twenty minutes, they learned later. One or two of the girls slipped quietly through the door, and a principal or two, between their appearances, Greene at length would not talk, and they could not get a word out of Millie or the doctor. At last they just stood around, as quiet as poor little Mollie lying there so still on the floor.

Then the doctor looked up, drawing his arm across his eyes. "No use," he said, staring hard at the wall.

He stretched to his feet, dusted off his knees absently, rubbed his white hands free of the dust

The doctor was back, rubbing damp hands on a towel. He watched her for a minute as she finished the second rubbing, and stood staring stupidly at what she had not done. At what, her face seemed to say, she felt in her heart she had done.

She looked up at him at last, death in her face. When she spoke there was death in her tones. "Is there—is there anything in the world that will get that off?"

With something like amazement he looked at the smeared rags and the live color on the face. He seemed to comprehend for the first time what she had been doing.

"You might try alcohol," he said doubtfully. "I'm not sure—— Sometimes, after death——"

He located a bottle of alcohol, started to hand it to her, then stooped down himself, and went at it with businesslike determination. The flush stayed on; its hectic insistence grew the more dreadfully with their efforts. It seemed to rent the very air with its horrid, unwanted warmth.

The doctor straightened up, and turned to her with lips turned downward, and voice a trifle rough. "Fix yourself up," he told her

SHE stood there, his words sinking in. She trembled slightly, just as Mollie had done, the moment before her fall; then she recovered, face set and hard. Walking softly over to the mirror, she examined her own appearance; a ghastly repulsion was in her eyes. With careful gestures she rubbed off her own make-up; each fearful stroke seemed to say that she was afraid that it, too, would never come off. At last her face stared back at her whitely. She slipped off the wrap, and fell into a street dress. The cheeks needed no powder to tone down their color; if anything, their waxen emptiness could have stood a touch of rouge. She looked at them for a last moment, and stroked them quietly. One final rub with the rag—then she left them so.

A girl, even then, was standing near the ambulance had come. The man helped the intern and the doctor get the little dancer's body out to it. The last thing Greene saw in the room was the vacant stare on the *Tin Woodman's* face as he and *The Scarecrow* peered after the brief procession.

Four days later, on the day of the funeral, Moe Greene, more subdued than his friends had ever seen him, made for the little apartment on Beekman Place. Millie Ray let him in quietly; she had no word but a firm hand-shake from a cold hand. After a few minutes she beckoned him to the rear of the apartment, away from the flower-hidden casket

By the dull light of a rear window she turned and faced him. Her lips were gray and cracked, her cheeks burned feverishly, her eyes were hard and red around the rims.

"Nobody must see it." She closed her eyes, and turned away from what lay in the next room. "I wouldn't let them leave it open. It didn't come off. It's still burning, burning. I did my best."

The man could only nod his head. Then he seemed to wake to what he had come to say. Awkwardly he pushed out a parcel, paper-wrapped, into her unwilling hands. "You left it at the theater——"

A tremor shook her at his words. "It's—it's—you mean——" And then comprehenson widened and closed her eyes; the released package would have fallen to the floor if he had not caught it. "You mean, my——"

"Your make-up box"

SHE held her hands rigid at her sides; her voice was level and unmodulated. "Give it away—to anybody—I can never see it again!"

He changed the subject. "What you going to do now, dearie?"

"Now? If I don't know."

"Goin' on with 'The Maid of Ispahan'?"

She stared at him with a peculiar frozen look.

"You can have the lead, I heard, if you want it."

A dreadful fire flamed suddenly from the strained eyes. "Do you think I could?"

"No. I didn't think so. You might want to go on with us, tho. I'll make it just as much as if it was the two of you. Wait a week or so. You've got to do something."

"I've got to do something." There was obedient compliance in her voice. She stood playing with the girdle of her dress; one by one her tense fingers frayed loose the beaded threads, snapped them short, dropped them unheeded to the floor.

"You never saw Mollie's room before, Mr Greene," The words came slowly. "There were pictures here. Ours. All my friends. I gave them away. I can never see one of them again. All my make-up boxes. Everything, everything. Do you think I could live if I saw Mollie's play again?"

"It wasn't your fault——"

"No. It was nobody's fault. All given away—— I really thank you!" She turned at a quiet signal from the next room. "They want us now." She led the way in, head erect, dry-eyed.

They buried Mollie Ray just as she had looked that one glorious moment when she shone her way into the hearts of the audience—as if she were forever alive—forever young.

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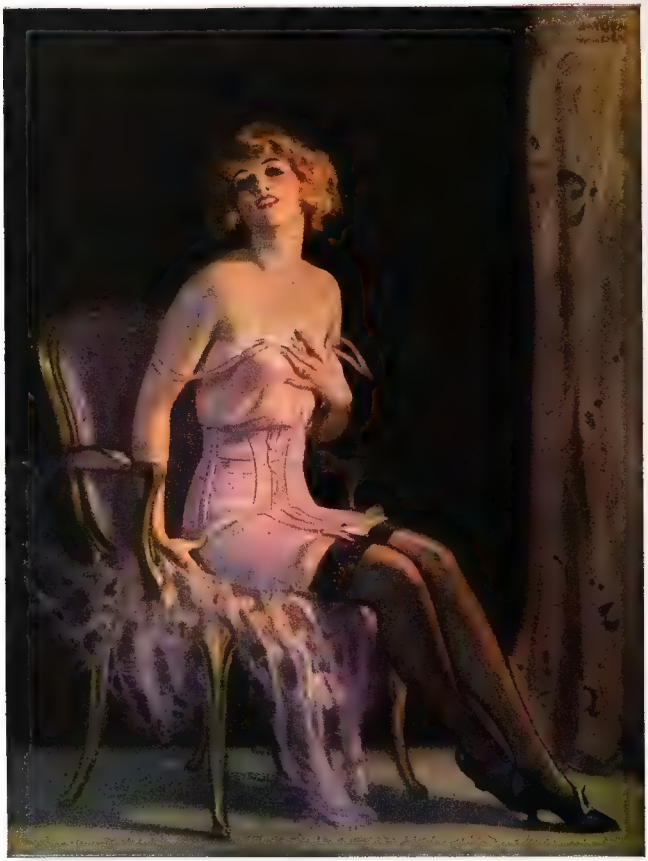

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# TREO GIRDLE

## The All-Elastic Corset

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# To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Admah had. Success in the office-supply business had fattened little Wen until his neck had disappeared; as in the days of Palfer's, he laughed easily and looked up to Admah as a hero among men. Kinkead was scrawny and bald; a patch of hair remained like a sample to show that he had once been red-headed. A Satsuma by birth, his shyness and independence had made him rather unpopular in the Pickwick Club; possibly that is why he had sought out Admah Holtz. Peebles and Kinkead were the sort you meet at the club only; and because they were mutually interested in the P. & T. it was not strange that Admah should have asked: "Say, when did this young Canfield get to be the colonel's secretary?"

"He's been with the Principality right smart of a time," said Wen. "The colonel took him on last month."

"He looks mighty capable," admitted Admah.

"Sim Canfield thinks so," said Kinkead dryly.

"Would that influence the colonel?" Admah was forking into the ribs of a jack-salmon, and feigned indifference.

"Poison affects most of us," replied Kinkead.

Admah had opened his mouth for another and larger question when he was aware that a colored page-boy was requesting Mr. Holtz to come to the telephone; wherefore Mr. Holtz followed to the booth and heard a pretty drawl come over wire. It was so like Flora Lee that he responded, "Hello, darlin'," only to be cut off with a quicker, harder tone.

"This is Margaret. Admah, I think you'd better come home right away."

"What's the matter?" he asked sharply. Margaret wouldn't have spoken like that for nothing.

"Flora Lee's had a sort of upset. Don't be scared."

"Margaret!" It came like a groan. "What's it all about? What's happened? You've got to tell me something——"

"It's about the baby," said her voice coolly.

"Where are you now?"

"At the—at your house. I've been trying for an hour——"

"All right. I'm coming," he mumbled, then hurried toward the check-room for his hat.

IT WAS nearing nine o'clock. Margaret and Admah sat in front of an open fire, for a cool drizzle had come with evening. Dr. Furniss—young Dr. Furniss, as he was called years after his father's death—was expected soon on his last call for the day. A calm had settled over Admah's spirit. Was it because another glass of Bourbon had done its soothing work? Or because Margaret was there?

Neither had spoken for several minutes. The house was still. The white uniform of a trined nurse, passing noiselessly along the balcony, startled him as a fleeting specter might have. Then an oak-knot in the fireplace hissed and spat blue flames. Silence again. Every now and then Admah would reach out for his glass. A whimsical thought came to him: when Pa Holtz had sat like this, drinking alone, there hadn't been any fancy Italian fireplace. An old stove, probably, with a ramshackle pipe running up through the roof.

"Margaret," he said at last dreamily, "how long's she been asleep now?"

"Since one o'clock. Charlie Furniss gave her something."

"Funny she asked you instead of me."

"Was it?" Her tone grew momentarily hard, but softened again. "They were trying to find you. You'd been away from the office most of the morning."

"How long do you reckon you can stay, Margaret?"

She studied him an instant before replying, "Just as long as I'm useful, Admah."

He received this absent-mindedly, pondering.

"After this," he said suddenly, "I ain't goin' to put much stock in prophecies."

"You've been prophesying?" she asked.

"Not for over thirty years. I reckon I never told you how once I stood on the steps of All Souls' Church and saw Flo Lee bein' christened. Well, that mornin' I told a black mammy that some day I'd have one o' my own children sprinkled in style at that very church. I wasn't much of a fortune-teller that time."

"Poor Admah!" she whispered.

"Queer" he droned, "how life seems to take you around with it. Up with it, down with it. But you can't leave go."

"Gotama Buddha thought of that, too."

"Who was he?"

"A Christian," said Margaret, "but a very early one."

"Just look at me and Jo," he went on. "Jo's got nothing but children. No brains, no ambition. But he's got four children, and the oldest is going to college."

"Who's paying his way?" asked Margaret.

"That ain't the point. What I'm thinking is, Jo hasn't made much of himself, but he's got a boy he's mighty proud of. And I'll never have——"

AS IF to give scientific verification to this broken sentence Calvin announced Dr. Furniss. Young Dr. Furniss was a brisk, neat, well-conditioned man of fifty.

"Good evenin', Miss Margaret," he began briskly. "And how are you, Mr. Holtz? What weather for June!"

"Good rain for the farmers," agreed Admah. It was as tho they had met by appointment to discuss the weather.

"She hasn't waked since you left," said Margaret.

"Oh, yes. She'll be drowsy for a while," Dr. Furniss announced pleasantly. "Mary Lee is right as rain."

At Flora Lee's door the trained nurse was waiting to let the physician in; the husband was left outside to pace the hallrunner and quarrel with his conjectures. A half-hour passed, in Admah's estimation; then he looked at his watch he found that it was only eleven minutes. He could hear Flora Lee's sweet voice droning on, then the doctor's response. He was laughing! That was a good sign.

Again Admah fell to pacing the hallrunner, measuring his steps as tho he had been a prisoner inside four narrow walls. That afternoon when he had come home and seen her lying drugged and bloodless, her body perfectly still, her half-closed eyes unrecognizing, he had grown faint with a fear that she was going to die, going to leave him without a look or a word. All the vanity of the father-prospective had been shrouded in one black thought. He didn't care for children, for money, for anything but the one great love that had come to him like a miracle out of heaven. In the depths of his irreligious heart he had made a bargain with God and prayed that she should be restored to him. He had tried so hard to live up to her requirements in a husband. He knew how often he had failed and how his awkwardness must have annoyed her. But she had taught him so much, overlooked so many things. Gosh! What a hick he must have been ten years ago, the night she rode home with him in his car!

The bedroom door opened; young Dr. Furniss came out, and gave the worried husband a friendly pat. "There's bound to be a little temperature for a day or so. Two weeks in bed, I should say. That's going to be something of a job for Flora Lee!" He chuckled at his own joke.

"There won't be any—I mean, no serious consequences?"

"There shouldn't be," replied Dr Furniss, growing grave. "Only one thing—" He paused for a choice of expression, then made a poor show of his humorous bedside manner as he said, "You know the sign that's up in the modern apartment-house? No children admitted."

"You mean?" The doctor was merely saying what Admah had suspected.

"I'm afraid that's the case, my dear Mr. Holtz," he smiled, then gave him a brisk professional handshake. "Now go to bed and have a decent night's sleep."

"Can't I see her?"

"Oh, certainly. Make it brief, tho, won't you?"

ADMAH tiptoed in toward the swan-bed whose pillars looked black as ebony in the dim light. He stood peering down, then from the pillows and coverlids came the familiar drawl, "Hello, old dear!"

"My sweet!" he whispered, and sank on his knees.

"Don't be so tragic, Mr. Gump!" she challenged, putting out a hot little hand to rumple his thick hair. She turned uneasily and groaned, then said in the same natural, bantering key, "I bet it'll be quiet at the Sycamore to-night. They'd most forgotten how to make a noise when I came back from Spain. Wasn't Bunny

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98


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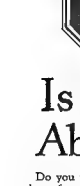

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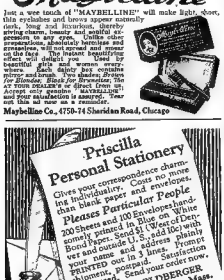

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## To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

a silly jack? Ho-hum! What time is it?"

"About half past nine, honey."

"That dope Charlie Furniss gave me must have been private stock. I've had nice dreams. Who's down-stairs?"

"Margaret. She came——"

"How did *she* get here?" It came sharply, then with a wild little laugh, "I guess I scared her to death when I telephoned. But you weren't anywhere—and oh, Admah! I had to have somebody. It was all so fearful——"

Suddenly her arm went round his neck and she clung to his shoulder, sobbing.

"There, my precious baby!" he murmured, and he could feel the tears running along the bridge of his nose. "I wouldn't have you hurt for anything."

"You love me frightfully, don't you?" her little voice was singing in his ear.

"You know I do."

"Then what were you doing away from your office when I was sick and wanted my old Gump?"

"I'll bet you can't guess," he chuckled, brightening.

"Remembering something?"

"It's the fifth of June," he said.

"What did you go and get me?" She released the arm that had been around his neck and searched his pockets for the box, which made a heavy bulge in his right side.

"I'll open it," he offered, and after several awkward gropings at the catch lifted the velvet lid and revealed his surprize. A circle of light, shooting rays from a thousand prisms, it glowed before her eyes.

"You've gone and got that bracelet from Cummins's!" she cried, and snatched the treasure greedily in both hands. "Admah, if I asked for it I believe you'd jump up and get me the moon."

"I reckon I'd try," he admitted, and kissed her shyly, for Miss Sullivan had opened the door. Even in his bliss and his dejection he despised the rich bedspread which covered her. It seemed poisonous somehow.

IF MARGARET PEAKE came to her brother-in-law's house with a view to simplifying a situation, she reckoned without Flora Lee, in whose atmosphere nothing could be simple. She was what Miss Sullivan called "a nervous patient." She slept poorly and chose the hours between midnight and dawn for telephoning; the night nurses disapproved, of course; only Miss Sullivan remained, and even she, mechanically soothing person tho she was, rushed from the sick-room to sob on Margaret's shoulder, "I worked for two years in the State Insane Asylum, but never before have I been called such —such things—boo!"

Margaret seldom appeared in Flora Lee's room for the very good reason that Flora Lee chose to regard her as an uninvited guest; sometimes she would relent, whimsically, and send Miss Sullivan out in search of her. Then there would be brief reconciliations, to be followed by other flares of temper. Flora Lee would even accuse Margaret of trying to avoid her. On the fifth day Margaret tactfully suggested to Admah that Flora Lee was out of danger. But he would not hear of Margaret's going. Flora Lee was better along with, he admitted, but she'd had a terrible shock, and people ought to put up with her; he said this with a gruff, scolding air that to Margaret was notably pathetic. He was looking old, she thought, and the gray was beginning to show through his vigorous hair. Only the night before he had talked so romantically about his future at the works. She wondered if he was being quite frank with her or with himself.

Then came the eighth day. Admah was called upon to act as referee in one of those feminine quarrels which every man dreads because there is something demoniac in the rage of even the gentlest woman. He had breakfasted with Margaret and gone up-stairs to say good morning—for Miss Sullivan, disregarding consequences, always aroused her patient at an early hour—he found her sitting up in bed, a long ivory mirror in her hand. A pretty picture of vanity she made, coquetting with her image, criticizing the effect of fresh rouge upon her lips.

"How like the devil I look," she soliloquized. "If Charlie Furniss keeps me in bed another week—oh, Miss Sullivan! Where's that feathery old fool?"

"I'll fetch her, honey," volunteered Admah.

"Never mind. I'm going to chuck her anyway. I'd a thousand times rather have a good colored woman like Linda than one of those poor whites with a set of hospital manners"

Because there was little to say and less to do Admah stood his ground, waiting for the storm to pass, as it sometimes did, in a few, short gusts. With the gesture of a crossed child she threw the mirror from her; it broke against a radiator, and she laughed.

"I wish Margaret would stop thumping away at that piano," she complained.

"But she ain't playin' now, honey," he said. "It was only last night for a while——"

"Oh! You've got to have music to amuse you."

"It was for you, dearie. You said you liked it——"

"I don't like dead-marches. I suppose —she wants me to die and——"

"I'll tell her not to play any more," he offered.

"You'll tell her? You'll do nothing of the kind. Oh, Peg! Mah-garet!" Flora Lee's voice, normally so soft and drawling, could grow shrill and harsh as a locomotive-whistle. Presently Margaret came up-stairs and stood stiff, cool, smiling at the foot of the bed. She wore her coat and hat.

"Did you call me, Flora Lee?" she asked.

"Did I call you?" her sister mocked. "Peg, why are you always so darned affected? Where are you going?"

"I thought I'd better go back to town. You see——"

"So suddenly?" asked Flora Lee with an unfriendly smile.

"She's got a lot of work piled up at the office," was Admah's poor contribution.

"Indeed? I'm sure you could fetch it out here, couldn't you, Admah?" Flora Lee's carefully plucked eyebrows went up to a sharp angle. "You wouldn't want Margaret to walk out and leave you just for her work, would you?"

"I'd be mighty glad to have her stay," he mumbled.

"There!" exclaimed Flora Lee triumphantly. "Admah wants you to stay."

"Well, I didn't exactly say that—I just said—why, of *course* I want her to stay."

There was no reproach in the still gaze which Margaret turned upon his floundering. But Flora Lee grew more animated.

"Admah will have everything arranged for you," she went on sparklingly. "Maybe he can fix you a studio in the garage so you won't *ever* have to go to town."

Margaret flushed suddenly, a hot, insulted red. She opened her mouth to speak, and Admah, in the thankless rôle of peacemaker, found himself interrupting with a series of feeble pleas like, "Please don't!"

"Please don't what?" asked Flora Lee. "Please don't go? Is that what you mean?"

"No, I didn't I meant——"

"Good-by," said Margaret very gently, and went out of the room. Dumb and somehow outraged, he watched her go down the stairs. Then turning to Flora Lee, he saw her eyes wooing him, her arms outstretched, her Pendleton puppet, he knelt while she entwined his neck and passed her fingers through his hair.

"Take her to town," she begged "I can't have her in my house. How does she dare stand there and talk to me like that?"

Margaret had said six words and, as Admah recalled them, they were not of an inflammatory nature.

ACCORDING to Admah's calendar everything was dated forward to June 15 and the annual elections. The sisters had quarreled on the 12th, and that was but three days before two important meetings to be held in the offices of the Principality Trust Company. In the morning the stockholders would elect a new board of directors for the P. & T.; in the afternoon the directors would elect officers. Since Flora Lee's sudden illness Admah had lived in turmoil, affairs at home and affairs at the works warring one against the other. Bentley was plotting for his throne; Flora Lee was disregarding her doctor's orders; Colonel Atterbury had made himself inaccessible; so had Margaret Peake. During those days he missed Margaret and wondered vaguely, that morning when he had taken her into town she had said a queer

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

thing as he bade her good-by in the lobby of her apartment-house. "Poor Admah!" she had whispered, and covered his hand with her own. What had she meant by that?

Poor Admah, he might have been at home, but certainly not in his office. He had found his enemies now and their methods; he had counted his friends and his own devices. The new directors would be Atterbury dummies, controlled just as Admah was controlled. They would sit in meeting watching Jim Atterbury's thumbs, if they twiddled up, an officer would be retained; if they twiddled down, off with his head! And Admah Holtz had no intention of losing his head on the afternoon of June 15. If some go about talking their heads off there are others who, upon occasion, can talk them on. In spite of Sim Canfield's busy tattlings and the gesticulations which General Bentley called an "intensive campaign" Admah knew that Atterbury realized how little these men had to offer Holtz understood the P. & T. He had lifted it from the muck once; he could do it again; and since Atterbury did not make or break men for sentiment's sake, Admah saw his way clear. He had but to appear in person at the meeting on the 15th and give his reasons why he should continue as president of the P. & T.

BUT the morning of the 14th, when his concern should have been public rather than private, he found a handsome gray envelop in his breakfast mail. On it was engraved with the name of Cummins & Company he knew it had to do with Flora Lee's bracelet. He refused to open it; it annoyed him like some bad-luck token, but he kept it in his pocket, pretending that it amounted to nothing.

Colonel Atterbury's return from his Eastern trip was made manifest to Admah when he saw the old gentleman before luncheon at the Pickwick Club, they met in a crowd, and Colonel Atterbury's greeting was cordial. A good auspice for the morrow. More auspicous still, Bentley, his curly hair wild as a wind-blown cypress, had entered Admah's office that morning and offered to make peace. He had never dreamed of the prodigality, said Bentley; all he wanted was a small raise of salary. Wearing a straight face to mask his inward glee, Admah promised the bribe and regained a friend. But what was in the air?

After luncheon, cheered by favorable signs, he went into the club library, opened Cummins's gray envelop, and read

In re diamond and platinum bracelet sent to your address on approval on the 3d inst., we take the liberty of asking if the article was found satisfactory to Mrs. Holtz. If not, would you be so kind as to inform us, as another customer has inquired after it?

This, in the language of trade, was a civil demand to pay or return the goods. But it meant more than that. It meant that the city was no longer trusting Admah Holtz. It meant that Admah Holtz, whose credit should not have been questioned at that crisis, had purchased what he couldn't pay for.

IN THE cool quiet of the big brown library he lit a cigar and relaxed himself against the leather cushions of his chair. He tried to think this out, this comparatively simple problem. Somebody had been talking to Cummins. One of the Canfield crowd. As a grand-stand play he ought to march right over to Cummins, sign a check, close his account, swear, and walk out. But he hadn't the ready money to back such a gesture. And on a day like this he couldn't afford to go around selling stock or borrowing.

Heigh-ho! How his bones ached! He sled down in his chair and allowed himself to know how tired he was. He had felt like this once thirty years ago when the river was high and he had tried to swim up-stream to catch the stern of a coal-barge. Heigh-ho! Just a few weeks' rest He'd been driving pretty hard—pretty hard.

Thunders growled in his ear and he awoke to find that he had been snoring. His unaccustomed nap had brought on a headache—another one of those darned things. He'd have to do something about those headaches. If only he were taking patent drinks for them you're liable to weaken your heart, he reflected dimly. He had gone to sleep with a lighted cigar in his mouth, and it had turned into a foul cinder. He looked at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101


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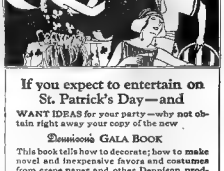

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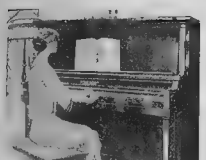

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## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

his watch. Gosh! He'd been asleep nearly an hour.

At the prohibitional bar he ordered another patent drink. Queer that he'd fallen off like that, right in the middle of the day! Sort of an old-man trick—certainly he hadn't reached the age for that! He stood stupidly by the bar, feeling his sore muscles. Then again he thought of Cummins's letter. He could see only one way out of the bracelet situation, now that his mind was going again. He'd have to coax the thing away from Flora Lee. Gosh, how he hated to do that! She loved it so, and she'd been so tender with him when he gave it to her. But he'd make her understand

Attempting to soothe himself with bits of philosophy which, like the fizzy drink, gave temporary relief, he made his way through the suburbs and out toward the River Boulevard. He had telephoned his secretary that he wouldn't be back. What was the use fooling round the office, he thought, when he needed rest and a chance to save his strength for the big fight to-morrow? Something simple and easy was what he wanted. Only there was that business about the bracelet. He hoped that Flora Lee would be reasonable

ROLLING up the winding drive toward his big white house, Admah experienced the feeling of elation which would come to him at unexpected moments, lending a rose-glow of optimism to every prospect. For him the pink June roses were beginning to open on their trellises and the baby-blue hydrangeas to blossom in their tubs. The whole place had a ridiculous air, a precisely aircroled lawns, trimmed hedges, precisely graveled roads. Here was a gentleman's home. Such a home as the Peakes would have been proud of in the days when they had plenty of money and slaves to indulge their indolence. But the Peakes—sometimes he treated himself to this triumphant reflection—had gone to sleep on the job, let the property run down. Not so Admah Holtz. He had fought every inch of the way. Who was it had told him that? Margaret, perhaps

At the formal front door he leaped from his car as lightly as tho the fat of middle age were not upon him, as tho to-morrow's battle were already won. He gave his hat to Calvin and made some blundering joke about taking his half-holiday. The mulatto man grinned appreciatively and showed his new gold teeth as he repeated his formula, "Yassa, Mist' Holt Yas-suh!"

On his way up-stairs Admah had formulated a plan. When the election was over and he was safely in saddle again he'd give Flora Lee a big party. A bigger one than the riotous housewarming with which they had opened their fine new place He might find some way of buying back the bracelet, slipping it on her wrist as a surprize

At the first landing he saw old Linda, standing like a skeleton carved out of an ebony pole. She had been in charge since Miss Sullivan's departure

"Is Miss Flora Lee awake?" he asked, half whispering lest he should arouse her.

"No, sah, Mist' Holt," replied old Linda grimly; unlike Calvin, she had never received Admah into the Peake family

Her manner chilled his spirit a little, brought him back to the delicate business at hand. His step had lost its spring as he went down the velvet carpet of the corridor, walking cautiously lest his adored one might be nodding, might resent his clumsy tread. He had just turned into the L, leading to her room, when his progress was arrested by unexpected sounds: Flora Lee's pretty, excited laughter, then the mumble-mumble of a man's voice. She was having company. Why had Linda said she was asleep?

A few steps further and he found himself looking into her room. It was only a glance, but a comprehensive eyeful, which, like the shutter of a rapid camera, takes in unnoticed details

First he saw the coverlid on her gilded bed, that fancy French thing, embroidered with hounds and swans and pheasants, whose coarse significance he had always hated Sitting up among foamy pillows, her little head outlined in a lacy cap, her lips parted in an eager smile, Flora Lee was looking into the eyes of Hunter O'Neil. He too was smiling, his face, like hers, was quick with pleasure.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

That was a flash. An instant later both had seen the shadow in the door. Their bodies had sprung into attitudes of self-conscious innocence. "Hello, Admah!" both were drawling casually, frightened perhaps at his blank look. What had he seen? Nothing. Yet suddenly the hate in his brain seemed to liven and sizzle scaldingly like frying lard. He had seen nothing. Yet he knew. Flora Lee and Huntie O'Neill had just kissed.

His first impulse was to fall upon O'Neill and come to grips dog-fashion, doing murder honestly in the presence of murder's cause. Instead he sat down and said something about the day being hot. He was unusually dull in his conversation, and all the time his inner mind was asking: If she feels that way about him, what can I do but make things worse?

AFTER that he went to his room. Without removing the shoes from his feet or the coverlid from his bed he had thrown himself down and succumbed to the ache in his muscles. At dinner-time Calvin's knock awoke him, and he went to his wife's room to find her cheerfully dining off a tray. She held up her mouth to be kissed and wanted to know why he was such a bear with poor Huntie. He complained of his headache and she called him an Old Growler to be working so hard when everybody else was up in Maine keeping cool. And why couldn't they take the McCoy cottage at Bar Harbor?

Altogether she made it impossible for him to believe what he knew.

Finally he went down to his dinner, where he made waste sadly and drank much. In the quick reverie which comes upon the solitary drinker he wished that he had not let Margaret go; but what could he do when Flora Lee, sick and nervous, wanted her sister out of the house? O'Neill! The practical side of Admah's character came to the rescue and he banished O'Neill with a gesture. It couldn't be possible that Flora Lee, who had run around with kings and dukes in the old country, could see anything in that poor fish. Certainly not.

Whatever it meant, thought Admah, he couldn't afford to have a family row to-night. For the last two weeks he had been holding on to his nerves like a swimmer to a raft. One at a time, that was his motto. First he'd settle with Sim Canfield, then with the rest of the Judas Iscariot Club down at the office. Then O'Neill's turn would come round, and the skunk would have to face the biggest man in the State instead of a dummy president, fighting for his job.

He allowed his coffee to cool, drank it at a gulp, and went into the veranda, where he finished two strong cigars before making up his mind to approach Flora Lee.

The clock on the stairs had just struck nine when he went to her room.

She was propped up in bed, sipping smoke through a long ivory holder and reading the *Evening Democrat*.

"Admah," she drawled, her eyes on the page, "do you know that the Finchester Steel Works are for sale? The advertisement doesn't say why, but Huntie came over to-day just to tell me the news. I think he'd like to get you interested, but you most scared him to death." She waited an instant for a reply, then went merrily on, "It's one of the famous horse-breeding farms, you know. Just ask your uncle. He's a stock-breeder, isn't he?"

"Hams and sausages," grunted Admah; then feeling that he should be more gentle with a sick woman, "I don't know an awful lot about horses."

"But you could learn, Old Goose!" she cried.

Like a diver perched above some uninviting tide, he chose this instant for his plunge.

"Flora Lee," he began huskily, "I know you come from the sportin' gentry."

"What do you mean by that?" The paper fell to the floor.

"Well, about luck. You're a thoroughbred, used to chances. I'm just an old plow-horse. Now I'm in a fix where I thought maybe you could give me a little boost."

"What sort of fix do you mean?" He was sorry he had spoken, for her look had become strained and he knew that she was not strong.

"Oh, it's all right," he went on, attempting to be light. "Only that bracelet I gave you for your birthday——"

"What's the matter with it?" she asked sharply.

"Nothin'. Only it ain't paid for."

"But our credit——"

"That's the trouble," he interrupted. "Cummins wants cash for it or he wants it back right away."

"That poor white?" She laughed scornfully. "Why, we've been dealing with him as long as I can remember. Has he lost his mind?"

"I reckon so," said Admah dully. "But if he don't get cash he'll make trouble. And I can't afford any more trouble right now. The annual election's to-morrow and I've got to come through clean."

"Why don't you pay for it and hush Cummins up?" she asked, and through the rift in his illusion he saw how worn and old she could look.

"Oh, well," he said gently, rising to leave the room, "I oughtn't to bother you. It was a birthday present——"

"Admah!" she called so shrilly after him that he faced about and saw the panic in her eyes. "Admah, is it as bad as that? You can't afford to pay? You have to send things back? People won't trust you?"

"Just about," he told her plainly. "We've been goin' an awful pace, Flo Lee. We could have pulled through if stocks had held up. But they're down. If we keep this house and I keep my job——"

"Your *job*?" She clutched at the detestable hounds on her French coverlid, and even in his excitement Admah realized how he hated those embroidered beasts. But she was asking almost in a shriek, "What do you mean by that?"

"Hush!" he begged, and resumed on a soothing tack. "I'll keep my job, all right. But we've got to play pretty low for a year or so. Fire a lot of the help. Cut out style and fixin's——"

"So that's what you've done to me!" She crouched forward, muscles tense, studying him with loveless eyes.

"Flo Lee, honey!" he begged, suddenly crushed by her scorn. He reached out toward her, but she cringed away.

"You've played your shabby little trick and got me to marry you. And I was fool enough——"

"You wanted my money, you mean?" He growled this suddenly, resentful, desperate, ashamed.

"Yes. And where is it? Do you think I'd have looked at you twice if I'd thought——"

Struggling to believe his senses, he found himself mumbling about his money, "I never was rich, if that's what you thought."

"You went swanking around with every pretense of it—of course I believed it—do you think I'd have considered you? I'd have had my servants boot you out of the house——"

"Flora Lee!" It came like the bellow of a wounded animal, half rage, half supplication.

"A fine mess you've made of it between you, you and Bunny. I could have married Savarac in a minute—Bunny spoiled that. Savarac would have taken me even then if you hadn't come along——"

"Who was Savarac?" he asked, a question which he had never before dared.

"Is that any of your business?" She glared toward her dressing-table as if she might have hurled any of its toilet articles at his head. "Now will you go away? Gosh, how I've paid for every cent you've given me——"

HE REACHED out toward her, but she screamed and cringed.

"Don't you put your hands on me again. I don't think I've ever loathed anything as I have you. The touch of your hands. Ugh!"

He stood his ground, yet his knees were weakening. How easily he might have seized her little throat and smothered her under the pillow as an outraged Moor had done in an earlier, juster day! But because he could not be unkind to her he clenched his uncouth hands behind his back.

"What do you want me to do, Flora Lee?"

"Get out just as fast as you can. I won't stay under your roof another night."

She made a struggle to arise, but he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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"O, she is a gray haired woman"—how often have you heard this said of a woman young in years but made seemingly old by gray hair. Don't let them say it of you, when gray hair can be restored so safely, surely and easily. How? Send for my special patented, Free Trial Outfit and learn. It contains a free trial bottle of the wonderful hair color restorer I perfected to restore my own gray hair, and you can test it on one strand of your hair.

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*Hair Color Restorer*

*Over 10,000,000 bottles sold*

When you go to your dealer for a full sized bottle of Mary T. Goldman's be sure you see my name on the package. If he hasn't it in stock, or offers a substitute, write direct to me and I will gladly supply your needs.

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Fill it out carefully, using X to indicate natural color of hair. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter. The special patented Free Trial outfit will be sent by return mail. Don't delay—mail the coupon today.

*Please print your name and address*

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair.

Black.... dark brown.... medium brown
auburn (dark red).... light brown...
light auburn (light red).... blonde....

*Name*.....

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1210 ST. CHARLES ST. NEW ORLEANS, LA.


## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

motioned her back with a gesture that was suddenly autocratic.

"You've been well enough to get up," he said coldly. "I won't bother you any more. You can have the house, if you want it. Or if not, there are two cars in the garage."

With that he left her, closing the door softly. When he quit the house, as he did almost immediately, he took nothing with him save his hat. He went out the back door obscurely as the negroes do, and through the dusk he found his way to the Interurban Street Railway tracks. There he caught the next trolley into town.

HE TOOK it all in that dazed, quiet mood with which we recover from our heaviest blows; for when our towers crumble they do not always come down with a great clatter of bricks—they often blow away like the bubbles that they are. From that last interview with the woman whom he had adored beyond reason he carried away but one vivid impression. His hands. She had never liked them to touch her. The specter called Savarac counted for little more than a symbol. O'Neill he hated and wished to kill. But that was for the future. But his hands.

His head had stopped aching, but there was something he craved sharply. He must get drunk. That was it! Remembering a full quart of Scotch concealed for him in the Pickwick Club, he went straight for it as soon as the trolley reached town.

But in the repressed air of the Pickwick Club he became saner, more cautious. Flora Lee, he wondered, was a sick woman, and sick women say queer things. Bitterly as she had stabbed him —he could never again think of her as his wife—he shouldn't have walked away like that, leaving her to the servants and her own wild devices. And she had called after him when he closed the door.

No, he couldn't quit like that. He'd better telephone, he decided, and talk to her and give her another chance. But when he got a connection with his house he thought that Calvin's voice sounded curiously hard.

"Miss Flo Lee, suh?" he asked. "No, suh. She's gone out."

"Gone out? Where's she gone to?"

"She didn't say in particuler, Mist' Holt. But she went 'bout ten minutes ago in the car."

"Alone?"

"No, suh, Mist' Holt. With Mist' O'Neill, I reckon."

Admah hung up the receiver and applied himself to the serious business of intoxication.

THE Pickwick Club made him sick, its members gathering around tables in little knots, passing their pocket-flasks and laughing him behind their hands. Hadn't a man a right to do as he pleased at his club? Was there any rule against a member's drinking alone if he wanted to? Everybody was furtively, practically, had gone through that little room and taken a look at him. They thought he was drunk, likely as not. Well, he was. Any of their business? When Peebles had come along and made some bum excuse about wanting to take Admah home. What for? He'd never asked Wen to his house, and it was too late now. What a roar Flora Lee would put up if she saw Wen! Flora Lee! Shucks!

The Pickwick Club made him sick. For a nickel he'd have put his foot through one of the windows. They wanted to drink like gentlemen. What for? There was no fun in drinking like a gentleman. You drink to be jolly, to warm up the cold place in your stomach. You drink to get a lot of things. Gosh, what a lot of rum you need for that! People that drank like gentlemen made him sick.

The hat-room boy waited non-committally while Admah fumbled for his check. This being lost, the boy grinned and reckoned he knew Mist' Holt's hat by the colah of it. Then he either found the hat or he didn't; Admah wasn't quite sure of that point, but he felt something on his head as he resumed his progress toward the door. He managed it surprisingly well until the night air struck him in the face and he bumped into an evening-clad gentleman coming up the steps.

"Good evening, Holtz." It was Colonel Atterbury.

Admah stood at the bottom of the steps, attempting to think of some

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106


## Here's the Water Bottle for You

No. 40 "Wearever" is the water bottle to keep in your home. Whenever it is needed, you can depend upon it being in perfect condition to give satisfactory service. It is made of strong, soft rubber, *moulded-in-one-piece* with no seams or bindings to cause leaks. Has oval, easy-to-fill neck.

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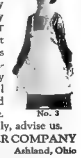

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Perfection Mfg. Co.
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## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

pleasant reply to the colonel's pleasant salutation. But already he was walking up toward the club-house door, and the expression of his back was as suavely secretive as the Principality's business policy. Admah wondered if he had noticed anything; then he laughed aloud at a splendid joke that sprang full-armed out of his brain. Would you notice the new post-office building if it were on fire?

"Taxi, boss?"

A runtish colored man stood on the curb, gesturing toward a badly dented car. Silently Admah got in.

"Whuh to, Kunnel?" The driver grinned with that understanding, somewhat envious expression which only an African can show to our moments of human weakness.

"Take me to the river," said Admah ponderously.

"Yassa, Kunnel. Which part o' th' rivah, suh?"

"Wharf Number One." That was beautifully intoned.

"Yassa." The driver started his engine before he twisted around again. "Say, boss, they ain't no boat goin' out fum Wharf Numbah One this time o' night."

"I don't want a boat," said Admah. "I want a wharf."

"Yassa, Kunnel."

By now Admah had reached the point of intoxication where one imagines oneself a being singled out by Bacchus to be immune from alcoholic poisoning. Cool and sober in his own estimation, he jolted through the evening streets, philosophizing on the things that made him sick. Grand Avenue had turned itself into a little, shoddy Broadway, electric-light signs blinking on and off or twisting round like illuminated garter-snakes. All across the front of a motion-picture palace a scare-eyed blonde in riding-boots was guiding her fiery mustang in a leap from cliff to cliff. Goofer's Radio Store was going full blast; something with a howl and a twang in it that sounded, in passing, like "Ba-a-a-by, I got the twitchy-itchy hoola bla-a-a!" An electrical wizard had devoted his great mind to inventing those ear-splitters and eye-itchers and brain-addlers. Well, they jollied people up, kept the poor old world from sticking in the mud. This last thought was refreshing.

Admah believed in advertising. Good thing, advertising. If he hadn't advertised, where would he be to-day? Where *would* he be? With a jerk of the car around a sharp corner, he came to sufficiently to ask himself: Where was he now? His wife gone, his credit gone. What was it Flora Lee had said about his hands? She didn't like them to touch her. And that fat-eared Frenchman—Savarac—what was it?—Savarac. What sort of hands had he? Had Admah been like some terrible ape to her, annoying her with his caresses while she learned to smile like a doll? Like a doll? Like an angel! Something so shining, so far above him that he was flattered when she looked down on him to let him know that she felt his worship.

Gosh! Why hadn't he killed O'Neill the first time he saw him leering at her over a glass-topped table?

The car stopped suddenly beside a deserted dock.

BETWEEN its gentle banks the river stole away, calm and melancholy, beneath a sheet of stars. White men had first come down-stream in canoes and rafts; like parasites that dwell on leaves, they had been swirled against that bank to fasten on the living herbage and to multiply and to devour. Men had carved the river's banks to an ugly pattern of civilization, and cities had polluted its waters; yet under the stars as Admah Holtz crouched on the pier, lonely and depressed, he could feel the divinity of the stream, its power and its glory. He had been the river's child almost. His first memory was of a ride behind old John down to the ferry-wharf on the other bank.

The other bank—just by that span of waters had his life been changed; he could see faint lights in the trees and imagine that they came from the settlement where he was born. He might have remained to improve the soil and to marry one of the neighbors' girls. Would he have been happier? Pa Holtz hadn't been happy. Men who drink alone out of stone jugs and deny God—possibly for very fear of God's wrath—weren't happy. No, that wasn't the solution

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106


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EVEN TODAY, after millions of yards have been sold, it is hard to convince some women that Lingette does not owe its beautiful appearance and soft feel to the presence of some silk in its weaving.

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If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here ☐


## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

Toward a wharf down-stream the little river ferry was plying her way. An ugly thing by daylight, under the quiet stars she was a royal barge, lit for a festival. Her mast-light twinkled daintily on high like the jeweled tip of a wand. Presently she bumped the wharf and began the noisy business of disgorging passengers. Roustabouts shouted, crates banged, hogsheads bumped, a woman laughed. Then along the planks came the klop-klop-klop of a solitary horse. It might have been the sound of old John's poor tired hoofs, blundering along with no more knowledge of life's meaning than dwelt in Admah Holtz that night of his undoing.

The fight ain't over, not by a long shot, he decided, and brought his hated fists down on the planking. My liquor's dyin' in me, and I reckon that's a good thing. I'll go back to town and get a room at the Hamilton. I've got a thing or two to say out in meetin' to-morrow that'll put a crimp in the Judas Iscariot Club. Too bad, tho, that Atterbury saw me comin' out of the Pickwick that way. But he can't do a thing without me. His hands are tied, and I'll show him just where. And Flora Lee—pshaw, she's had a tantrum; she'll be back. But I'm goin' to shoot that man O'Neill.

HE HAD half scrambled to his feet and would have arisen had not an eery aspect of the water, directly under the pier, caught his eye and fascinated him with superstitious conjectures. Under the stars it seemed astute, like a drowning man, tattered and gray-haired, beating himself to death against the rough timbers. Admah had opened his dry mouth to call when he saw the true cause of his alarm. Just a wave from the ferry-boat, striking the piles.

But it had given him a start, and with it an awful thought had come. Pa Holtz hadn't fallen into the river, just by accident, because he was drunk. He'd been drunk, all right, but the preacher who preached the sermon and the neighbors who had come to shake me by the hand hadn't told her right. Admah saw it clearly now; the steep bank with the eddy below and Pa Holtz, smoking his pipe, waiting for darkness. That's the way to clean the slate—when you can't make head or tail of the figures, just rub 'em out. Fascinated by this easy thought, Admah crawled on all fours to the very edge of the wharf and poised there an instant like a gargoyle.

"Hey, Mister!"

The challenge, thin and drawling, brought him nervously upright. Something twisted and shaggy like a walking scarecrow approached him through the dimness.

"Mister, ef ye ain't keerful ye're liable to drap off," persisted the thin voice, which sounded as tho it came from a body without lungs.

"I reckon so," agreed Admah, guiltily conscious that the intruder had guessed his temptation. He saw a face, scabby and twisted as the body beneath it.

"Ye don't belong on this yer wharf no mo'n I do," whined the specter. "But y' ain't the kind that rides free like po' folks does. I got a free pass on the boat. Tee-hee. Right smart of a boat, but dry." His jaws seemed to crack with dryness. "Ain't got a chaw o' tobacker on yer clothes?"

Admah found a cigar, which he gave to the man.

"Seegar! Gosh A'mighty!" He bit it in two and chewed disgustingly. "It's a sho nuff dry spell, ain't it, Mister?"

"Where do you get your liquor?" asked Admah thickly. He recognized the man as one of the water-rats who spend their Summer in leaky huts along the flats and are flooded out with the river-rise in Spring.

"Y' ain't tellin'?" The water-rat winked his little oozy eyes to Admah's face.

THEY plunged ahead through a sort of alcoholic fog. Through coal-yards, past warehouses, up one alley, down another, around railroad sheds, wading corners that smelled of open sewage; it was as tho a corpse had arisen to guide Admah into some unclean mischief or to show him such another troll-dance as Peer Gynt witnessed when he threw away his soul.

At last the water-rat stopped and put his hand on Admah's arm, causing him to wince away. Suddenly he realized how Flora Lee must have felt when he touched

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108


# *Eva T. Sheldon*

REGISTERED NURSE—**says:**

"I thank Madame Berthé for ZIP.

I have taken the treatments a short time and find them more than satisfactory and everything that is advertised.

This testimonial is voluntary and was unsolicited, as I consider ZIP the only thing on the market for the removal of superfluous hair worthy of second notice. I speak from years of experience."

## *SUPERFLUOUS HAIR AND THE STORY OF EVA SHELDON*

Her experience is like that of thousands of others who have become familiar with ZIP after having tried innumerable preparations for eliminating superfluous hair. She realized the necessity for a remedy that is an honest-to-goodness hair remover, and has now banished the problem of superfluous hair.

**ZIP** IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

**QUICK AS A WINK**

you can free yourself of superfluous **hair.** And remember you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the hair from under the skin gently and painlessly and in this way ***check the growth.*** Moreover ZIP leaves your skin clear and smooth, pores contracted and like magic your skin becomes ***adorable.*** The process seems almost miraculous but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it, proves that ZIP is the ***scientifically correct*** method because it cannot in any way stimulate hair growths but really checks them.

**ASK YOUR MIRROR**

Look in your mirror and ask yourself whether you can afford to ignore these objectionable hairs on your face, **arms,** underarms, back of neck, and limbs, or shaggy brows. Can you longer **neglect** to use a method which really lifts out the hairs from under the skin, **gently,** quickly and painlessly, and thus **checks** the growth? Such is the action of **ZIP** and it accomplishes its work **with** astounding effectiveness. So different from ordinary sulphide depilatories which merely burn off surface hair.

**INFINITELY BETTER**

It is better—infinitely better—to actually lift out the hair from under the skin and check the growth than to merely remove surface hair. ZIP is absolutely harmless; free of injurious drugs; easily applied at home; delightfully fragrant; and enables you to bring forth the beauty which may be hidden by a few unsightly **hairs.**

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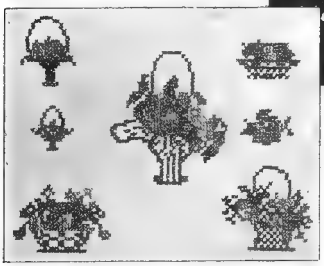
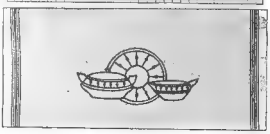
# A Variety of Interesting New Designs for Various Stitches

No. 12886 Tapestry Design (right)

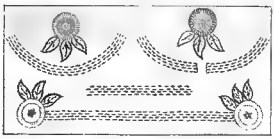
THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12886, black only, 40 cents—2/-, supplies 4 tapestry designs together with color chart. Stamped on canvas and worked in tapestry stitch, these designs make effective pillows, bags, chair covers, etc. To reproduce the design the same size as the original, the tapestry canvas should measure 9 meshes to an inch. Tapestry wool and a blunt pointed tapestry needle should be used. A color scheme and skein requirements are given on pattern envelop



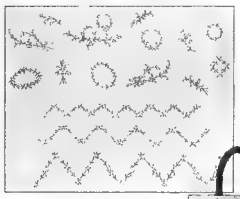
No. 12581—Cross-stitch Motifs



No. 12258—Kitchen Towel Designs (right)



No. 12874—Appliqué Motifs and Borders (left)



No. 12841—Lingerie Designs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12841, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, supplies 3 yards each of 3 small borders, and 6 each of 7 different sprays for trimming infants' clothes, lingerie, towels, luncheon sets, handkerchiefs, neckwear, etc.

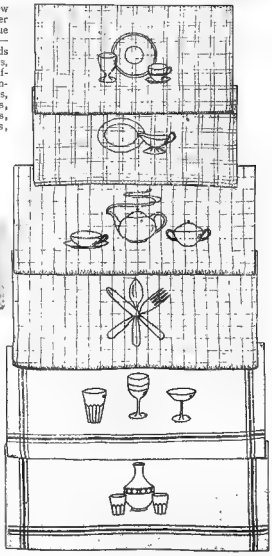
No 12913—Appliqué Initials on Bags (right)

No. 12727—Shown on Luncheon Cloth

No. 12727—On Napkin

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12913, blue only, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 12 each of any one letter of the alphabet in 2, 3 and 4-inch sizes, with appliqué guides.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 129



No. 12677—Kitchen Towel Design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TO make you better acquainted with Wamsutta Nainsook we offer this dainty SundaySupperApron for much less than you could possibly make it or buy it.

Wamsutta Nainsook, so wonderfully fine, is the ideal fabric for dainty nightgowns and lingeries, for women's and children's undergarments of all kinds, for baby clothes and little girls' dresses.

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Should be a healthy, happy growing baby if it has loving care, proper food and comfortable clothing.

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Describes and illustrates baby and maternity goods of every kind. Shows 24 styles of white embroidered flannels, infants' complete outfits, separate articles, rubber goods, baby baskets, hundreds of necessary articles for mothers and the baby. Suggestions and information on care and feeding of the baby of practical value to the expectant mother. Copy sent free upon request.
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sold by us exclusively, the softest, smoothest baby flannels known, samples of baby white goods, clothing, long cloth, nainsook, batiste, antiseptic diaper cloth, rubber sheeting, etc. Sent free.
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Your freckles need attention NOW or may remain all winter. Use Othine—double strength—the old and tested guaranteed treatment that has given satisfaction to millions of women, and rid yourself of these homely spots.
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KIDDIE-KOOP
Modern CRIB Bassinet

## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

her. He was aware of a crooked door with light shining through its warped top. Rap-rap, and a terrifying voice spat out, "Who there?"

"Jes' Zeb, Molly. Me an' a feller."

The door opened cautiously and a fat, evil old woman stood framed in sooty light against a background of discordant sounds; a hushed growling as tho her den contained wild beasts that had been beaten and scared.

"Come awn in an' shet the do'," she commanded

THERE were three cunningly concealed steps in the dingy hall, Admah would have pitched forward on his face had not the big woman caught him by the coat-tail.

"Wanna bust yer fool neck?" she snarled. "Now look yuh, boys. We ain't sellin' likker "

"Show yer money," whispered the scarecrow

Admah fished into his pocket and brought out a crumpled bill. The old woman held it under a leaky gas-jet, and, bemused tho he was, he saw that he had given her twenty dollars

"Come in, yuh!" She pointed to a table in the low browed, cluttered room. Before his eyes the picture wavered, fuzzily outlined like some badly printed engraving. Admah had taken a chair; then hazily he began to realize that half the men in the room were negroes. He saw a large, hairy mole on the woman's goitered neck as she leaned down to slam a bottle on the table, mouthing something that sounded like "Reel Ole Gray Label, Mister. Not much o' *that* stuff left!"

Two tumblers, which she had been concealing under her apron, came down beside the bottle. He poured his tumbler full to the brim and was raising it to his hairy lips when Admah spurned him like a blow-fly.

"Take it away! Over there!" He pointed to a vacant table in a remote corner. The scarecrow, creaking out a series of sounds that might have been either thanks or curses, vanished into the jumble.

Admah laughed and took a drink that blazed its way down his gullet. The room seemed to be full of chuckles, tortured, dizzy, lewd chuckles. Old Gray Label, which Moll had proclaimed as rare, was common enough There was a bottle on every table, and around each faces grimaced, doubled, leered Now and then one of the animals would let out a howl, to be suppressed by a snarl from its keeper. Two negroes crouched on the floor, shooting craps, muttering short voodoo incantations with every throw. Several wharf-rats—they might have been Zeb's own brothers—gathered around and wagered small coins

"*Uh.* Gone a baby blue!" "*Uh.* Lay a aig fo' yo' momma!" "*Uh.* Bus' 'em wide, boy!"

An elderly negro, very drunk, with dirty arm's stood over his ears and shockingly ragged clothes, sat alone and preached in a melancholy sing-song. "An' de Sperrit of de Lawd come to Jonah, an' He say, 'Whale,' He say, 'what yo' done swallered?' What yo' totin' dah inside yo' stummick?' Heave up Mah Prophet, Whale!' An' de whale done hove up de Prophet, an' de Sperrit of de Lawd say, 'Go an' sin no mo'!' "

THROUGH the haze Admah recalled old Harris, whom he had seen drunk and preaching at the Peaks front door the day of the auction. Life had shaken him to a rag since then. Presently he stopped ranting, threw back his head, and slid under the table. Admah noticed it. A fight had started in another corner. A back door opened quietly and somebody was thrown out. To Admah it was all a picture, or a scrap of some fascinating nightmare to which he had bound himself by drinking with the Bad People.

Hurrah! He didn't mind the liquor after the second gulp. This was the life, thought he. None of your high-toned clubs with critical eyes peering out to count your drinks and decide you weren't quite a gentleman. Who wanted to be quite a gentleman? What had it ever brought to Admah Holtz except head-aches and heartaches and cheap compliments from people who stuck out their tongues behind his back? But he'd show 'em again! What time was it? He found his watch and studied the dial, but couldn't quite make out. Anyhow, it was getting late and he ought to go home. Wouldn't do to go into the annual meeting with rum on his breath Atterbury would be there. Atterbury, the stiff-backed, clammy old fool. Never you mind, some day Admah Holtz would be sitting in Atterbury's chair up in the Principality Building.

The room was going round and round. Wicked, interesting faces. Scraps of song like rags torn from cheap garments. Walpurgis night when corpses of hanged men come up from the ground to dance with warlocks, trolls, vampires, night-hags, and those soul-sick, unclassified devils with swollen bodies, pig snouts, and the scaly legs of unclean birds. This was the life! The changeling who appeared where Admah Holtz had sat arose boisterously and addressed his companion devils. He wanted all men to be free and equal, or something like that. No snobs or high-toned Swells to sneer in your face, but just good fellows.

"Shet up or git out!" old Moll was bawling at him, having swum into his ken out of nothingness.

"I reckon I'll git out," agreed Admah in an instant of quiet. As the sky shows momentarily through a storm's blackness he looked through his drunkenness and saw clear light. O'Neill. He couldn't be far away. Asleep or awake, he'd find him.

Moll gave him a shove from behind and he stumbled on the infernal steps leading to the exit. She helped him up, and an instant later he was out in the alley, a sodden wind blowing across his face. He clutched at a post to save himself from another fall; then out of the shadows black shapes began to move. Slowly, steadily they closed in. Was it part of his wicked dream? A great hand gripped his shoulder. It was all so dreadfully quiet. Admah had opened his mouth to shout, but no sound came. He struck out blindly, felt his knuckles cracking against flesh and bone. Then they were on him, and he went down and was blotted out.

HOW hard and hot the pillow felt against his ear! Without opening his eyes, he turned over, clicked his fuzzy tongue, and reached for the vacuum-bottle which always stood on his bedside table. But the table wasn't there. He coughed, caressing his forehead, which seemed to beat with a thousand hammers, making a noise like the P. & T. shops, going full blast. The P. & T.

He opened one eye and looked painfully across the room. Queer. Everything was turned around. He didn't remember that funny little door in his bedroom, or that dog-eared art-calendar showing a bold-eyed virgin with a white kitten And what had happened to the walls? They had been unaccountably covered with some smudgy-looking paper that had cracked in places. He opened both eyes and tried to sit up, but sickness overcame him.

Then he sought methodically to retrace his steps, much as the lost huntsman counts the trees, hoping thereby to recover his trail In the first place, this wasn't any room he had ever been in before. Nor any room in the Hamilton. He began to remember jumbled noises in a terrible place up an alley; a negro man had been preaching about Jonah; an old woman with a goiter had sold him something she called whisky—Old Gray Label. So the way home somebody, or something, had jumped at him out of the dark.

What time was it? Painfully turning his head, he descried a twisted pile of bills, his knife, and some small change on a cracked marble bureau. No sign of his watch.

"Hey!" he moaned, closing his eyes again. "What's the game here? Hey?"

From somewhere a door opened; foot-steps approached.

"Well, takin' a brace, Ad?" asked a pleasant voice with a pronounced Yankee accent. "Here, try this bromo, old son." A blue sleeve with a stripe so pronounced that it hurt the invalid's eyes was passed across the bed, and a white hand, luxuriously ringed, held a fizzy glass. Admah drank thirstily, and dozed again. Then he awoke and sat bolt upright. The details of the shoddy little room

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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*To prevent things worrying you—*

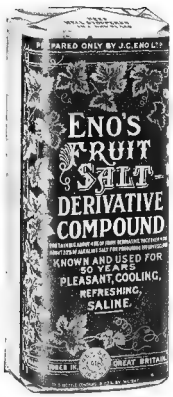
# *Start the day right with ENO'S*

THE wide-awake, alert woman—the one who radiates happiness and vitality and never "worries about things"—is the woman who is as scrupulous about her *inner cleanliness* as about her outward appearance. She knows the imperative importance of keeping the system free from clogging wastes and poisons. More often than not she relies on this simple rule:

*First thing on rising, drink a glass of water, cold or warm, sparkling with ENO'S Fruit Salt-Derivative Compound.*

So if things worry you, if you have occasional fits of depression, or suffer from headaches, or are easily fatigued—"Start the day right with ENO'S". You will find it is so likeable and refreshing, so gentle and helpful to your inner health.

What is more, the benefits are reflected in your appearance. You are naturally more animated, more vivacious. Your freedom from indigestion, constipation and similar ills ensures a clear skin and a radiant complexion.

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*Derivative Compound*

**What ENO'S Fruit Salt-Derivative Compound Is**
An absolutely pure, fine white powder, which as a laxative, has the pleasant, purifying properties of fresh ripe fruit, and is equally effective. Dissolves instantly and completely in water, making a delicious effervescing health-drink suited to everybody, young or old. Must not be confused with mineral salts, tablets, pills, or 'fortified' waters. ENO'S Fruit Salt-Derivative Compound creates no harmful habit—leaves no depressing after-effects.

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It works with Nature, not against her. Gently, yet surely, it eliminates the wastes and poisons that clog the system, and removes the causes that give rise to Constipation, Indigestion, Heartburn, Nervousness, Impure Blood, Depression, Failing Appetite, Liver Disorders, Sleeplessness, and Rheumatic Conditions. The effect is as invigorating and refreshing to the internal system as a bath is to the outer body. And the proof is that ENO'S Fruit Salt-Derivative Compound has for 50 years been the preferred laxative of discriminating people, and particularly of experienced travelers, in every part of the world. The people accustomed to travel first class, who stay at the finest hotels and live in the best homes, are the most consistent users of ENO'S.

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You may take it safely at any time, but it is especially beneficial first thing every morning, before your breakfast coffee or tea.

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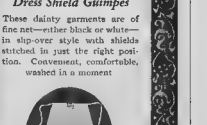
KLEINERT'S design Dress Shields for every sort of gown and any desired degree of protection. A few women need only the small Crescent Shape, the majority find the Regular shape adequate, while a few require the special High Point. Different *sizes* and *weights* also help assure you exactly the shield you need and the name Kleinert's always means *"guaranteed protection."*

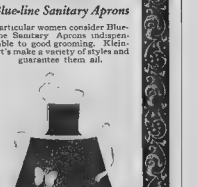
*Dress Shield Guimpes*

These dainty garments are of fine net—either black or white—in slip-over style with shields stitched in just the right position. Convenient, comfortable, washed in a moment



*Blue-line Sanitary Aprons*

Particular women consider Blue-line Sanitary Aprons indispensable to good grooming. Kleinert's make a variety of styles and guarantee them all.



*Wear pretty dresses ALL the time*

You can wear dainty dresses even in the kitchen if you cover them with Kleinert's Waterproof Household Aprons. These Aprons are of many kinds ample all-over styles of rubberized gingham, large aprons of pure gum rubber, and small ones with ruffles and pockets quite pretty enough to wear at tea time

Kleinert's

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485 Fifth Ave. New York
Cor. 41st St.—opp. the Library


# *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

were quite clear now, but clearest of all he saw the assertively fashionable person who stood grinning at the foot of his bed He had on a blue collar and a bat'ss-pole tie. In the splendor of his attire and the cleaniness of his person he was quite a different individual from the one whom Admah had last seen some years before. But he was recognizable as Elmer Hemingway, usher, lunch-wagon promoter, socialist, and gentleman adventurer.

"What the—" began Admah pleasantly.

"That's jest what I says last night," grinned Elmer. "I come down the alley with nothin' on my mind but my hat, and whadda I see? Admah R. Holtz, president of the First National Bank, or whatever it is, soused to the gills and bein' frisked for his watch by a pair o' river-boat coons. When did you take to drinkin' your champagne at old Molly's?"

"What were *you* doing there?" asked Admah thickly, unsure that Elmer was not a continuation of his dream.

"Business," said Elmer, and winked a wicked eye. "I sold old Moll the line o' booch that knocked you cold. Sure." There was considerable worldly pride in this. "I been in the trade a coupla years now, workin' between here and Indianapolis. Too bad you didn't get hold o' some o' my Grade A. Remember that Sauterne you bought for your big party at the Hamilton? That was mine."

"What have you done with my clothes?" Full consciousness had come upon Admah and with it panic.

"Sent 'em over to the pants-presser across the street. I'll say they needed it. Say—"

"What time is it?"

Very deliberately Mr. Hemingway drew back a blue cuff.

"It's jest seventeen minutes of five—I'm four minutes fast, so that makes it—"

"Five? Five in the afternoon?" Admah had swung his legs out of bed and sat open-mouthed, horror-stricken.

"Sure. You been hittin' the hay since four this mornin', when I brought you home in a taxi. Look here, Ad! What's eatin' you now?"

What *was* eating him? Furies, perhaps, who overtake and gnaw the sluggard who sleeps and leaves his one poor hope to float away upon the ebbing tide. He threw himself back on the creaking springs and covered his head.

"Say, I guess I'd better go git a doctor," decided Elmer. "Sometimes that Class B booch hits 'em pretty hard."

"For Heaven's sake let me alone!" groaned the stricken man. "Don't talk any more. Let me be." Elmer had taken a step toward the door when Admah called after him:

"Evening paper—get me one! Quick!"

He heard Elmer's footsteps clattering down the stairs, and during a timeless interval lay there, cold and moveless as some colossus who, having fallen, can do nothing to knit together the broken stones that once composed his giant stature. His eyes, his heart, his limbs were broken stones. Stone thoughts were in his head Then again footsteps were heard on the carpetless stairs.

"Show it to me!" he commanded hollowly when his friend returned. Elmer uncreased the *Evening Democrat* at the front page and held it up to be read. The news was conspicuously spread and illustrated by a portrait.

HOLTZ OUSTED FROM PRESIDENCY OF P. & T.

NEWTON B. CANFIELD TO SUCCEED HIM

Colonel Atterbury's Secretary Chosen After Stormy Session

Admah lay a long time studying the handsome picture of Newton B. Canfield. Then he sent a quiet answer, for he could afford his joke, since the P. & T. was no longer any affair of his. So that had been their game. General Bentley had been merely a smoke-screen to hide the real enemy, who was Sim Canfield's nephew.

"I wonder if a little drink wouldn't do you good?" Elmer was asking, his head to one side.

"I reckon not," sighed Admah. "I've tried it."

No city quite outgrows the village gossip; at least London and New York and Paris never have. And Admah's city, which in his lifetime had bartered charm for size, still retained its whispering galleries where ancient ladies could sit with heads together. For in the day of the cave and reindeer it was written that the old men of the tribe should make the laws and the old women make the mischief. Quite naturally, then, the old women sat on the case of Admah Holtz and Flora Lee Peake, drawing the rainbow threads of romance back and forth, in and out, weaving a series of handsome tapestries which, like many other objects of art, were remarkable for their color and design rather than their historical accuracy.

Satsuma disapproved of Flora Lee, but few condemned her; Satsuma is stanch in its caste feeling. Admah Holtz, who had been received under protest, was rejected with a savage joy. Miss Sunshine Buckner held to the theory that he beat Flora Lee—not that she didn't richly deserve it, but the Holtzes were dreadful people from somewhere across the river. Mrs. Eustone made the valuable discovery that Admah's mother had died in the Home for the Feeble-Minded, and that Admah had been bartender in a road house. Mrs. Atterbury remained contemptuously aloof. She thought as her husband did; to him Admah Holtz represented an investment which he had found dangerous and sold out, fortunately, in time.

NOT long after the P. & T. had changed its presidency the *Evening Democrat* published a fair-seeming article which did not meet the approval of Satsuma; for the *Evening Democrat* had been taken over recently by a Yankee publisher who bought newspapers as he once had bought chain groceries. His heart's desire was standardization. Only in local news did he permit variety, and that he chose to make frivolous, sensational, pictorial. If the old *Evening Democrat* had been dull and stately the *Evening Democrat* was bright and restless. It was, in fact, no gentleman.

"Tut-tut!" moaned Miss Sunshine Buckner one afternoon over her glass of sherry, which she drank alone since Jimmy Wilder had moved to Chicago, "what can people be thinking of to allow such a paper?"

But the item, on its surface, was innocent enough. They had republished the portrait printed at the time of Flora Lee's engagement to San Pilar. An adjacent head-line informed the reader that Mrs. Holtz "Failed to Admit Rumor," and below there ran a somewhat idle account of the beautiful Mrs. Holtz's pleasant stay at French Lick Springs. It was a ragged-edged, short-lined, ecstatic article, suggestive of *vers libre* Her costumes were especially poetic. She entertained many charming people, mostly unknown to her home town. And what were her plans? She had none. Was it true that she had been separated from her husband, Admah R. Holtz, so suddenly ousted from the P. & T.? After her reply the reporter had retained sufficient courage to inquire why Mr. Holtz's house on the River Boulevard had been offered for sale. She was unable to satisfy his curiosity.

Through some carelessness in the composing-room, no doubt, another item was given undue prominence on the same page. Mr. Hunter O'Neill had failed to qualify for a golf tournament at French Lick Springs.

ADMAH might have gone out in search of Flora Lee or, as an animal impulse had once urged him in the days when he had still an animal's vigor, for revenge upon Hunter O'Neill. But the days and weeks dragged on with nothing more definite in his mind than a promise to do something about it some time. At present he was unable to be bothered, to leave other people alone. Into the details of settling his debts and Flora Lee's he put all the energy he could summon.

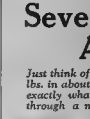
Before he decided to sell his remaining stocks P. & T. common had taken another drop. He paid in full for the boat-house which he had promised the Sycamore Club, then he resigned, as he did from his other clubs. He settled with Cummins for the bracelet and sent checks to several Eastern dressmakers, a landscape-gardener, and a Chicago firm which sold Italian reproductions. The sale of his house he entrusted to a real-estate broker. Arthur de Long, who was making a great success of Hersinger's, drove rather a close bargain for the place. He agreed to take over the mortgages and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

MRS. ELLA CARPENTER
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

# "I Weighed 170 Seven Weeks Ago!"

*Just think of taking off more than 40 lbs. in about as many days! That's exactly what Mrs. Carpenter did through a method anyone can use!*



WALLACE

"I WEIGH just 129 to-day—by the same scale in my bathroom that less than two months ago pointed to 170!" This is what Mrs. Carpenter, a New Orleans lady, wrote Wallace about her experience with reducing records. It ought to convince anybody that superfluous flesh is as unnecessary as it is undesirable.

## Reduced 41 Lbs. With Ease

"I had long wanted a means of reducing, but being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fads. I didn't dare deny myself the nourishment an active woman must have. I grew steadily stouter—then something told me to try Wallace records. Somehow, the method sounded sensible; the free demonstration seemed fair; so *I started*.

"Fifteen minutes each evening, I took the reducing movements to music. It was mighty interesting; I felt better from the start. But what thrilled me was this: *I lost 6½ lbs. the first week!*

"The second week I lost 8 lbs. more. The following week only six more. But in seven weeks I had reduced to 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!"

## What You Can Lose by the Same Method

MRS. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallace reducing records; that she got thin to music and did nothing else—no Turkish baths, no patent foods or drugs, no punishing diet.

Compare your present weight with the weight for your height and age in the table below, and you'll *know* how much you can reduce. There's no theory about it—for results are *guaranteed*.

Here is what you ought to weigh, and *can* weigh:

**What You Should Weigh For Your Height and Age**

| Height in Inches | Age 20 to 29 years Lbs. | Age 30 to 39 years Lbs. | Age 40 to 49 years Lbs. | Age 50 and Over Lbs. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 60 | 111 | 116 | 122 | 125 |
| 61 | 113 | 118 | 124 | 127 |
| 62 | 115 | 120 | 127 | 130 |
| 63 | 118 | 123 | 130 | 133 |
| 64 | 122 | 127 | 133 | 136 |
| 65 | 125 | 131 | 137 | 140 |
| 66 | 129 | 135 | 141 | 145 |
| 67 | 133 | 139 | 145 | 150 |
| 68 | 137 | 143 | 149 | 155 |
| 69 | 141 | 145 | 153 | 159 |
| 70 | 145 | 147 | 156 | 163 |

## Free Proof to Any Woman Who Really Wants to Get Thin

Thousands of women (men, too) have reduced by use of Wallace records, all by themselves, with their own phonograph, at home. The reducing movements are scientific and certain. They can't harm; and they can't fail. It's a perfectly natural, normal and healthful way of correcting the cause of *any amount* of overweight. And proof is *free:*

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*Name* .....

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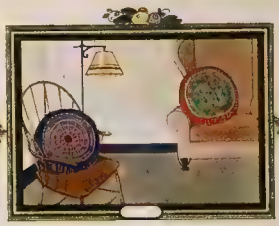

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# Ladies!

## *Here's what you've been waiting for— Drapery Patterns:*

No. 124

No. 113

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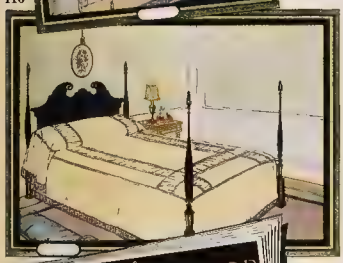

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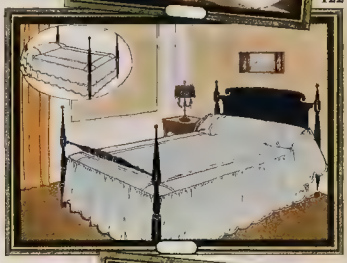

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# Many New Ideas Artistically Expressed

No. 12916 — Felt Hat with Cut-work Design

No. 12917—Felt Hat with Cut-work Design

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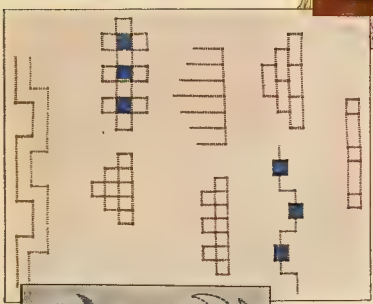


No. 12915 Shown on Scarf (above left)

No. 12881—Shown on Scarf (above right)

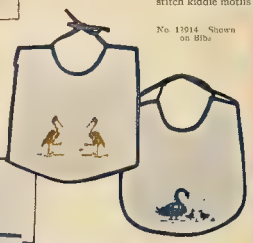
No. 12915 Illustrated on Knitted Scarf (upper right corner)

No. 12914 Cross-stitch Kiddie Motifs (right)

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12914, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/–, furnishes duplicates and reverses of 10 different cross-stitch kiddie motifs ranging from 1½ to 4 inches high.

No. 12907—Designs for Hemstitching

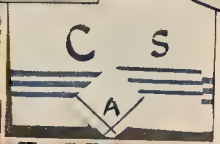
No. 12911—Appliqué Border and Motifs (left)

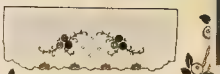


No. 12914 Shown on Bibs

No. 12912—Designs for Frocks, Blouses, etc.

No. 12913—Appliqué Initials, Illustrated on Towels and Face Cloth (right)



No. 12909—Shown on Bedspread and Bolster

No. 12910—On Curtains, Pillow and Scarf

No. 12908—Illustrating Four Designs for Towel Ends, One with an Attractive Scallop

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

No. 12907—Hemstitch Design Trimmed with Appliqué Shown on Luncheon Cloth

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## With Olive Oil for Hair Health

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# Advance Summer Fashions Introduce These Frocks and Blouses

2099—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch melon linen—⅞ yard 36-inch white batiste—4½ yards frilling—23½ yards braid.

2055—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece, Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 32-inch blue and white check gingham—¾ yard 40-inch white organdy—¾ yard ribbon for tie. Design 12820 is carried out in raised satin stitch.

2098—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Tuileries crêpe de Chine—⅛ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—4⅜ yards braid—1¾ yard ribbon for tie. For warm days, this sports blouse will be cool and practical.

Over-blouse 2098

Overblouse 2089

Dress 2099

Dress 2055
Embroidery 12820

Dress 2068
Monogram 8

Dress 2071
Embroidery 12820

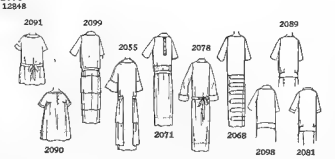
Dress 2078

## "Teach the Children to Sew"

Dress 2091
Monogram 321

Dress 2090
Appliqué 12848

Overblouse 2081




2090—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch green chambray—3¾ yards banding. The appliqué design, 12848, is a charming kiddie motif, cut from pieces of chambray in contrasting colors. The centers of the flowers may be embroidered in raised satin and the stems in outline stitch. This cunning frock is practical as well as dainty for warm weather wear.

2081—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch Pan Canton crêpe—1⅜ yard gold braid 1½ inch wide. The narrow, upstanding collar gives an interesting Chinese effect to this smart blouse, which, with a separate skirt, will make a delightful street costume.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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# When Summer Activities Begin You Will Need These Costumes

2047—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 27-inch chambray. For wear during the Summer this bloomer frock will prove satisfactory. The appliqué design 12905, may be cut from contrasting chambray.

2086—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ¾ yard 27-inch tan chambray—1½ yard 27-inch brown chambray for trousers and trimming. For the boy from two to six this is an ideal suit for everyday wear throughout the warm weather months.

2058—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch rose voile—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy—2 yards lace edging—2¼ yards ribbon—⅛ yard 36-inch silk lining. Dainty and flower-like is this hemstitched frock.

Suit 2086

Bloomer Dress 2047 Applique 12905

Three-piece Suit 2082

Dress 2079

## "Teach the Children to Sew"

Overblouse 2010 Embroidery 12897

Dress 2071

Jacquette Blouse 1985

Tunic Dress 2087

Dress 2058

2010—Ladies' Long waisted, Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Crab Apple crêpe de Chine—⅛ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine. The charm of this blouse lies in its gracefully sloping shoulders and the manner in which it fits about the hips. An attractive border design, 12897, may be embroidered in chain, outline and lazy daisy stitches.

2071—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch Scotch plaid gingham—1⅝ yard 36-inch white dimity—1⅛ yard ribbon. When you are planning your frocks for Summer wear, you will surely include this smart daytime model. The lower front section is cut out in curved outline.

2087—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch dryad (green) linen—¾ yard 32-inch check gingham (bias woven). This good-looking tailored model follows the current mode for slim lines. The deep flared cuffs and tunic are decidedly smart.

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NEW YORK

# Lovely New Style Creations to Prepare You for Warm Weather

2036—Child's Slip-on Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch yellow check gingham—⅜ yard 27-inch white piqué. To be dressed in a cunning bloomer dress like this one means to be dressed in the height of good taste.

2041—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch flesh color voile—7¼ yards frilling. As dainty as it is practical and modish is this lovely little bloomer frock that is unusually simple to make.

2075—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch blue corded voile—¼ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen—1⅛ yard lace edging—1⅛ yard 40-inch blue voile.

Bloomer Dress 2036

Bloomer Dress 2041

Overblouse 1983

Overblouse 2096

Overblouse 1990
Appliqué 12812

Dress 2075

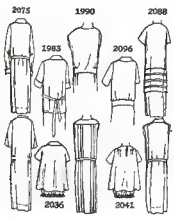
Dress 2064

Dress 2088

Dress 2092

Dress 2097

## "Teach the Children to Sew"




2092—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch fleur-de-lys (lavender) check voile—1⅛ yard 40-inch plain voile. This model solves the problem of the tailored Summer frock. Its slim lines and standing collar are especially interesting because they are both new style features.

2097—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch narcissus (yellow) crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 36-inch all-over lace. Fashion predicts that the sleeveless mode will retain its popularity throughout the Summer. This model will appeal to the woman who prefers slim straight lines.

2064—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch violet cotton crêpe—5 yards 2½-inch figured banding—2⅜ yards ribbon for girdle. The slender, youthful lines of this model make it exceptionally satisfactory.

2088—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch sunflower linen—1⅞ yard 36-inch white batiste. Straightness and slenderness characterize this new creation for Summer. The skirt is effectively trimmed with applied bands.

1990—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch red sports silk. The appliqué design, 12812, may be cut from pieces of satin, suède, flannel or leather in contrasting shades. The effect is strikingly vivid and smart.

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# Slender Lines Are Insured by These New Frocks and Blouses

2072—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch cinder crêpe de Chine—2 yards 36-inch figured foulard—2⅛ yards ribbon. Modish and youthful in appearance, this smart frock produces a pleasingly slenderized effect. Advanced fashion displays of Summer frocks show a marked predominance of flowered materials.

1684—Ladies' Long-waisted Surplice Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch navy blue dotted voile—¼ yard 10-inch white vesting—⅛ yard 40-inch organdy. Tie-strings are attached to the blouse at the left side and tied in a bow. Extremely becoming to the full figure is the long, sweeping line of the collar.

Dress 2072

Surplice Blouse 1684

Blouse 1751

Dress 2078

2072 2093 1751 1887 2095

2084 1684 1886 2094 2078

Dress 2094

Coat Dress 2095

Dress 2084 Appliqué 12892

Dress 2093 Braiding 11453

Blouse 1886

Blouse 1887

"Teach the Children to Sew"

2084—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch light-gray linen—1¼ yard 36-inch dark-gray linen—¼ yard 36-inch voile. Appliqué border, design 12892, trims the frock.

2093—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1½ yard novelty trimming—1¼ yard 36-inch lining. Soutache braid in a contrasting shade may be employed for carrying out the design, 11453.

A table of measurements for extra size fashions, which are cut on scientific principles to insure slender lines, will be found on Page 129.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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# Smart New Three-Piece Suits, Frocks, and Blouses

Overblouse 1990 Embroidery 12820

Overblouse 2010 Embroidery 12897

2052—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3 yards ribbon for sash. The design, 12840, gives an all-over effect to the blouse. The flowers are embroidered in appliqué in contrasting color and outline stitch is used for the stems. Worn with a separate skirt, this blouse will make a lovely Spring costume.

1990—Ladies' Long-waisted, Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch sports silk. The design, 12820, is embroidered in raised satin stitch. The standing collar and inserted pocket make this an ideal blouse for sports wear.

2010—Ladies' Long-waisted, Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen. The design, 12897, which trims the front and sleeve edges, is embroidered in running stitch with a tiny French knot in the center of each flower.

1998—Ladies' Long-waisted, Slip-on Kimono Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe—3⅛ yards novelty trimming. The shoulder edges, which are allowed to hang free, showing the arms, produce an unusually graceful effect. The two-piece band, which makes the blouse fit so nicely around the hips, closes at the sides.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

2005—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen. A beautiful border, design 12906, developed in appliqué in contrasting color trims the lower edge of the frock and motifs of the same design adorn the short sleeves. The long-waisted effect is accentuated by the tucks on the sides. This modish frock will be appropriate for both Spring and Summer daytime wear.

Tunic Blouse 2052 Appliqué 12840

Dress 2005 Appliqué 12906

Three-piece Suit 2082 Embroidery 12719

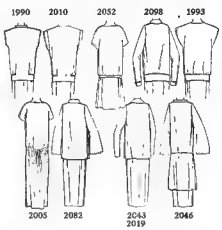
Jacket 2043 Dress 2019 Appliqué 12892

Dress 2046 Embroidery 12872

Overblouse 2098 Embroidery 12715

Overblouse 1993

## "Teach the Children to Sew"

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# Applied Bands, Revers, and Pockets Trim Gingham Frocks

1997—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 27-inch chambray—¾ yard 32-inch plaid gingham. As cool and comfortable as one could wish a warm weather frock to be is this smart model.

2033—Ladies' One-piece Wrap-around Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 32-inch check gingham—¾ yard 27-inch white piqué. The right front of the dress is under-faced and rolled to form a large rever.

## "Teach the Children to Sew"

2066—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch linen—1½ yard braid. A smart plait effect in the front of the frock forms an attractive tailored opening. The under-facing is rolled with the convertible collar.

2029—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 32-inch gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch batiste. The deep U-shaped front is particularly graceful and becoming. The fronts of the dress are crossed and closed at the left side. For everyday wear, this is a serviceable model.

2088—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 27-inch Japanese crêpe. Pieces of bright colored chambray or linen may be used to make the appliqué design, 12893, which trims the front of this dress. The design is blanket-stitched to the foundation material with black cotton.

2099—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch figured cotton print—1⅛ yard 27-inch chambray—1⅛ yard ribbon for belt. An attractive fruit design, 12797, developed in appliqué trims this pretty frock.

2100—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch dotted voile—1¾ yard 40-inch plain voile—⅞ yard 36-inch white batiste (cut lengthwise). A slender appearance is insured by the long lines of this graceful model. The side panels and long collar are particularly smart.

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# Frocks of Gingham in Styles Decidedly New and Youthful

Dress 2017 Embroidery 12820

Dress 2061 Monogram 5

Dress 2074

Dress 2062

2068—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—1¾ yard 36-inch white batiste. A novel collar with an extension over the shoulder features this very distinctive Spring frock.

2057—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 27-inch white piqué. Blanket stitching, in black, edges the sectional band which trims the front and extends over the kimono sleeves.

Dress 2057

## "Teach the Children to Sew"

2017—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—1⅛ yard 40-inch white organdy. The attractive motif, design 12820, which trims the frock, may be carried out in raised satin stitch. Tie-strings are tied in bows at the sides.

2061—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—1½ yard 36-inch dimity. This charming sports dress is trimmed with a beautiful monogram, design 5, embroidered in raised satin stitch.

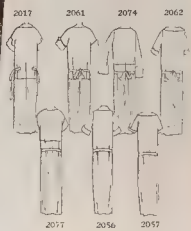
2074—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36 inch linen—1½ yard 32-inch check gingham—2 yards white bias binding—3¼ yards ribbon for sash. When warm days are here, this frock will be most useful.

2077—Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—1⅜ yard 36-inch white percale. Pieces of colored chambray may be used to make the effective appliqué design, 12672, which trims the novel pockets of this pretty house-dress.

2056—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 32-inch plaid gingham ⅜ yard 36-inch white linen. Modishly plain and therefore desirable, this good-looking plaid frock will prove exceedingly convenient for wear during the Spring months at all sorts of affairs.

Dress 2077 Appliqué 12672

Dress 2056

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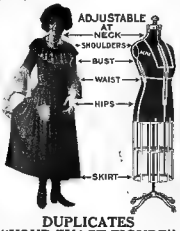


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# Latest Useful Lingerie Fashions of Distinctive Charm

Combination 1666 Embroidery 11808

1666—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch nainsook—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps. The design, 11808, may be carried out in eyelet or raised satin stitch.

Camisole 2085

Gulmpe 2085

Nightgown 1257

Combination 1533 Embroidery 12811 Scallop 11661

Slip 1869 Embroidery 12182

1533—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch longcloth. The embroidery, design 12811, and scallop design 11661, may be worked with mercerized cotton floss.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

Combination 1882 Embroidery 12880

Kimono 1923

Pajamas 1773

Lounging Robe 1964

"Teach the Children to Sew"

Blouse 1886

1533 1666 1964 2085 1869 1886 1773 1257 1882 1923

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# Modish Blouses and Skirts for the Fashionable Woman

2011—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch linen. The upstanding collar is a particularly new fashion note. This blouse is an excellent model for sports wear.

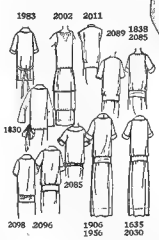
Overblouse 1983 — Jacquette Blouse 1830 Applique 12840 — Overblouse 2011 — Overblouse 2089 — Sleeveless Jacket 1838 Guimpe 2085 Monogram 7

2098—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch linen—½ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—¼ yard 36-inch white linen—1⅛ yard ribbon. The trim, tailored appearance of this smart blouse makes it unusually appropriate for street wear with a separate skirt of silk or wool.

2002—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tricotine—1⅛ yard 36-inch silk lining. For wear with separate overblouses, a skirt like this is quite indispensable.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

Guimpe 2085 — Overblouse 2098 — Bodice Skirt 2002 — Blouse 2096 — Overblouse 1906 Bodice Skirt 1956 Embroidery 12820 — Jacquette Blouse 1635 Bodice Skirt 2030




**"Teach the Children to Sew"**

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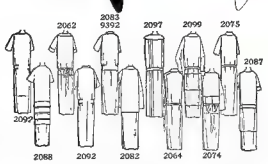
# Delightful New Frocks for the Young Girl

2088—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch figured silk crêpe—2⅜ yards 40-inch white crêpe de Chine. Applied trimming-bands and a graceful frill distinguish this pretty frock. The bright colored silk crêpe, in contrast to the white skirt, makes the model one of exceptional charm and style.

**"Teach the Children to Sew"**

2097—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch voile—¾ yard 36-inch allover lace. This exceedingly lovely frock is made even more dainty by a charming design, embroidered on the front of the waist. The pockets and long plaits are particularly becoming as they give the frock a youthful tone. Being sleeveless, the frock may be worn on both afternoon and informal evening occasions. Its slender lines are particularly suited to the young girl.




2064—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch linen—⅞ yard 36-inch figured material. This is a Spring frock of exceptional charm, one that is as practical as it is pretty. The way in which the trimming-bands are applied is especially modish and effective. Following the prevailing mode in youthful frocks, this model is without sleeves. The novel button trimming gives it additional charm.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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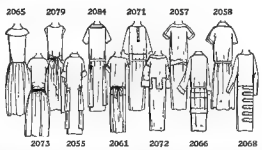
# Dance and Street Frocks of Youthful Charm

Dress 2065

2079—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch figured silk crêpe—⅛ yard 36-inch plain satin—2 yards 40-inch Georgette. A lovely dance frock for Summer parties.

"Teach the Children to Sew"

2057—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine. The girdle and sash are in three pieces, with the sash ends crossed in the back and tied in front. The becoming oval neck-line is trimmed with a sectional band. This distinctive frock will prove extremely convenient for daytime wear throughout the season. Its lines are particularly youthful and becoming to the young girl.




2066—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1⅛ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen. The smart plait effect in the front of the frock forms an attractive opening. The underfacing is rolled with the convertible collar. Applied trimming-bands, made of contrasting material, are being used extensively on newest frocks. On this model they adorn, with marked success, the skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

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# Newest Youthful Fashions Are Reflected Here

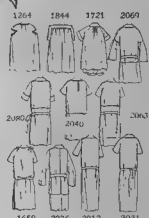
Dress 1264 Dress 1844 Bloomer Dress 1721 Appliqué 12895

2040—Girls' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 yard 32-inch chambray—1⅛ yard 36-inch white batiste. The appliqué design, 12995, is cut from pieces of chambray in contrasting shades. The dainty simplicity of this little frock is its chief attraction.

Dress 2040 Appliqué 12995



Dress 2069



1264 1844 1721 2069 2080 2040 2063 1659 2076 2012 2031

Dress 2080

1264—Child's One-piece Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch dotted voile—3½ yards bias binding—2 yards ribbon. The round neck of this cunning frock is gathered and held in with a narrow band. It slips on over the head.

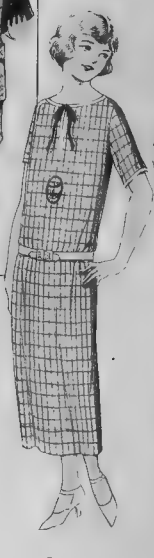
1844—Child's Slip-on Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch lawn—2 yards lace banding—1 yard ribbon. Like so many of the new styles for children, this model is trimmed with bands.

1721—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch chambray—¼ yard 27-inch white piqué. The appliqué design, 12895, may be cut from pieces of chambray in contrasting color This is a practical dress for everyday wear. The shirring at the neck is particularly attractive. Edges of the bloomers are gathered to straight bands

Suit 2076

Dress 1659

"Teach the Children to Sew"



Dress 2012 Embroidery 12820

Dress 2031 Appliqué 12672

Dress 2063 Embroidery 12897

2012—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years Size 14 requires 3½ yards 32 inch check gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen—⅛ yard ribbon. Because of its straight lines and youthful charm, this frock is sure to find favor among the younger set. The decorative design, 12820, may be embroidered in raised satin stitch.

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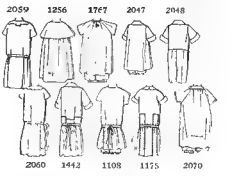
# Kiddie Costumes Are Both Practical and Smart

1767—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch cretonne—⅜ yard 36-inch batiste. The round neck is gathered to a straight band. Blanket-stitching, in black, trims the knee-bands and the edges of the raglan sleeves.

2047—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch chambray—⅜ yard 27-inch piqué. The appliqué design, 12905, may be cut from odd pieces of chambray or linen in contrasting color.

2048—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch dark percale—⅞ yard 36-inch white percale. The suit consists of a blouse and knee trousers which close at the sides

2059—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—2⅝ yards 36-inch percale—1¼ yard ribbon. The applied yoke is in two pieces.



1256—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 40-inch dotted voile—1⅜ yard lace insertion—2 yards ribbon—3¾ yards edging. The becoming wide collar is in two pieces. The season's offering of youthful fashions includes no model daintier than this cunning little frock.

## "Teach the Children to Sew"

1108—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting linen. The front of this attractive frock is gathered at the neck edge to a bias neckband. The applied trimming-band, extending from the neck to the hem, gives the frock a neat finish. Bloomer frocks are always in good taste.

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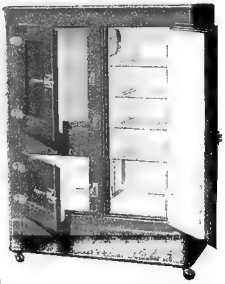


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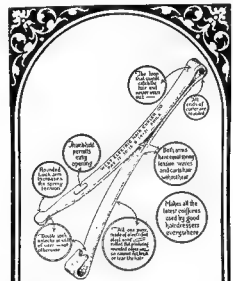
The long handle makes it easy to reach the hair you want to curl
Curls of any size desired
Handsome garnets adds quality appearance
Handles remain cool to touch
Both arms have equal power because waves and curls turn outward and
Makes all the latest coiffures used by good hairdressers everywhere
Study the picture of what you want to do
This one piece curler is made of steel, rust proofed, nickel plated and highly polished and so cannot fly open or tear the hair

WEST ELECTRIC
HAIR CURLERS
*"New Improved"*

NOTHING was ever devised that waved hair so quickly, safely and economically as West Electric Hair Curlers.

And now with the "New Improved" feature these famous curlers are in greater demand than ever.

In case you do not realize that your hair can be exquisitely waved without costly heat or chemical treatment, you will marvel at the simple way these curlers do their work.

It's merely a matter of winding your hair loosely around the curler and closing the new rounded end that cannot fly open. In 20 minutes, when you remove the curler, the wave is in and your hair is ready for any coiffure that fashion demands.

Made of one piece of electrified steel, these curlers wave your hair by pressure only and keep it healthy. The rounded edges neither cut nor pull the hair, nor injure it in any way.

The New Improved West Electric Hair Curlers are guaranteed to last you a life time. There is nothing to get out of order, no porous surface to become oily or unsanitary.

You can buy them wherever notions are sold. A card of five costs 25 cents—two on a card 10c.

*Send today for a free copy of "Guide to Hair Dressing at Home." It describes the latest coiffures and tells how you can get the effects yourself.*

WEST ELECTRIC
HAIR CURLER CO.
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*The Leading American Coiffure Specialists*

*Makers of the famous*
West Beach and Motor Hair Nets (double or single mesh—10c)
gray and white 15c
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Please send me my copy of "Guide to Hair Dressing at Home."

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8-St.


# New Modes in Juvenile Underwear

Dress 8458

8458—Infants' Dress. Designed for one size. Requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch nainsook—1½ yard lace insertion—1¼ yard edging. This dainty little dress is gathered to yokes.

Union Suit 8736

Dress in Set 1369
Embroidery 12236

8736—Union Suit. Designed for 4 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch longcloth. The front of this practical suit is in one piece.

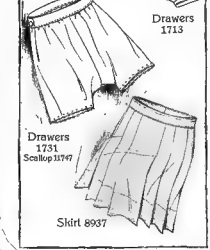
Combination 1725
Embroidery 12811

1730—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch cotton crêpe—4¾ yards lace edging. The design, 11742, may be embroidered in French knots, raised satin or eyelet stitches.

Combination 1730
Embroidery 11742

1725—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch lonsdale cambric—1⅛ yards edging—1⅜ yard ribbon. The design, 12811, may be embroidered in raised satin and stem stitches.

1369—Infants' Dress in Set. Designed for one size. Requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch batiste—2⅛ yards edging. The design, 12236, may be carried out in raised satin, eyelet and stem stitches with white mercerized floss.



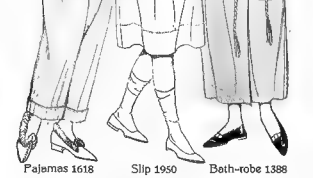
Drawers 1713

1713—Girls' and Juniors' Side-closing Drawers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch nainsook. Upper and lower edges are gathered to straight bands.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

Drawers 1731
Scallop 11747

Skirt 8937



Pajamas 1618 Slip 1950 Bath-robe 1388

Pajamas 1856
Monogram 12755

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

*My name on GINGHAM means laundry insurance Says PETER PAN*

I am a gingham. I am guaranteed not to run, nor fade. I hold my beauty. Either I make good to you, or the old-established house of Henry Glass & Co. will, for back of me is this endorsement:

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*We are ready to replace any garment made of genuine PETER PAN GINGHAM if it fades.*
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Isn't it nice to get a gingham with a guarantee like that? This guarantee covers every yard that has my name marked on the selvage, like this:

**"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color"**

When you see my imprint on the selvage of the gingham you buy, you KNOW the colors are fast.

If your dealer cannot supply you with PETER PAN FAST COLOR GINGHAM, in plain shades, yard wide, in woven checks, 32 inches wide, write me his name on the selvage, write to Henry Glass & Co. for the book of

34 LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES FREE

They will have your order filled promptly by a reliable retail house. When you write for these FREE SAMPLES be sure to give the name of your dealer and say if he sells

PETER PAN FAST COLOR GINGHAM

HENRY GLASS & CO.
42 WHITE ST. NEW YORK

CRIPPLED FIVE YEARS

**Infantile Paralysis**

This is Claude Snyder, whose leg and foot were deformed by Infantile Paralysis for 5 years before coming to McLain Sanitarium. Pictures were taken 7 months apart. Read parents' letter and write them.

*We cannot thank you enough for what you have done for our son, Claude. We are proud of his fine and never lose an opportunity to say a good word for McLain's. Will be glad to answer all letters.*
MR. AND MRS. GEO. SNYDER,
*Francisco, Indiana.*

**Parents of Crippled Children**

should know about McLain Sanitarium, a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," and "Book of References" sent free

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Large Top—Removable Glass Service Tray—Large Drawer—Double Handles—Deep Tiederbelts—Silent Rubber Tired Swivel Wheels. A high grade piece of furniture for GENERAL UTILITY, made of Reed and Fibre Construction. Write now for descriptive pamphlet and dealer's name.
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# New styles *in* SPRING HATS

If you want to see the very last word in fashionable spring hats, write at once for this authoritative style book. It contains photographic reproductions of the most captivating creations of this country and abroad. Each hat carries the genuine Gage label which is your assurance of the utmost in quality and workmanship. In our 66 years of style supremacy, we have never presented such an amazing variety of beautiful hats as in this new spring style book. If you would like a copy sent prepaid, mail us your name and address today. There is no charge.

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Are you one of the thousands who have a vital need for more money—to properly bring up your family—to pay off a mortgage or buy a home—to educate your children—to properly clothe yourself?

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CLEAR A HEAD COLD quickly by placing in each nostril a little healing, antiseptic **Mentholatum**

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## *Embroideries*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12581, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, supplies 7 different cross-stitch motifs and 6 duplicates of each.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12874, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 1 motif for the yoke, back and front of a child's dress, 4 and 4 reverses of a 4¾-inch motif, 1 and 1 reverse of a motif 4¾ by 2⅞ inches, 4 yards of ¾-inch border, and extra appliqué guides.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12258, blue only, 20 cents—1/-, supplies 4 motifs for towels.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12727, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, supplies design for a luncheon set.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12677, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, supplies 7 designs, with a duplicate of each, for marking kitchen towels.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12916, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes a strikingly effective cut-work design for a hat (24 inches head size). The original model was made of black felt, with the design stamped on the wrong side of the material and the felt cut away according to the stamped pattern. White felt was then stitched underneath the design.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12917, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes a cut-work design for a hat (24 inches head size). The hat is made like the one described above.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12915, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes appliqué motifs and cross-stitch designs for the ends of scarfs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12881, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes 2 each of 2 panel designs with extra appliqué guides.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12911, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, furnishes 3 yards of 2½-inch border and 12 motifs 7¾ inches high. Extra cutting guides for appliqué are also supplied.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12912, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes designs to be embroidered in outline, running and one-stitches, or beads, and used to trim frocks, blouses, etc.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12913, blue only, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 12 each of any one letter of the alphabet in 2-, 3-, and 4-inch sizes, with extra guides for appliqué.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12908, blue only, 20 cents—1/-, furnishes 4 designs for towel ends to be embroidered in applique, raised satin stitches and French knots. Extra appliqué guides are supplied for 2 of the designs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12909, blue only, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes flower-yard-basket design 26 inches high for the center of a bedspread, with 4 corner motifs and design for a bolster roll, also cutting guides for appliqué.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12910, blue only, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes designs to complete the bedroom set given in No. 12909. A flower basket motif to decorate a pillow, 2 spray designs for curtains and 2 motifs for dresser scarfs are supplied. Extra cutting guides for appliqué are included.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12907, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, contains 4 yards each of borders 2 and 2¾ inches wide, and 6 each of 6 motifs from 1 to 3½ inches high, designed for beadstitching. Appliqué guides are given for the 2-inch border and the 1, 2¾, and 3-inch motifs.

### Pictorial Review's New Department for Stout Women

Table of Measurements for Stouts

Order by the size that corresponds to your bust, waist, and hip measure.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Bust** | 42 | 44 | 46 | 48 | 50 | |
| Waist | 35 | 37 | 39 | 41 | 43 | |
| Hip | 42 | 44 | 46 | 48 | 50 | |
| **Size** | 38½ | 40½ | 42½ | 44½ | 46½ | |
| **Bust** | 52 | 54 | 56 | 58 | 60 | |
| Waist | 45 | 47 | 49 | 51 | 53 | |
| Hip | 52 | 54 | 56 | 58 | 60 | |
| **Size** | 48½ | 50½ | 52½ | 54½ | 56½ | |


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# SCIENTIFIC FRANKNESS

## On a subject known as woman's oldest problem

*Now! Exquisiteness, comfort, immaculacy under all circumstances*

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

There is a new way in personal hygiene. A scientific way that gives women new poise and peace of mind—new exquisiteness and better health.

Although but a recent discovery, 8 in every 10 women of the better classes already have adopted it.

It is called Kotex. And this offers you an opportunity to test it—free. Simply mail me the coupon below.

FIVE TIMES MORE ABSORBENT

American nurses in wartime France first discovered Kotex. Found that it solved woman's most distressing problem in an amazing way.

Made of Cellucotton—a newly-discovered super-absorbent—Kotex absorbs 16 times its weight in moisture. It has 5 times the absorbency of ordinary cotton "sanitary pads." And, in addition, two other secret advantages which I cannot mention here.

You can dispose of it easily, without embarrassment—a point all women will appreciate.

Hygienic immaculateness—that is Kotex. Ask your doctor.

NOW TRY KOTEX FREE

Kotex has become a health habit among all womanhood. And I believe every woman should at least be allowed to try it. So I have appealed to the Kotex laboratory. And they have consented—for a short time at least—that I offer women a trial of Kotex, without charge.

So do this now; Mail the coupon to me, personally. A packet will be sent you post paid, by return mail—in an absolutely plain, undistinguishable, unmarked wrapper. Tear the coupon off now before you forget.

*Kotex is on sale at all drug and department stores simply by asking for Kotex. Two sizes: regular and super. (extra thickness)*

KOTEX

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY, CHICAGO
Canadian Distributors: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LTD.
TORONTO AND MONTREAL

**FREE SAMPLE**—*Mail this Confidential Coupon*

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G. N.
Care of Cellucotton Laboratories, Room 1420
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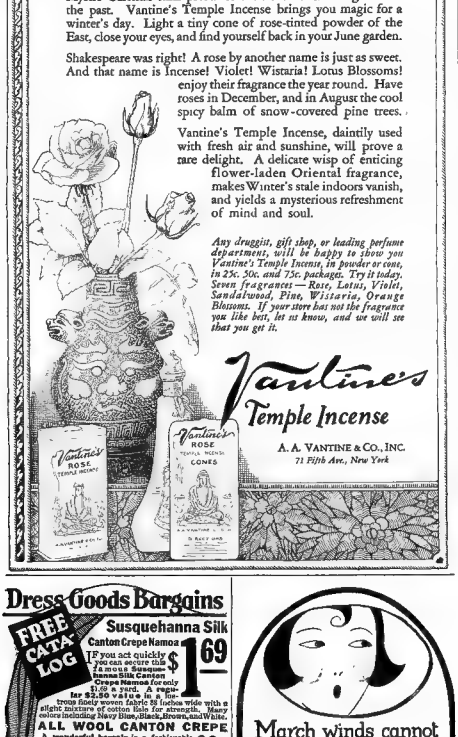
## *Magic Charm* for a Dull Winter Day

Mystic Oriental skill preserves even the delicate fragrance of the past. Vantine's Temple Incense brings you magic for a winter's day. Light a tiny cone of rose-tinted powder of the East, close your eyes, and find yourself back in your June garden.

Shakespeare was right! A rose by another name is just as sweet. And that name is Incense! Violet! Wistaria! Lotus Blossoms! enjoy their fragrance the year round. Have roses in December, and in August the cool spicy balm of snow-covered pine trees.

Vantine's Temple Incense, daintily used with fresh air and sunshine, will prove a rare delight. A delicate wisp of enticing flower-laden Oriental fragrance, makes Winter's stale indoors vanish, and yields a mysterious refreshment of mind and soul.

*Any druggist, gift shop, or leading perfume department, will be happy to show you Vantine's Temple Incense, in powder or cone, in 25c. 50c. and 75c. packages. Try it today. Seven fragrances—Rose, Lotus, Violet, Sandalwood, Pine, Wistaria, Orange Blossoms. If your store has not the fragrance you like best, let us know, and we will see that you get it.*




Vantine's Temple Incense

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
*71 Fifth Ave., New York*



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**Susquehanna Silk**

**Canton Crepe Namoa $1.69**

If you act quickly you can secure this famous Susquehanna Silk Canton Crepe Namoa for only $1.69 a yard. A fine value for $2.50 value in a lustrous finish woven fabric 38 inches wide with a slight mixture of cotton finish for strength. Many colors including Navy Blue, Black, Brown, and White.

**ALL WOOL CANTON CREPE**

A wonderful bargain in a fashionable 40 inch wide, 75 inch crepe. Other sorts!

**98c**

**IMPORTED CHIFFON VOILE**

GENUINE imported two-thread, solid-color chiffon voile, 36 inches wide. A real 59c value specially priced for Bridal Time at 39c. All popular colors.

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A FIRMLY woven 32-inch checked gingham at a big bargain. Eight colors.

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FREE SAMPLES ON REQUEST.

**PAY ON DELIVERY** You may pay on delivery plus few cents postage, or send money with order and we pay the postage. Money back promptly if not delighted.

W. W. OPPENHEIM, Inc.,
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Established in 1865
America's Greatest Dress Goods Store

We match every color

## March winds cannot blow off this Rouge

PERT Rouge gives a natural, velvety poiness that lasts until you remove it with cold cream or soap and water. Unaffected by rain, snow, wind or constant powdering. Pert has a light, fluffy, cream base which is instantly absorbed by the skin, thus protecting it against the formation of enlarged pores.

*At Last—A Pert Waterproof Lipstick* to match your Pert Rouge. Made with wholesome oil of sweet almonds.

Rouge and Lipstick obtainable at drug or department stores or by mail 75c each.

*Write today for sample of Pert Rouge and of Wintr for darkening the lashes.*

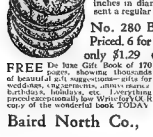
*Samples are a dime each.*

ROSS COMPANY
247 West 17th Street New York

Pert Rouge



## 6 Silver Plated Coasters Only $1.29



To the hostess who is particular about her table appointments, these silver-plated coasters will surely be welcome. They display a handsome old Dutch design and are padded with felt, to insure the utmost protection to the table. Measure 3½ inches in diameter, and repre sent a regular $1.50 value.

No. 280 B—Specially Priced, 6 for only $1.29

FREE De luxe Gift Book of 170 pages, showing thousands of beautiful gift suggestions—gifts for weddings, engagements, anniversaries, birthdays, holidays, etc. Everything priced exceptionally low. Write for YOUR copy of the wonderful book TODAY

Baird North Co., 317 Broad St. Providence, R. I.


## *Fashions*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

2089—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch yellow linen—⅛ yard 36-inch white linen—¾ yard lace edging.

2071—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch black-and-white figured silk crêpe—2 yards 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—2 yards lace edging—⅞ yard fringe. The motif, design 12820, is worked in raised satin stitch.

2078—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch Empire blue chambray—⅞ yard 32-inch plaid gingham.

2068—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 32-inch lacquer red-and-white check gingham—2 yards 36-inch white batiste. The monogram design 8, is carried out in raised satin stitch.

2091—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 27-inch tan jap crêpe—⅝ yard 32-inch plaid gingham. Monogram 521 is embroidered in raised satin stitch.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

2088—Ladies' and Misses' Three-piece Suit. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of dress about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch daphne (blue) linen—1⅝ yard 36-inch white linen—4¾ yards braid—2½ yards 36-inch silk lining. The suit consists of a jacket and dress.

2079—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch Inca gold gingham tissue—⅝ yard 40-inch voile.

1985—Ladies' Long-waisted Lacquered Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch navy voile—½ yard 32-inch gingham.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

1983—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Dryad (green) canton crêpe—6½ yards braid.

2096—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch black and white check gingham—¾ yard 36-inch dimity.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

2094—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 60 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—¾ yard 27-inch white piqué

2093—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 58 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 46 requires 3½ yards 54-inch navy blue chiffon velvet—10 yards braid.

1751—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch black georgette—2½ yards black lace—⅞ yard 36-inch satin.

2075—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Lariat dotted voile—1½ yard 36-inch white dimity—3½ yards 3-inch velvet ribbon

1886—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 42 to 60 bust. Size 46 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch gray Canton crêpe—2 yards lace.

1887—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 42 to 60 bust. Size 46 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch brown crêpe de Chine—4¾ yards of each color of braid.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

2092—Ladies' and Misses' Three-piece Suit, including Jacket and Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of dress about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch twilleord, 2¼ yards 36-inch silk lining for jacket—1½ yard 36-inch white linen for collar. The border, design 12718, is worked in one-stitch embroidery.

2095—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch pongee. The border, design 12715, is carried out in one-stitch embroidery.

2048—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 2019—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 32-inch flannel -1⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting flannel for the appliqué border 12892.

2046—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch dark Canton crêpe—1¼ yard 40-inch light Canton crêpe. The design, 12879, may be developed in outline and one-stitch with the flowers worked in appliqué, using pieces of satin in contrasting shades.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

1775—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch madras—⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting madras for trimming. The two-piece trousers are finished with cuffs at the lower edges.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131


## An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The Arvon Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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Annette Kellermann's
## NEW BOOK
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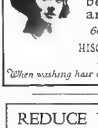

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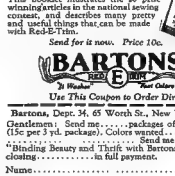

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# Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

2088—Ladies' and Misses' Guimpe and Camisole. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. For the guimpe, size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile—¾ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. For the camisole, size 36 requires 1 yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1¼ yard edging.

1827—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch nainsook—2½ yards ribbon.

1869—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 42 to 60 bust. Size 46 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch cambric. Design, 12182, is carried out in raised satin and eyelet stitches.

1882—Ladies' Step-in Chemise. Designed for 42 to 60 bust. Size 46 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. The design, 12880, may be worked in outline stitch.

1923—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for 42 to 60 bust. Size 46 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch plain crêpe (cut crosswise) for collar—2½ yards novelty ribbon.

1964—Ladies' Lounging Robe. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine (cut crosswise) for collar, cuffs, and trimming on pockets—2¾ yards ribbon.

1886—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 42 to 60 bust. Size 46 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch dimity—2¾ yards edging.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

1983—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch dimity.

1880—Ladies' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. The design, 12840, is carried out in appliqué and one-stitch embroidery.

2089—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—1¾ yard 36-inch lawn.

1838—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Sleeveless Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 1838—Ladies' and Misses' Guimpe. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste—⅜ yard 22-inch tucking—2¾ yards lace insertion—1⅛ yard frilling.

2096—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 27-inch piqué.

1908—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 1956—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 24 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch voile—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The collar, 12830, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

1935—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2080—Ladies' Three-piece Wrap-around Bodice Skirt. Designed for 20 to 42 inch waist measure. Width at lower edge 2½ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch twillcord—2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 36-inch lining for skirt bodice.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

2092—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yards 36-inch figured silk crêpe—1 yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine. As shown in panel, this dress is developed in 32-inch check gingham—⅞ yard 27-inch white piqué. Pockets are trimmed with appliqué design 12972.

2098—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 40 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—2⅝ yards 27-inch chambray.

2083—Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 2092—Misses' Two-piece Bodice Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume, in size 16, requires 1¾ yard 54-inch white flannel—1 yard 54-inch dark flannel—¾ yard 36-inch silk lining for skirt bodice. Blouse is trimmed with design 12820, worked in raised satin stitch.

2082—Ladies' and Misses' Three-piece Suit, Consisting of Jacket and Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch sports silk—2⅜ yards ribbon for belt—7⅛ yard 36-inch lining for jacket.

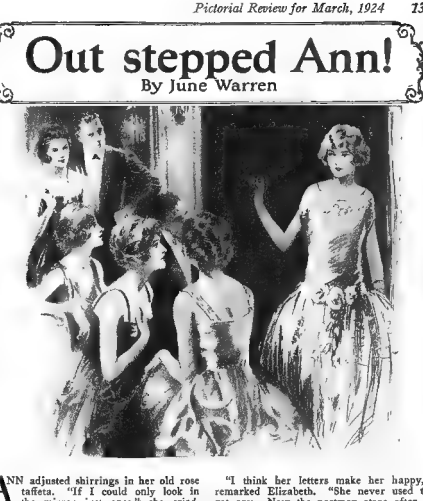
2090—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch white batiste—1 yard frilling.

2074—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 40-inch voile—1¼ yard 40-inch dotted voile.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

# Out stepped Anne!

By June Warren



ANN adjusted shirrings in her old rose taffeta. "If I could only look in the mirror just once," she cried, "and be satisfied with what I see."

Elizabeth Murray burst into the room, her coat wide open, beads gleaming on her dress.

"Oh, how—how beautiful!" Dismay entered Ann's voice. She couldn't go now. Her last year's dress would look worse than ever beside Elizabeth's lovely one.

"You'll have to hurry," warned Elizabeth. "We're late now."

"I know." She must do something. She remembered perfume someone had given her, snatched at the stopper, let two-thirds dash down her dress. "Oh, see what I've done!"

"Hurry and change."

"I haven't anything else. There isn't time to change. No. Please don't wait. I didn't much want to go anyway."

But she did want to go, she reflected, as she watched Elizabeth cross the street. She saw girls go laughing by, turned the big white house at the end of the block . . . caught flashes of bright blue, orange and pink under their long slim coats.

"I'll have to have a breakdown and not go anywhere any more. But Elizabeth's birthday will soon be here. She'll insist that I come. Oh, it's wretched being poor!"

She examined dresses in her closet . . . an old brown velvet, a soiled tan silk. Wee hope returned. If the silk could be renovated, combined with the brown.

She put on the brown, wrapped the other in a newspaper and ran across the way to Mrs. Moore's. But Mrs. Moore shook her head. "They would combine beautifully. But I have more orders than I can handle."

Ann searched the shops. She found dresses of moire and canton, dresses she didn't dare try on, because they were priced $45, $50, $55. She'd have to go without new shoes, hat, gloves, hose for a year. . . .

Then she saw bargain silk in a window —"$1.25 a yard," said a welcome sign. She turned thoughtfully homeward. The air held promise of spring. "Days like this just make you want new clothes," she thought wistfully.

Her room was heavy with perfume. She raised a window. The girls were coming home from the party. Elizabeth would run in next, bubbling with news. She mustn't let her know how she was feeling. She seized a magazine and lay down to read.

Here so many patterns and materials were described that if one could only make one's own clothes decently, . . . She turned a page. Interest became intense.

She was cutting a coupon when Elizabeth rushed into the room. She thrust the magazine and scissors under the pillow.

"SHE says," Elizabeth explained to friends six weeks later, "she says the doctor told her she had a bad case of nerves and mustn't go anywhere for a month. She's the calmest acting person for a bad case of nerves I ever saw!"

"But Elizabeth, you see her so often. Surely you know what she's doing."

"Not a thing. When I go to her room, I have to knock and knock, and then fifteen minutes later, after something's been tucked out of sight, she unlocks the door and pokes around her quiet little head and says with a funny twisted smile, 'Oh, it's you. I *thought* I heard someone knocking.'"

"I think her letters make her happy," remarked Elizabeth. "She never used to get any. Now the postman stops often—sometimes with big, mysterious packages too. You'd think her birthday was almost here instead of mine."

FIFTEEN minutes after Elizabeth's party had begun, Ann rushed into the room, hugging a dark coat tightly about her.

Elizabeth grabbed her. "So the doctor gave you permission to come out at last!"

Ann's voice came laughingly from the folds. "No—No! My nerves are still—terribly shattered!" She dashed into the dressing-room, pulled the curtains close.

The boys came up. The girls gathered, shook the curtains, "Ann!"

Violins began tuning for the first dance. There was a breathless stir of curtains. Eyes watched. The heavy folds parted—

Then out stepped Ann!

A kind of glorified, shining Ann—in turquoise blue taffeta with cream lace yoke, with rose and silver nosegays at the waist.

*"Ann!"*

Ann curtsied, stroked the bouffant folds. *"This* is my case of nerves," she laughed mischievously. "And come to my house tomorrow—all you who like dresses! I'll show you all the other little nerves!"

SHE was still radiant with the success of the party when the girls flocked in next day. She turned to the closet.

"I made them!" she flung out triumphantly. "The Woman's Institute showed me how! That navy twill cost only $5.75. That blue taffeta $6.10. This red jersey $24.30." She opened a bureau drawer.

"I made this apron and these fluffy camisoles and this Japanese kimono in just the first few lessons. The Institute sent some of the materials—free!"

"But Ann—how did you learn of the Institute?"

"Through a booklet, 'Making Beautiful Clothes.' I mailed a coupon that brought it. There never was a luckier two-cent stamp! I'll tell the rest as soon as you've got through gasping—but hurry!" She flashed a sudden glance into the mirror, flushed happily for once at what she saw. "Hurry, for I can't wait to tell you the whole story. Every one of you will be wanting to write the Institute before night!"

DON'T you want to write the Woman's Institute before night too? Just the tiniest word of your interest will bring you, free, the booklet, *"Making Beautiful Clothes,"* with its fascinating story of what the Institute can do for you.

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**Fashions**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

2075—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen—⅞ yard 36-inch jersey for scarf—⅞ yard fringe. Trimmed with design 12820.

2087—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for bands.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

2065—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 38 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch taffeta—⅛ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar.

2073—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 2 yards. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch voile.

2055—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—1⅝ yards 36-inch batiste

2084—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 36-inch white linen. Design 12681 may be carried out in beads or French knots.

2061—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 7⅜ yard 40-inch dotted voile—1¾ yard 40-inch plain voile.

2071—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 36-inch dark linen—1¾ yard 36-inch white linen. The design, 12820, may be worked in satin stitch.

2058—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch voile—3¼ yards ribbon—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen. A border design trims the skirt.

2068—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch tissue gingham —2 yards 36-inch batiste.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

2066—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch plaid gingham —1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste.

2080 Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires ⅝ yard 40-inch check organdy—2⅜ yards 36-inch linen.

2076 Boys' and Juniors' Suit. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tweed 1⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

2063—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch chambray—1 yard 36-inch dimity. The design, 12697, may be carried out in one-stitch embroidery.

1659—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch voile—2⅜ yards ribbon.

2031 Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard 36-inch contrasting linen —⅛ yard ribbon. The appliqué design, 12564, may be of chambray or linen in contrasting colors.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

2060—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch voile—⅜ yard 36-inch white voile—3 yards ribbon binding

1442—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch gingham—1⅝ yard 36-inch dimity.

1175—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—1⅝ yard 27-inch chambray.

2070—Girls' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch organdy—1⅝ yard 27-inch black sateen. The appliqué design, 12564, may be of chambray in contrasting color.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

1731—Child's Drawers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch cambric. Trimmed with scallop 11747.

8937—Girls' One-piece Side-plaited Skirt. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch Galatea cloth.

1618—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 4 yards 36-inch striped flannel.

1930—Girls' and Juniors' Slip. Designed for 10 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2½ years 36-inch batiste—1⅝ yards edging.

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NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

to furnish a watchman until the New-year, when the transfer would be made.

Such details as these were involved in ringing down the curtain on the pretentious drama. Admah Holtz, whose mother had taught him to hate debt, hated it to the end. He closed his books with a pitiful little balance in the bank and a pitiful little belief in the destiny which he had once thought so fine. A man past forty, having tasted luxury and success and the possession of a beautiful woman, he was poorly fitted for a beginning at the small end of the horn. For a time he lived in the cheapest room in the Hamilton, dodging in and out for fear people would stop him and want to talk.

Shortly after his failure he had received a note from Margaret, and the very character of her writing-paper had proclaimed her advancement in the world. "The Woman's Syndicate" her handsome stationery was engraved, and there was mention of her offices in the Principality Building. "There must be something I can do," she had written, "and I shall feel dreadfully if you don't ask me. Whatever has happened, I know it isn't your fault. Won't you come to me or let me come to you? Please let's see what we can make of it all. I'm at the Westmore Apartments now, if you can come in the evening. I do so want to see you, Admah!"

Feeling that he should have been glad of her success, he fought in vain against a new sensitiveness. She was going up in the world. The Peakes were coming back. Margaret was again proving the character that had made the Peakes great; poor Flora Lee was nothing more than what greatness had made of the Peakes.

His note to Margaret was short, kindly, and impersonal. He had thought of her often, he said, but there had been so much to do that he hadn't had time to see anybody. But he'd surely come and see her just as soon as he got back.

Got back from what? He couldn't say because he didn't know.

FINALLY he decided to accept Uncle Lafe's invitation and go to the hog-farm for an indefinite stay. Captain Holtz, in his own rough language, convinced him that the country air would do him good; he was welcome to stay as long as he cared to. When this offer came Admah Holtz was not a great deal richer than he had been the day he left the workhouse and planned to buy a discarded lunch-wagon. In life-force he was much poorer, for his dream was spent, his pride was broken, and success had lost its magic. He rode out in Uncle Lafe's car, and all the way pictured himself as a hog-farmer, growing very fat among his swine, eating and drinking more than the slowing tobacco, and never coming to town. That would be a logical end of Admah Holtz, less dramatic than suicide, but more comfortable.

The hog-farm idea only held him for a little while. Like everything else in life, Uncle Lafe and Aunt Brownie seemed to have flattened to the taste. Captain Holtz's thunderous stories and philosophizings, which had once amused his nephew by the hour, now bored him with their garrulity and repetitiousness. Lafe was showing his age, and the death of his son—the one who had gone East to fail in the button business—had dulled the old man's wit. Gout, which had nipped Aunt Brownie's joints for many years, now began to gnaw in earnest. She occupied her chair a great deal of the time, and, like her husband, she seemed to be drooling forever about things that mattered not at all.

Admah had come to Dell's Landing planning to live the life of a farmer, up with the lark, to bed with the chickens. But the city habit had grown on him to punish his early rising with sick headaches. If he went to bed before midnight it was to twist and turn until dawn, plagued by his horrid nightmahs. The captain must have seen his mistake in inviting his nephew to the farm, for one morning he came waddling down the path with an armful of fresh corn-fodder and talked to Admah as man to man.

"Son," he concluded gently, "I guess you'd do a lot better in town. This place must look pretty slow to a young fellah. Why don't you go round and look up Jo? He's stopped jest about where you dropped him, and you and him ought to be able to do something with that store o' his."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

FREE 12 Piece Kitchen Set-White Enamel Handles
6 Piece Funnel Set Separate Uses
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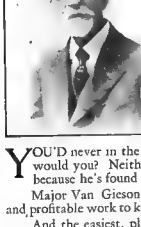

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## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

When her nephew left, an hour later, Aunt Brownie kissed him and cried a little—since Bert's death she had become rather lacrimose—and then old Lafe took him in his car as far as the Interurban. Admah came into the Red Front Store just as Jo and Myrtle and Henry, their oldest boy, were preparing for the noon trade. The window looked fly-specked and cluttered. From behind the counter, where Jo was leaning over an ice-cream container and Myrtle was serving a solitary customer, there came a smell of sourness and of mildew.

"Hello, Ad," Jo greeted him, looking up with a smile that seemed to share the sourness and the mildew. The customer, who was young and gaudy, never raised her eyes from the straw she was sucking. Admah Holtz had ceased to be news to the common people. But from Myrtle and young Henry the reaction was sprightly enough.

Henry dropped a spoon into the ice-bin and mentioned that famous amour, the love of Mike. Myrtle bounded round the counter and embraced her wandering brother-in-law. Admah had an impression of a blowsy middle-aged woman with a floppy person. Her hands were still wet with the soapy water in which she had been washing soda-glasses.

"Well," drawled Admah with a sickly humor when he had been led to the upstairs apartment where the Jo Holtzes now lived in intimate contact with their business, "I've stayed with Uncle Lafe as long as he'd stand me."

BOTH Jo and Myrtle proved to be surprizingly kind. Myrtle's kindness, he felt, was founded on the luxurious joy of patronizing a relative whom she had long envied for his greatness in the world. But Jo betrayed a generosity quite unsuspected in his narrow heart and mind

"Look yuh, Ad," he said bashfully when Myrtle had left the room, "part o' this here business always has been yours. I didn't seem much to you once, I reckon. But if we got together the way we ust to we could shore make things hum."

"That's right nice of you," drawled Admah wearily. "But I don't know. Do you suppose Myrtle would want me to have a room here and eat with you folks?"

Myrtle's consent being easily attainable, Jo's offer was left in a state of suspended animation. Admah was allotted a room next to an alley; he was supposed to make his own bed, but he never did. Sometimes he crept under the blankets through the same fold that he had left open when he got out in the morning. Sometimes Myrtle would relent and "straighten up" when he was away on one of his interminable walks. Once he caught her scolding to herself and calling him "shiftless." The adjective, coming from Myrtle to Admah, amused him rather wickedly.

He walked a great deal, choosing obscure streets where he would be least likely to encounter people whom he had known. In the few crowded blocks which he must traverse on his way to escape he would go rapidly, his eyes on the sidewalk. This was his ostrich fash ion of hiding from the world and I doubt if many people recognized him The gossips had fed on him and thrown the scraps aside.

AFTER his first month over the Red Front Store his sister-in-law took to bullying. At first she tested him by timid jabs and pinches; then, finding that the family giant was broken, she sneered in his face and mocked him of his fall. Thus the Philistines behaved around the pallet of Samson, once his seven magic locks were shaved away and he had become enfeebled for the love of a cold and wicked woman.

He slept and ate and smoked and walked and read; all his business for a dulled man. Good books bored him, so he borrowed trash from a circulating-library on the border of Darktown. Now and then he would exchange with Henry, whose year in the junior college had given him little save an abominable taste in cigarets and fiction. Admah looked on Henry with an easy tolerance, but avoided him because the boy was inclined to patronize his parents.

So went Admah's days and nights, vague as mist and as unsatisfying. Occasionally he would try to work himself into a passion over the behavior of his wife. Sometimes he would consider sewing Atterbury and revealing incriminating

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135


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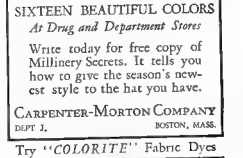

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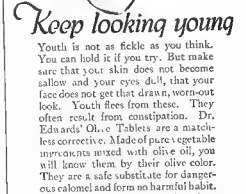

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## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

facts as to the plot that had dethroned him. "To-morrow," whispered the devil-at-the-keyhole. That was it. Lots of to-morrows. Plenty of time for the confounding of his enemies and the making of his new fortune. A few more days to think, to decide what it was all about.

One afternoon—it was in early September and the streets were wilted things—he had a glimpse of Margaret. He had crossed Grand Avenue and was slinking away toward the poorer quarter when he glanced up, compelled by that feeling which many of us have when we are being looked at. A car, equipped with disk-wheels, an underslung, torpedo-shaped body, and a long wheel-base, stood against the curb, very worldly in its disguise. Under the canopy top Admah saw a blue hat, shading the pretty face that smiled at him.

If she called out her voice was drowned in the rattle of traffic. Her friendly, sisterly gesture showed eagerness, a desire to listen to all he had to say. But he paused no more than an instant to lift his hat and smile back at her. Then with lowered eyes he shuffled on his way. He couldn't say just why he hadn't crossed over to her. Possibly it was because he lacked the initiative to resume a friendship which she so plainly offered and he so pitifully needed.

FOR some prisoners, they say, years of confinement pass quickly. Rebellion at first, then resignment to an even grayness where yesterday seems to overlap to-morrow. Myrtle got used to the paying guest whom she enjoyed bulldozing and Admah got used to Myrtle and the mildewed domesticity which surrounded her. The tousled bed, the torn newspapers, the reek of his own cheap tobacco, they all belonged to the solitary state which he had imposed upon himself. Like Saul behind his tent-folds, he sat long and long, steeped in colorless dreams; but at his door was no harper-boy to awake him with a song.

Now and then he would shake himself into consciousness and regard some more or less fantastic plan. He thought of looking up Elmer Hemingway with a new scheme for selling liquor. But the thought of whisky sickened him. Just as he had told Elmer on that vile awakening from his spree, he'd rather drink ink. It had done nothing but burn his stomach.

Day after day, week after week he drowsed, turning over heavy, sleepy projects. A gentle solitary, he could crawl down the back stairs in the morning, tip them again in the afternoon. One day was just like another. Heigh-ho! Where were they all leading him? Admah, the energetic, the ambitious, where had his will hidden itself that he should go on like this, listless and unguided? One afternoon in the Pickwick Club—it seemed as this a century had gone by—he sat where he had thrown himself into a big leather chair and decided that what he needed was a rest. Well, he was getting rest now, plenty of it, and that thickened his body as it thickened his mind.

A cold rain was blowing up from the river on one of his monotonous evenings when he stole home from supper at a cafeteria—he had given up eating with Jo's family. Up in his room he lit the gas, took off his shoes, and unfolded the *Evening Democrat's* pink sporting edition—its gossip of races and records held his attention without causing him to think. With a sort of vacant sigh he braced his pipe between his teeth and his feet against the radiator. Rat-a-tat! The door-panel shook with persistent little blows which he identified as Myrtle's. Since he had turned the key against just such an impudent assault, he sat perfectly still and drawled,

"Well?"

"Speaks in the store!" he thought she said, but it was not until her loose heels had clattered away down the stairs that he had pieced the sounds together and decided that she had been trying to say, "Miss Peake's in the store."

He rose, and began without putting on his shoes, brushing his hair, and finding the least soiled collar in his bureau drawer. He even thought of stopping to shave, but abandoned the elaborate plan. He couldn't leave Margaret long in the company of Jo and Myrtle.

He found her standing alone by the door, quite neglected by his relatives, who were wasting many motions over a hot chocolate for a new customer. Margaret's back was turned at first; then he saw her troubled face.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

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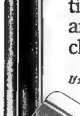

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## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

"Admah, I've got something to tell you," she began just as tho they met and talked every day, as they used to. "I know there's been great trouble, Admah. But at a time like this you've got to forget a lot of things. Only——"

"Is it about Flora Lee?" he asked thickly.

She nodded. "Yes. She's very ill. I don't think she'll—" Her chin trembled, but she cleared her throat and went on, "And if you want to see her——"

"Where is she?" was his first natural question.

"At our old house—on Inness Street."

"On *Inness* Street?"

"Somebody rang me up this afternoon and said she was there. I've called in Charlie Furniss, and he's doing all he can. But she scarcely knows anybody. She seems to think——"

"Come on," he growled, and followed her through the rain to her sprightly little car.

THE gale had taken possession of the town, sweeping pedestrians from the streets, disputing the approach of every wheeled thing that splashed through the shallow ponds which ran from curb to curb. Rain came down in thin, metallic tatters like torn sheets of lead, and through it all the electric signs bobbed, twinkled, twisted away like little cockney fools defying God.

For Margaret Peake it was hard driving, but she found time to turn once or twice and look at the man beside her. He had come away without his overcoat, and the attitude of his big body showed that he felt the cold; yet he had allowed the lap-robe to slip away and made no attempt to regain it. In the semidarkness she caught a glimpse of his rugged profile, fixed in contemplation; a spiritist might have summoned that face out of the abysm of death, molded it from the shadows. Once she called his name, "Admah!" as if to bring him back, but it was not until they had reached Inness Street that she heard his voice sounding out of the obscurity.

"What's she doing there—in the old house?"

"I don't know, Admah," she answered, and was not at all sure that he had heard her.

If only she could have reached out to him then. But every soul is a hermit. It must fight its evils in the solitary cell. Poor Admah! He had created so many. Like every other infatuated man who has brought large talents to the shrine of a false god, he would go on to the end, fighting for his misplaced faith. What can I do to help him? thought Margaret Peake, uttering a prayer she had said for him a thousand times. What indeed? Who can bring sight to him whose eyes are gone?

She turned her car at the familiar horse-block. The storm had paused for an instant, and the old house, whose every nail she had known, stood before her in a sooty, sulfurous light; a chain of mud-puddles was linked across a lawn upon which the family had prided itself for four generations. Altho no stone had been misplaced the house had a scarred look; inner corruption often disfigures the countenance. The windows, with light oozing through drawn shades, leered dissolutely. A king who had been dethroned and taken to drinking with cabmen might look like that.

She put her hand on Admah's arm and guided him up the walk. From one of the tall pillars the sign "Rooms to Let" swung crookedly by a string. The electric bell had lost its button, but a touch on the exposed entrails set off a guttural alarm inside the house.

Margaret dreaded the opening of the door, not so much for herself as for Admah. She had had her shock that afternoon. But poor Admah must endure this, another stone upon a mound of troubles that had crushed the spirit out of him. The latch clicked, the hinges turned, and in the doorway stood a woman whom she had not seen before. Under a remarkable mound of false yellow hair she showed cheeks that were soft and bulging like an overripe pear and so thick with powder that they threatened a pale dust-storm at every quick turn of the head.

"Oh, *Miss* Peake," she called out in a sort of ecstasy at the name of Peake, "won't you come in and bring your ge'l'man friend? I'm so sorry I wasn't in this afternoon when you called."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137


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## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

"He say pretty soon," replied Minnie, giggling softly with embarrassment.

Then Margaret returned to her corner and waited. What a room! Vandal hands had defaced it so that nothing but its shape remained to show where loveliness had been. The walls were stripped of their brocade and recovered with a gaudy rose-patterned paper, already streaked and soiled. A strip of carpet, too dusty to reveal its original design, ran cater-cornered under the brass bed. A sheet-iron gas-stove, smelling villainously, had thrust its pipe through a zinc-covered hole where Flora Lee's dear little mantelpiece with its bluish pilasters and flowery panels had once supported fragile ornaments of spun glass.

Spun glass! Standards as useless and as frail had guided poor Flora Lee and brought her so low. Margaret gazed at the little panting creature on the bed and wondered if she would ever rouse and speak to Admah. She had called for him that afternoon. Margaret wondered why and wished that she could have saved him this agony.

Why was the doctor gone so long? Or was it long? Then she felt an aching in her throat, as if a great arch had arisen there. She was going to cry. Was it for her sister, with whom she had romped up and down these halls? Her sister, who, by some animal instinct, had returned to die in the only earthly spot she had ever loved? Or was it for Admah Holtz, whom she longed to lift up and strengthen?

Out of her reverie she heard him calling again:

"Flo Lee! It's me, honey. Don't you know me, honey?"

The dying woman heard. Unexpectedly she opened her eyes, wide and dilated with drugs. She turned her head and gave him a smile so soft that it seemed to color her cheeks and to restore her beauty.

"Oh," she drawled sleepily, as if she had just been awakened in the morning. "I'm mighty glad—so glad. Darlin'——"

"I'm here, my sweet," he whispered, caressing her little hands

"And—and I sort of thought you'd left me—" Her faint giggle was broken by a fit of coughing.

"I didn't quit you, Flo Lee. You know I wouldn't do that," he told her brokenly. She laughed again, fainter this time

"You wouldn't—I wouldn't let you. I'm crazy 'bout you. You do love me—don't you? —you wild, bad boy!"

"Honey, you know I do!" He had reached out as if to tear her frail body from the invisible monster. "You've come back to me, haven't you, Flo Lee? We didn't mean what we said. You don't hate me, hate my hands——"

But she had stiffened and fallen back on the pillow, her mouth open, her lungs laboring horribly. Margaret sprang to her side and restored the covers that had fallen from her wasted limbs; but after that Flora Lee had no words for Admah or for any one whom she had wronged or delighted in her wayward life.

SHE died at one o'clock next morning. Dr. Furniss, who had brought in a trained nurse, had ordered the watchers down-stairs to wait in the vestry of the Peake drawing-room. They had shut out the chattering landlady; her dubious boarders tiptoed by, decently quiet for the occasion. Admah sat still, his face restful with a decision, as if some great question had just been answered for him. He stirred occasionally, moving his lips. But no words came. Once he took out his pipe, gazed into its empty bowl, rummaged his pockets for tobacco. Margaret bribed Minnie to go around the corner to a drug-store; and when a package of cheap tobacco was brought in, he was Margaret who filled his pipe and held a match that he might smoke. He puffed away, oblivious of her.

"Will you come now?" asked the nurse, appearing finally at the folding doors. They followed up-stairs, but Margaret hesitated outside the oval chamber, which had grown so still that Admah's every footfall gave an echo as he went inside. Not a sound. Standing in the ghostly corridor, Margaret strained her ears and felt that Admah had entered a tomb to pray before dead ashes.

Minutes passed, and at last he came out, the look of exaltation still upon him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139


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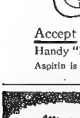

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## To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

Yet tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"She didn't say another word," he whispered. "But she's let me know. You heard her. She didn't want me to quit her—wanted me to love her. She couldn't have talked that way—"

"Not unless she loved you," replied Margaret.

And with that precious lie she saved him. For in Flora Lee's delirious words her sister had read quite a different meaning from that which had cheered poor Admah's heart. It was not to him that those endearments had been spoken, but to the worthless man who had played with her and gone his way, her stolen jewels in his pocket.

"And I sort of thought she forgave me, didn't you, Margaret?" he asked brokenly.

"For what, my precious man? For what?" she cried, and gathered his poor, misguided head to her breast.

OUTSIDE the King's pavilion crouched the young David, dozing and waking as he leaned upon his harp, patient with the knowledge of a song that was to blow rich dreams back into a vacant mind. Inside the heavy tent-folds a great form loomed, a shadow blacker than the blackness, eyes smoldering dully below the great male sapphire in his turban. Thus Saul, fighting for the spirit that had swooned and all but gone.

So Margaret Peake bided her time, awaiting an opportunity to open the eyes and ears of a man who had imposed solitude and silence upon himself. He let her see him every day, and she began to feel his unexpressed reliance on her strength. Sometimes she would coax him to dine with her at her apartment and they would pass long Winter evenings talking on the most commonplace subjects. Occasionally he would give her little scraps of his early history, then check himself suddenly as if ashamed of revealing too much of his origin. On her shelves he found a set of popular scientific books, and he liked to hear her read from these—or seemed to. The origin of the world and of lower life and of man, shrewdly guessed at by methodical thinkers of old, came as fresh news to Admah Holtz. The very impersonality of scientific narrative had an effect of charming him away from the self-spell which he had cast about him. Sometimes he would come unexpectedly out of his reserve and ask a question pathetically reminiscent of the sentimental Admah who had once turned Ma Holtz's peppermint-board into a headstone for her grave.

"Margaret," he said once, "I never saw that monument I ordered for Flo Lee. I thought it would be fancy and light. She couldn't stand it under one of those big, lumberin' tombs."

At this remark Margaret glanced at him keenly, and as she thought she, had the King's curtains parted to show his shadowy spirit, blacker than the blackness.

Then one afternoon, very busy with the day's commonplaces in her bright, new office, his voice came over wire.

"Margaret, I wonder if you could find time to run out to the place with me?"

"You mean the River Boulevard?"

"Yes. There's a few things that belong to your family out there. The De Longs want to move in the first of next week. I thought you'd know what I ought to take out—"

Almost eagerly she acceded to his request, for she had heard a new note of interest in his voice.

A FRAGRANT swirl of odds and ends that might have meant nothing or everything; such were the contents of bureau drawers that Margaret opened one after another. Flora Lee's possessions had always looked like that, a careless jumble of pretty, uncelated things, faintly sweet-scented by her own perfume. She might have been there yesterday, quarreling, laughing, gibing at the figures in her little world.

How quiet the room was, and how cold! Many of the wardrobe doors were unlocked, and very few garments hung on the poles. The servants, no doubt, had helped themselves. It was just as well, perhaps. Provided with the keys which Admah had given her, Margaret opened the clothes-chests and found a number of lovely dresses which Flora Lee might have worn twice and laid

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

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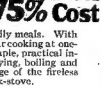
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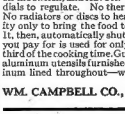
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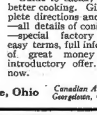
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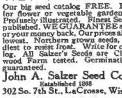
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## *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

aside. From their folds the same fine scent floated up, a ghostly reminder of the woman whose body lay moldering under a light and lacy tomb.

Save for the thin gathering of dust on polished surfaces and relics of last year's spider-webs, woven from rung to rung among the chair-legs, the apartment might have been deserted by Flora Lee half an hour ago. It was a trifle too orderly, tho; the servants, apparently, had made an effort to tidy the place after their last plundering. Many photographs stared from their frames, wearing polite gallery smiles. She had left everything of that sort. A picture of Admah and Flora Lee, immediately after their wedding, smiled from a corner of a bureau. Admah looked so young. It was hard to believe that the same man lurked down-stairs, afraid to revisit the rooms of that radiant bride.

Margaret broke the glass of several pictures, tore them, tossed them into a waste-basket. The wedding-portrait was among them; then there was one of O'Neill, arrogant, puffy, self-assured. She hadn't it in her heart to condemn O'Neill, whom she had known when he was a pink-cheeked, diffident boy. What was it that Flora Lee had done to men?

SHE glanced swiftly around the bedroom with its quiet, stale air and drawn blinds. The Venetian bed, the spreading swans, the painted mirrors, and pallidly gilded dressing-tables—yet Flora Lee had died in a battered brass bed beside a sheet-iron gas-heater that smelled to heaven. Delirious and with death upon her, she had returned to the scene of her family's pride and found everything that her heart detested: poverty, dinginess, ugliness. Margaret looked up and saw Admah in the door.

"You needn't bother about these things," she told him gently.

"It's all right," he said, and made a futile gesture as the cobwebs had formed across his eyes. Something that had clouded his vision seemed to slip away then, for he blinked around him, taking in every detail of the fine neglected interior.

"She liked this mighty well," he drawled, speaking suddenly like his old self. "She'd be right sore if her bed was sold and anybody else slept in it. I reckon we'd better have all her things put in storage somewhere."

THUS the Pharaohs interred favorite chairs and tables with the mummies of their loves.

"I'll telephone McCardle to come for them in the morning," said Margaret, and felt that he had not heard.

"That bed always meant a lot to her," he mused, and laid a bashful hand on one of the guardian swans. He stroked the shining wing very gently, as Grandmother Peake had stroked the child Flora Lee's curls.

Then his eyes rested on the coverlid which she had brought from France; old Linda had spread it neatly over the mattress. At each corner, exquisitely wrought by the patient needles of the Great Louis's time, a dog, a pheasant, and a swan were silkenly presented in an arabesque of foliage. In the center shone a crusader's crest, a device in gentle blue and pallid red beneath which three lines of medieval French pricked a scroll that once was gold, perhaps, or silver.

"I reckon I'd better save that too," He bit his lip.

Margaret would have cried out against this, but she restrained herself in time, and he went on: "Somehow I never liked

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142


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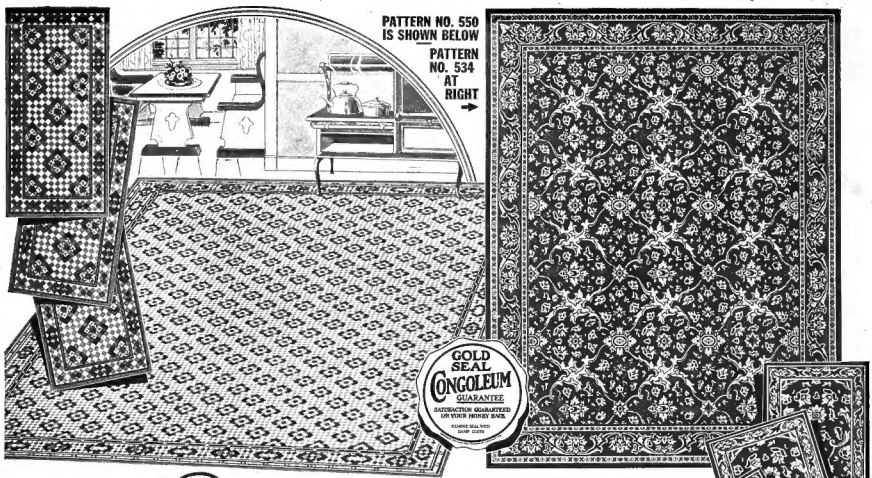


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# *To-morrow's Bread*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

it as much as the other things. Maybe it was that French motto on it. I don't know any French." And because she remained silent he wheeled upon her and asked, "What does it mean, Margaret?"

He might have been asking what life meant and the game which he had played thus far so poorly.

"It's Old French," she temporized; he seemed to share her uneasiness.

"But you know French," he insisted.

Then she gave way to her temptation, and, pointing the script out, line by line, translated:

"The dog for faithfulness, the pheasant for luxury, the swan for lust."

"I see," he mumbled, and stood looking at it for an instant. Then, "What's all that fancy-work—the crown and shield and bird in the middle? What's that for?"

"That's the coat of arms of the family for whom the spread was made," she explained.

"What family?" He was like a chief inquisitor.

"Savarac's," she half whispered, as if his question had drawn to her lips what her mind had long suspected.

It was strange that a man like Admah, usually so slow and methodical, should have his lightning-flashes when two and two came thunderously together. Yet there was no haste in his movements as he reached down and plucked the cover-lid from Flora Lee's bed. He made no attempt to fold it, but dragged it after him, holding it far away from his body as tho it might carry the germs of a disease.

HE HAD built a fire in the limitation Italian fireplace down-stairs; a basket of torn papers started it, but swallows' nests in the chimney spoiled the draft. At last, however, the flames began to leap; and altho smoke poured out into the room, he set himself methodically to work to destroy the French coverlid. It was a work of piety, almost, like purging the sin from little Flora Lee's soul; like driving a stake through the heart of the sleeping vampire in order that she may be saved from the demon that obsesses her.

Strip after strip he tore the fragile, lovely thing apart and watched the fragments burn. The soft material yielded gently to his fingers as Flora Lee had sometimes yielded. As the shimmering texture burst into flames that were brighter than itself he had a feeling that his love was burning on this pyre, a cleansing, sacrificial flame. Against the world's scourging he had held to his belief in Flora Lee; through ruin, betrayal, and degradation he had clutched at the wreckage of his faith. But this ornate bed-covering which she had adored and failed to explain; that had held a key to his enigma. It had come to her cynically, dishonestly, embroidered with wicked words.

Those very words, wrought in metal thread, glowed infernally as he crouched and watched them burn. A mysterious ooze of smoke, clouding the twilight room, added to the unreality in which he sat, gloating upon the charred symbols. But Flora Lee wasn't to blame. Suddenly that conviction came to him in a rush of pity for the little thing who had begged jewels of him as she had once begged peppermints. Just the way she'd been raised, thought he. Just the way she'd never been taught to look out for anything or anybody—not even for herself, whom she loved so devouringly. Maternity and work and self-denial—dolls don't have to consider such things—neither do angels. She'd been born to give pleasure, and how had she used her gift? To torment men and ruin them; and yet if she had returned to Admah Holtz at that moment.

A shadow moved across the room, and in the foggy atmosphere and low glamour of flame he saw a face that chilled his heart at first, then moved him to an agony of desire. Flora Lee, her bright hair agleam, her eyes pitiful—death had given her a look of understanding for Admah Holtz. Beautiful and calm in the faint light, she floated toward him; he came to his knees, his arms outstretched.

"My darling, you haven't left me! You won't leave me!" he murmured, and it was not until his hand had touched her hair and her cheek was against his that he knew it was Margaret.

"Is it true, dear, that you want me?" she whispered, clinging to him.

He held her for an instant before his reply. In the contact with her fine body strength seemed to be flowing back to him. A glimpse of her in the uncertain firelight informed him of what he had been too blind to see; she was very like Flora Lee, but with a strength and a tenderness that her sister's face had never shown.

"You couldn't ever love me, could you?" he asked very humbly.

"Oh, Admah, my dear, my dear!" He was holding her close now, and his heart leaped up at the words, "Don't you know how long I have? Haven't you seen how I've wanted you for myself? It wasn't fair to either of us, Admah. Think what I might have made of you. It wasn't fair, it wasn't fair."

"No, dear, I reckon it wasn't," he said, and because she was crying gently he kissed her and caressed her cheek.

"To see you treated like a dog right under my eyes when all you needed, Admah—" she drew him closer to her and caressed him as a mother might have done—"all you needed was me. But you do love me now, my dear? You do?"

"Yes, honey," he responded, and that was the truth.

Or was it truth? If love is an intoxicating thing, pleasing and destroying like a drug, then Admah had none of it left for Margaret Peake. But if it is a warming essence, restoring blood to a cold heart and color to a gray mind, the thing he felt was love.

For an indefinite time these two beings, so different in origin yet so alike in the things of which life had cheated them, clung together beside a dying fire. Was it love that Admah felt? Certainly it was a depth of comfort that had never before come to him; comfort in the richness of her voice and the touch of her delicate, capable hands as she held him to her and whispered promises that he knew she would fulfil. How they weren't afraid or ashamed of anything any more. How they'd stand together, or fall together, if necessary. But they wouldn't fall. They'd be too strong, the two of them, to let any fate topple them over.

And he promised to be strong again for her, to give the world the best there was in him. To be a man. Then he remembered how he had given that same promise into the ear of a dying old woman, his mother. How long ago had that been? Half a lifetime, at least. He had worked powerfully, according to his poor lights, to keep that promise, but the world, the flesh, and the devil had conspired to make a sorry job of it.

And with Margaret in his arms and his heart comforted by her warmth, he remembered how he had sat in this same room with Flora Lee; they would kiss and caress, and his pulses would be beating like a drum. And all that time his heart would be crying out, My darling, don't you know me? Won't you ever know me? Why, in that year of misery and struggle and occasional ecstasy, had he never felt the presence of a guardian spirit, vainly watching over him, offering her life and asking no reward? Truly there is no justice in love, for love is Nature.

So at last Margaret and Admah came together, embracing very sweetly in the flicker of a cooling fire. Symbols of many things, once significant in his life, lay charring in the hearth and curling to shapeless cinders. She loved to see them go; had she been given her way she might have put torch to every gilded ornament, every relic of the false pride that had brought the Peakes to ruin.

"It's sort o' queer," she heard him mutter when the fire had died down and they sat in darkness.

"What's queer, dearest?" she asked.

"It ought to have been you and me——"

"How many thousands of thousands of times I've said that!" she mused. "But how could I have told you? Yes, it should have been from the first. But when was the first—the first time you were ever real to me?" She paused and considered. "Was it the time you came down Inness Street in your bright new clothes? I was an awful little snob in those days. But just the same, I must have loved you because I wanted to save you——"

"From what, Margaret?" he asked.

"From something that seemed to follow you. Was it a sentimentality? Or an ideal? Or just your awful innocence? We were both starting on the wrong track, Admah. And how we needed one another!"

"I reckon so," he agreed, and they were silent again for a long time.

Yes, he thought, had she saved him that day he would never have known his years of hell. No, nor his hour of heaven. He would never have known Flora Lee.

AS THEY drove home under the stars, past skeleton trees and ghostly plots of snow, she was thinking. What can I do to help him most? Busy with the wheel, her eyes on the road, she felt the presence of her beloved man and wondered if she had made him any happier. He reached out once, timidly, and touched her glove.

"You don't mind that, do you, Margaret?" he asked.

"Mind what, Admah?"

"Oh, nothing." But he rested his hand on hers again, and she knew by the pressure that his fears had vanished. On the smooth surface of the Boulevard her car gained impetus; there were lights in the Sycamore Club-house and the sounds of jazz music. She put on more speed and shot by.

When the rows of electric lamps on the edge of town had brought the dreamers back to practical thoughts it was Margaret who spoke first.

"Admah, people will talk. But that's all right. We ought to be married soon. We mustn't be wasters, and we shouldn't squander any time."

"When shall it be?" he asked.

"To-morrow," she decided. "We can take over my apartment for a while until we look around and see where we want to live. Let's begin our new program right away, dearest man. We've got a lot of things to show the world about ourselves."

"I was thinking about a business——"

"Oh, I've found the business," she told him with a little happy laugh.

"Where?"

"Just where you were."

"But the P. & T. don't——"

"Who cares a red cent about the P. & T.?" asked she. "We're going to be self-made men, Admah. We intend to start at the beginning and work up."

And because he was unresponsive she turned and said, "Old foolish!" in a voice that reminded him again of Flora Lee.

"What sort of beginning?" he asked.

"The candy business. We'll go round to your brother on Friday—that's my lucky day—and dicker for a share in his Red Front. I see ten thousand things that can be done to that place. And we'll start the Candy Holtz chain again——"

"But, Margaret, you wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't what?"

"Go into a business like that. A fine lady like you——"

"That's exactly what a fine lady like me would do, under the circumstances," she informed him, and there were both pride and tenderness in her tone.

So they drove on into Grand Avenue, where the glare and twinkle of electric signs, counterfeiting Broadway, took on a new meaning for Admah Holtz. Even the ear-hurting, sentimental broadcast howl from Goofer's Radio Palace came to him as music, for it suggested life and enterprise. At the corner by the Red Front Store Margaret slowed her car and both looked in with a renewed interest. Dingy cut-out advertisements for patent thirst-quenchers stood huggermugger in the window. Myrtle was sopping the counter with a rag which Admah knew must be very dirty and very sour. Henry and a bob-haired girl with green carrings were seated on revolving stools, making love over chocolate sundaes. Somewhere in the background moved Jo, bald, stooped, shrunken, discouraged.

And the stronger, more intemperate brother, spying in from the street, felt a little sorry for Jo, whose voyage had been serene because his boat had never ventured beyond the muddy canal.

THE END

*And now while Admah and Margaret are beginning life again in the Red Fr Candy Store, turn back to page 5 commence our brilliant new serial, "I the Joyous."*

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